

# The Atlantic

*RELIGION AND VIOLENCE: THE SIKHS / THE ART MUSEUM AS BAZAAR*

## ARE WE ALONE?

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

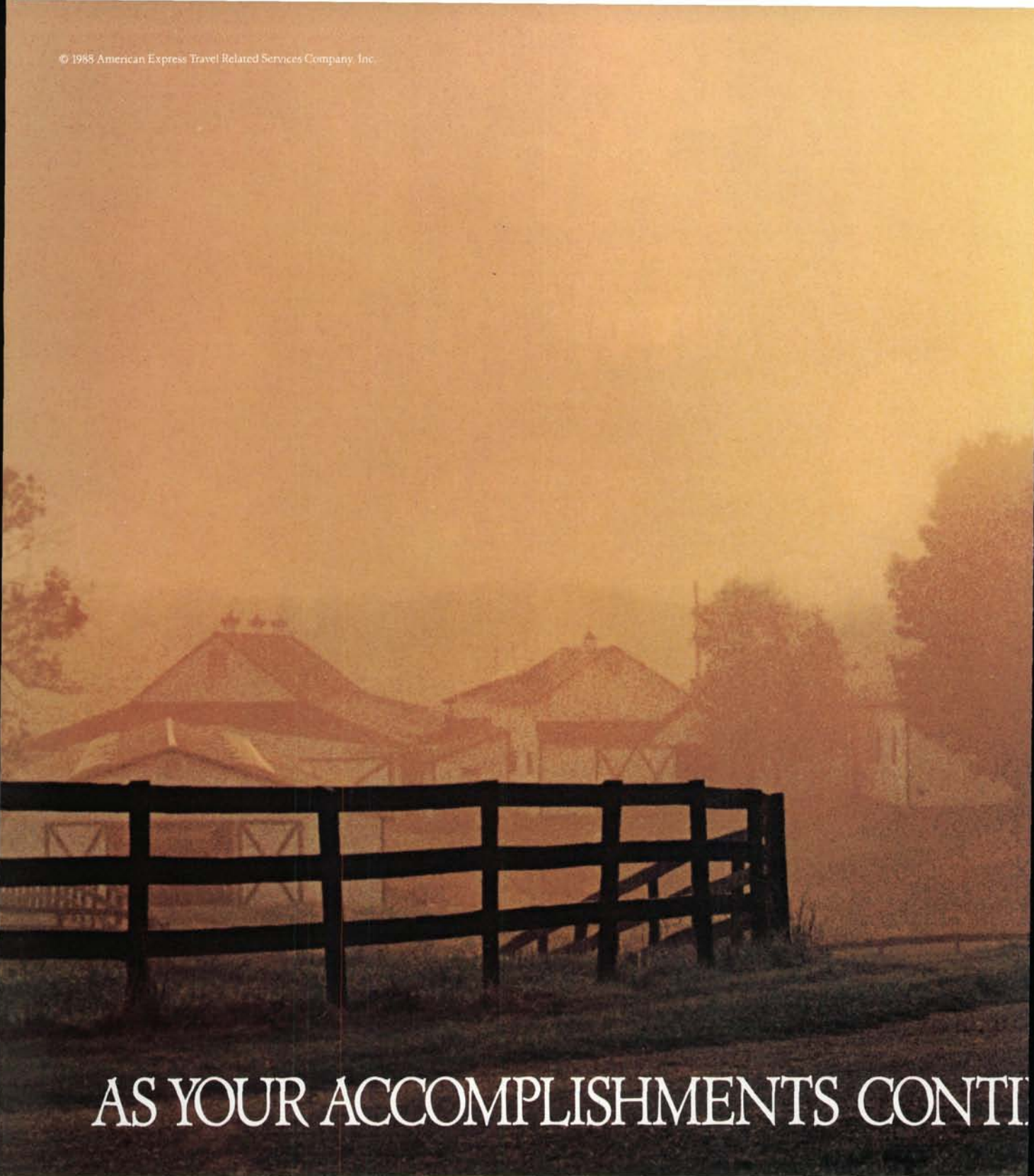
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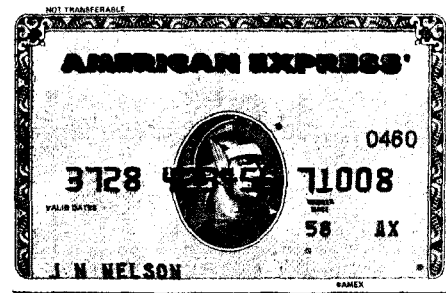
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Subscriptions: 1 Year \$14.95,  
2 Years \$27.95, 3 Years \$39.95  
in the United States and its possessions;  
\$4.00 additional per year in Canada;  
\$6.00 additional per year elsewhere.  
Address all subscription correspondence  
to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center  
Box 52661, Boulder, Colorado 80322  
(800) 525-0643  
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.  
Copyright © 1988, by  
The Atlantic Monthly Company  
(ISSN 0276-9077)  
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## Advertising sales:

599 Lexington Avenue  
New York, New York 10022  
(212) 326-5350

Chicago (312) 527-2707  
James Sheridan

Detroit (313) 353-4000  
Mara Hart Filo

Los Angeles (213) 479-4729  
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Telemarketing (203) 542-5619  
Marie Isabelle

## Public relations:

Richard L. Plepler, RLP Incorporated  
(212) 688-4058  
445 Park Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

The Atlantic August 1988  
Volume 262 No. 2  
Published monthly by  
The Atlantic Monthly Company  
8 Arlington Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at Boston,  
Toronto, and additional mailing offices

For back issues, send \$4.00  
per copy to *The Atlantic*, Back  
Issues, 200 North 12th Street,  
Newark, New Jersey 07107

Unsolicited manuscripts will  
be returned *only* if accompanied  
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# MILLIONS OF REASONS TO STOP AND THINK

By Bob Bergland

**R**ural America is grappling with tough economic challenges that have national implications. The countryside's economic and social fabric is fraying, affecting the nation as a whole.

Accustomed to solving tough problems, rural electric cooperatives are at work with business and political leaders in their communities to revitalize sagging local economies. There are 1,000 of these locally owned systems across the country—a ready-made network of catalysts for economic development. ■■

*But to reverse conditions* that have brought loss of jobs and people to rural areas is a formidable task. Further complicating these problems are the damaging effects caused by government deregulation of several key industries.

Deregulation of the nation's transportation and communication systems, for instance, may have looked good on the drawing board, but only a few areas of the country have benefited. Rural communities have suffered greatly.

People and businesses in small and rural markets are stranded without basic transportation service. Or they're held hostage by exorbitantly high costs and infrequent or nonexistent schedules. Adding insult to injury, if proposals to privatize the U.S. Postal Service are carried out, small towns and rural areas will be isolated even further. And, moves are afoot to deregulate the electric utility industry, which would change how electricity is generated and sold. ■■

*It's time to pause . . .* and, before moving on, make sure that radical changes in regulated industries, like electric power, will in fact lead to a better marketplace, one that will not jeopardize service to businesses and consumers. Why not give the existing electric utility marketplace—one that is already changing on its own—the credit it deserves and then move, slowly but deliberately, to make improvements only where they are shown to be needed?

The reasons for moving in a sober, measured way number in the millions . . . millions of American consumers. Wherever they live, consumers must be able to count on service that is reliable and affordable—be it transportation, communications, mail delivery, or electricity.

America's rural electric systems are aware of these tough problems on the national agenda. We're taking them head on. We're part of the solution.



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Bob Bergland, former U.S. Secretary of Agriculture, is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### CORPORATION AND NATION

In "Corporation and Nation" (May *Atlantic*) Robert B. Reich concludes that a nation's borders are no longer commercially significant and that "our overriding goal should be to ensure that America is a place where enterprises of whatever nationality perform sophisticated tasks, and thus give large numbers of Americans valuable experience." Inducements to this end, including subsidies, he argues, "would be made available to *any* corporation—headquartered anywhere, owned by anyone."

Professor Reich appears to have radically changed his position regarding the selling out of American industry to foreign owners. When General Motors formed a joint venture with Toyota in California for the manufacture of the GM Nova, Reich published a paper titled "Collusion Course: GM's Pact With Toyota Is a Cover for Surrender" (*The New Republic*, Feb. 27, 1984). There he painted a bleak picture of the future of the U.S. economy, unless we stop "indulging ourselves in an endless debate about the wisdom of creating a national industrial policy as if it were a matter of centralized planning boards and development banks." If the present trends prevail (as indeed they have), he wrote,

Americans increasingly will be called upon to assemble and distribute to one another kits made in Japan. Americans will continue to be inventive, of course, but increasingly our inventions will be embedded within new technologies produced across the Pacific. We will have jobs, but they will be relatively humble ones . . . we will be poor relative to other industrialized nations better able than we to take a longer, more strategic view of their economies.

In "Corporation and Nation," however, Reich appears reconciled to surrendering the U.S. economy to foreign ownership and to the economic and political control that inevitably goes with that ownership. What Reich recommends in "Corporation and Nation" is infinitely more a "cover for surrender" than the GM-Toyota deal, which he so characterized.

JACK AVINS  
Princeton, N.J.

Robert Reich's article is excellent, more for the questions it raises than for the answers it gives. While he acknowledges that low foreign wages are a factor in our loss of industry and jobs, he proposes education and subsidies as a solution. But the Japanese, Taiwanese, Canadians, Mexicans, and Brazilians have long been making and exporting sophisticated goods, ranging from fully assembled autos, computers, and steel to advanced weapons. Their work forces are as capable as ours, and will probably remain so. Since most of these workers are willing to work for Mexican wages, however, we will always lose in head-to-head competition.

The full price of "free trade" is only now being paid, in the sale of the United States to foreigners. The money they are using is profit from years of "export-driven" economics.

Better solutions than Reich's are available. First, end all interest deductibility on taxes for individuals and corporations. This would encourage saving by individuals and cause corporate investments to be made on economic merit alone. Mergers and acquisitions would no longer be subsidized through interest deductions on taxes.

Second, institute a flexible tariff, called a variable compensating tax (VCT). After all existing tariffs were repealed, the tax on imports would be varied according to the size of the U.S. trade deficit or surplus, and according to which nations had caused the out-of-balance condition. The VCT would be raised five percent when the U.S. balance was five percent or more in deficit and lowered two percent when it was five percent or more in surplus. Retaliation would be unlikely, because it would be self-defeating.

Once our trade came into balance, foreigners would no longer have the cash to buy up our industries. The U.S. Treasury would gain billions from the VCT, which would reduce the national debt. Reciprocity and balance must be the watchwords in our trade in the 1990s.

LAWRENCE BRISKIN  
Centerville, Ohio

Robert B. Reich replies:

Jack Avins confuses ownership with know-how. These days it's less impor-



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tant which nation's investors own a company and more important which nation's work force gains valuable technological experience making the company's products. The American economy gains when American workers learn how to design and fabricate complex gadgets, even if the company they work for happens to be owned by Fujitsu or Toyota. We don't gain nearly as much when IBM or General Motors produces complex gadgets across the Pacific. The Japanese understand the importance of keeping complex production in Japan. That's why their American-based factories tend to emphasize lower-value-added functions like assembly—as does the GM-Toyota joint venture in Fremont, California. But American companies aim to make or buy complex components wherever they can be produced most cheaply, regardless of the social benefits of new learning for a nation's work force.

This asymmetry, unless corrected, will result in a highly skilled Japanese work force and a less-skilled American work force. Thus my proposal to subsidize or otherwise induce corporations of whatever nationality to undertake complex production in the United States. Several years ago, when Toyota and GM sought an exemption from the antitrust laws for their joint venture, I recommended that it be conditioned on Toyota's willingness to make transmissions, transaxles, and electronic components—the highest-value-added components—here in America, using American workers. The same principle applied.

As Lawrence Briskin suggests, we'll have to raise aggregate savings if we want to invest in our future capacity. Eliminating interest deductions on loans—particularly loans used to buy existing assets—is one way. I especially like the idea of eliminating interest deductions on loans used by one company to buy another company. But Mr. Briskin's "variable compensating tax"—a spin on Representative Richard Gephardt's scheme—is a lousy idea. It would penalize foreign traders and American consumers without upgrading the skills (and global value) of American workers.

## HAITIAN PROBLEMS

In 1987 I headed a team of agricultural experts sent to Haiti to evaluate the swine repopulation program. In light of my experience and observations there, I

believe that Kevin McDermott's article "Haiti: Return to Normalcy" (May *Atlantic*) contains several mistakes and expresses unjustified skepticism about the likely success of the swine repopulation program.

First, African swine fever (ASF) spread to Haiti in 1976 from the Dominican Republic, where the disease had already forced the eradication of pigs. (ASF in pigs is similar to AIDS and has no cure; thus pigs must be removed to eradicate the disease.) Second, Creole pigs *are* hardy and maintainable on a low plane of nutrition, but they are inefficient converters of feed and have low reproduction rates and carcass yields. The improved variety of "Iowa pigs" selected for the program allowed for a rapid increase in animal numbers. Peasants have begun to replenish their "walking bank accounts," which they could not have done as quickly with the local, stunted breed. The genetically superior imported pig will also adapt to the same feed conditions as the Creole pig, but with higher production levels.

Third, the United States did not export 27,000 pigs to Haiti to support American hog producers but, rather, exported 450 sows and fifty boars. These animals were the foundation herd for breeding pigs and for distribution to secondary multiplication centers in the rural areas—whence pigs were delivered to the peasants. A similar number of sentinel pigs were placed in the countryside to detect for the recurrence of ASF. By 1987 the swine population had grown to more than 250,000 pigs, and it continues to grow rapidly.

GREGORY SULLIVAN  
*Dallas, Texas*

*Kevin McDermott replies:*

My figures on the swine repopulation program come from the Agency for International Development; I thought it only fair to use AID's numbers in describing the agency's role in the extermination program. My point was simply this: Fairly or not, the "Iowa pigs" have been and continue to be a lightning rod for anti-American feelings in Haiti, and a symbol to Haitians of poorly considered policy.

## DOCTORS AND DRUGS

I am compelled to respond to Ellen Ruppel Shell's astounding statements in her essay "First, Do No Harm" (May

*Atlantic*) that physicians receive little formal training in medical school about prescription drugs, and that we get most of our information about new drugs from "detailers."

Pharmacology is one of the seven or so basic sciences taught in medical school as formal courses. It takes up one seventh of Part I of the National Board Exam, taken by most students at the end of the second year of school.

Halfway through medical school we begin prescribing drugs for actual patients, under heavy supervision. We are expected to know why we are recommending a particular drug for a particular patient and condition, and we are expected to be able to anticipate adverse effects and interactions with other drugs. The coursework is done in an academic setting, well isolated from market pressures.

Once we graduate and begin internship and residency, we are still in an academic setting—the teaching hospital. We have available exhaustive reference books, including Goodman and Gilman's *The Pharmacologic Basis of Therapeutics*. Leading journals in every field publish articles in practically every issue concerning the efficacy or side effects of new or commonly used drugs in clinical situations of general interest. Publications like *The Medical Letter* cover drugs exclusively, introducing new drugs and discussing new information about older medications. If a doctor associated with a hospital needs information quickly, a hospital pharmacist is often close by to help out.

To state so baldly that we get our information primarily from detailers is an insult to the many physicians who work hard to keep up on the latest drug research and pass their knowledge on to their patients in the form of better care. I do not believe that even the detailers would accept Shell's assertion that doctors do not know much about drugs.

ROSE MARIE HOLT, M.D.  
*Seattle, Wash.*

I take exception to Ellen Shell's argument that the pharmaceutical companies are to blame for the ignorance of physicians concerning prescription drugs. Involved as I am in the development of instructional systems for detailers, I urge her to take a look at a single training program and see if it isn't as technical as the training a pharmacist would get. Most detailers get tiered training programs that have to be ap-

proved by the American Council on Pharmaceutical Education (which also licenses these salespeople). Whether or not detailers have a college degree in pharmacy is not the point; the idea that physicians rely on salespeople for the bulk of their information about how to prescribe for patients is ludicrous. They are, after all, salespeople; they get paid on commission. I'm not saying that they are an unscrupulous, amoral lot; in general, because of their stringent training requirements and the difficulty of their job, detailers are much more conscientious and dedicated than salespeople in almost any other industry.

PATRICK J. FETTERMAN  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### *Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:*

Many physicians are no doubt well schooled in the basic science of pharmacology. However, this understanding does not always translate into competence when it comes to the very practical matter of prescribing drugs. Doctors receive very little formal training in the cost-effectiveness of prescribing various drugs, and they are not trained to be critical of the clinical trials that drug companies use to support their claims. Clearly, some medical schools are better at educating their students about drugs than others, and it is up to the individual doctor to keep abreast of recent pharmacological developments. Unfortunately, many physicians continue to prescribe drugs widely known to be ineffective and even dangerous, and the medical establishment is currently scrambling to deal with this problem without involving the general public in its efforts.

I did not blame the pharmaceutical companies for "the ignorance of physicians concerning prescription drugs." My point is that a physician should stay several steps ahead of the detailer, so that he or she might evaluate each drug on its merits, rather than relying on salespeople—who are by definition biased—for information.

#### PATTON MEETS MAULDIN

Your readers will probably think of Nancy Caldwell Sorel's March First Encounters ("George S. Patton and Bill Mauldin") that she puts it nicely at the end, but she puts it wrong. She writes, "In March, Patton crossed the Rhine. In May, Mauldin won a Pulitzer. By June both were back in the States. . . ." Pat-

ton never came home. In December, 1945, he was injured in an auto crash and died twelve days later. In what he once described as the "worst tank country in the world," he was buried in the Luxembourg Hamm Military Cemetery, among troops he led, in grave no. 7,934, next to Army Private John Pryzwara, of Detroit.

Col. BARNEY OLDFIELD, USAF (Ret.)  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Nancy Caldwell Sorel writes that Patton's "own Third Army troops were clean-shaven, boots polished, neckties in place." That statement is absolutely contrary to the practices of U.S. troops of the 278th Field Artillery Battalion. We got our six 240mm howitzers into action for Patton's Third Army the first week of September, 1944. Our battalion was organized in May, 1943, at Camp McCoy, in Wisconsin; the only time we shaved or trimmed moustaches or beards, polished our boots, and put on neckties was when we went to town. In combat there wasn't anyone to spruce up for, and troops often did not have the time to heat water and shave even if they were disposed to do so. Polishing boots would have been an exercise in futility; we were slogging around in mud all the time. Ask any veteran of the 26th ("Yankee") Infantry Division or of the 35th, 80th, 87th, 70th, 63rd, or 3rd Infantry, who valued the dry socks we of the artillery were able to "lend" them; he'll confirm that our combat actually was as Mauldin portrayed it.

I was the sergeant effectively in charge of all supplies for our battalion. A few days after we took our position with XII Corps in Lorraine, we were told that Patton had ordered us to wear our neckties at all times. I collected all the neckties in the battalion and turned them in to the Quartermaster for salvage, but drew no replacements. A few days later some upper-echelon officers came around to inspect us. One of them asked me, "Why are none of your men wearing their neckties?" "They're all in salvage," I said. Even in Patton's Third Army that took care of the matter.

ED TREBITSCH  
Norwich, Vt.

Shame! You allowed Nancy Caldwell Sorel to make a horrendous mistake. "Pearl-handled pistol" indeed. George Patton wore ivory pistols.

LARRY G. NEWMAN  
Hyannis Port, Mass.

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Nancy Caldwell Sorel replies:

Colonel Oldfield is of course right that General Patton died in Germany in December of 1945. However, he did return to the States the previous June, to push for a transfer to the Pacific theater. He saw President Truman at the White House on the 13th and conferred at the Pentagon with Secretary of War Stimson and General Marshall. The denial of his request was never explained; rumor had it that General MacArthur was opposed, but MacArthur later refuted that report.

Concerning Third Army sartorial submission and/or transgression, I assumed it was understood that the dress code did not apply in combat. However, Willie and Joe, who didn't want it out of combat either, would surely have cheered ex-Sergeant Trebitsch's sabotage of the necktie rule.

Ah, yes, and then there are those pistols. "He was wearing only one of his pearl-handled six-shooters," Mauldin reported in *The Brass Ring*, but clearly, while shaking in his hastily polished boots the young corporal couldn't tell ivory from pearl. I took Mauldin at his word, unaware that whole books have

been written on the subject of the general and his firearms, and that one can see the real thing at the Patton Museum, in Fort Knox, Kentucky, where the famed ivory-handled pistols lie in state.

## HOME SCHOOLING

Alfie Kohn's piece "Home Schooling" (April *Atlantic*) was stimulating and in many respects complimentary. Yet Kohn, contrasting me with my late friend John Holt, suggests that I prefer formal structure to learning freedom. The fact is that I abhor typical textbook-workbook educational extrusion processes, which clutter teaching so much that teachers have little time to respond personally to students. John Holt and I strongly agreed on the wisdom of letting children explore their own interests and read directly from great books. For more than fifty years my writings have urged the balance of study, work, and service (for example, 4-H, candy strippers) that Kohn correctly notes in the approach of the Colfaxes.

Kohn imputes hyperbole to me in my

estimates of home-schooler enrollments, again comparing me with John Holt. Holt, however, said he held his figures down in order to avoid confrontation with school officials. When I asked his sources, he replied, honestly, that they came "off the top of my head." Pat Lines, whom Kohn quotes in support of lower figures, simply added up enrollees from a few curriculum publishers. The important fact is that the great majority of home-schooling parents arrange their own curricula. The Home School Legal Defense Association estimates that 600,000 home-schoolers would "normally" be in conventional schools—not counting more than 500,000 migrant youngsters and four million handicapped children. The HSLDA agrees with my total of a million home-schoolers among all groups, excluding the millions who educate their children part-time.

Kohn says that Grant Colfax's entrance to Harvard was a media milestone, and balefully suggests that I trade on media coverage of Colfax. In truth, the Colfax story is delightful, but for many years home-taught kids, some in their early teens, have been accepted by



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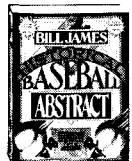
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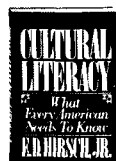
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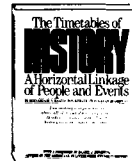
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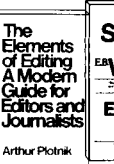
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such leading universities as Stanford, Syracuse, Texas A&M, Virginia Tech, and Wisconsin. Others have won Merit Scholarships, the highest GED scores in their states, or local or state spelling contests. *Donahue, Today, Time, Newsday, U.S. News & World Report, The New York Times, UPI*, and others have featured the movement or its beginnings for ten to fifteen years or more—well before Grant started reading.

RAYMOND S. MOORE  
*Washougal, Wash.*

*Alfie Kohn replies:*

As regards the rigidity or flexibility of the curricular materials Raymond Moore sells, I offered no judgment in my article, though I did report that religious home-schoolers are far more likely to purchase prepared curricula than are secular home-schoolers.

With respect to the question of how many people actually are teaching their own children—and I emphasize again that none of us can do much more than guess—Moore told me that his own mailing list contained 50,000 names. When pressed, he changed that to

35,000 and then to 30,000. Later he conceded that not everyone on the list was a home-schooling parent.

Moore is quite right that the majority of home-schoolers do not subscribe to curriculum services, but my estimate (based on Pat Lines's numbers) assumed that only a quarter of them rely on prepared curricula. If Lines has missed some of these services, I would like to learn which; her list includes some that serve only a few dozen clients.

Finally, it is certainly true that the Colfax boys are not the only, nor even the first, home-schooled students to have distinguished themselves, and I never intended to imply that they were.

## ADVICE & CONSENT

I enjoyed Orville Schell's insightful portrait of Fang Lizhi ("China's Andrei Sakharov") in your May issue.

I would like to point out a minor error in Schell's description of the classification of Chinese society during the Cultural Revolution. He explains that "Maoists had divided Chinese society

into nine categories." In fact the nine categories refer not to Chinese society as a whole but only to opponents of Mao's revolutionary line.

Schell means the "nine kinds of black," which were, indeed, struggled against. These were landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, bad elements, rightists, traitors, spies, capitalist-roaders, and intellectuals. Struggling against these enemies of Mao were the "five kinds of red": poor peasants, lower-middle peasants, revolutionary workers, revolutionary soldiers, and revolutionary cadres.

STEPHEN MARKSCHEID  
*New York, N.Y.*

In "Room Enough to Move" (May *Atlantic*) Holly Brubach quotes Janice Ross from a paper called the *San Francisco Tribune*. No such paper is in San Francisco or anywhere else in the Bay Area.

GEORGE NANCE  
*Crockett, Calif.*

The reference to the *San Francisco Tribune* should have read "*Oakland Tribune*."

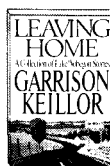
THE EDITORS



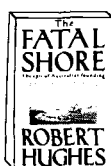
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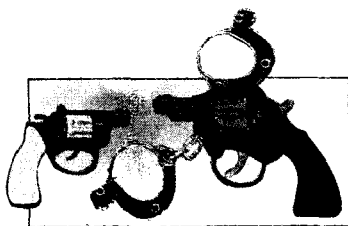
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# THE AUGUST ALMANAC

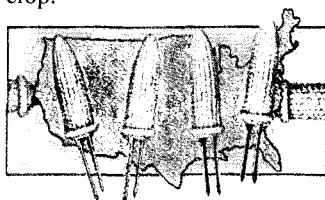


## DEMOGRAPHICS

Partly because people are spending more time than usual away from home—and perhaps too because of the sultry weather—the incidence of serious crime in America will reach its annual high this month. Last August saw an 11 percent increase above the average in crimes categorized as “serious.” The evening of Tuesday, August 9, is likely to be the safest time of the month. Nationwide from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M. on that day some 18 million people in 7,000 communities will participate in the fifth annual National Night Out, when local Neighborhood Watch organizations will sponsor block parties and other events designed to keep law-abiding citizens on the streets—and criminals at bay. In Houston last year, according to the chief of police, the incidence of serious crime in the city on the evening of Houston Night Out was 30 percent lower than what is experienced on an average August night.

## FOOD

Everywhere in America, August is the peak month for locally grown corn, the kind you buy at roadside stands and rush into the pot before the sugar turns into starch—just about the only corn, that is to say, worth eating. The biggest producer of the corn eaten by human beings during the rest of the year in this country is, surprisingly, Florida. Florida holds the No. 1 spot even though growers there, bowing to the strong seasonal harvest in northern states, do not plant a summer crop.



## ARTS & LETTERS

This month marks the end of the first year in which network ratings were determined solely by A. C. Nielsen's controversial new People Meter. People Meter ratings have logged prime-time network viewership at nearly 10 percent below previous ratings, which were based on the diary system—resulting in a loss to the networks of as much as \$50 million in advertising revenues.



## NEW STAMPS

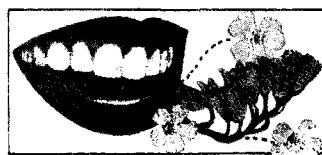
August 8, a 45-cent “Love” stamp to be issued in Shreveport, Louisiana. This stamp and a 25-cent “Love” stamp issued earlier share a rose motif. Love is good business: the U.S. Postal Service expects the new stamps to be popular for wedding invitations, most of which weigh more than an ounce (hence the 45-cent stamp) and most of which also require regular first-class postage for the reply card (hence the 25-cent stamp).

## ENVIRONMENT

August 27, most places in the country will move up and down about two feet today. Spring tides (which come not only in spring but with every Full and New Moon) bring the highest highs and the lowest lows of the tide cycle. When, as is the case today, a spring tide coincides with the Moon's perigee—the point in its orbit when the Moon is closest to Earth—the planet's tides are at their most extreme. The same forces that create ocean tides also cause Earth's crust to shift, albeit less dramatically than the oceans do. Land tides, unlike ocean tides, do not have much effect on the biological world—Michael Dukakis will remain five feet eight inches tall—but some geologists suspect that they may be linked to earthquakes.

## GOVERNMENT

In an increasing number of states, collegiate football players rejoining their teams this month will find that National Collegiate Athletic Association rules governing professional contracts and the behavior of agents have become a matter of law. College athletes who have signed contracts with agents, agreed to play their sport professionally after college, or ignored any of dozens of other association regulations are supposed to be ineligible to participate in NCAA games. Eleven states now require the registration and regulation of sports agents (who hitherto could scout out players without restriction), and legislation toward similar ends is pending in nine other states. Several states, including Texas, have enacted legislation that, in effect, makes the violation of NCAA rules an outright violation of state law. August 15, Congress begins its three-week Labor Day recess. 15-18, the Republican National Convention meets in New Orleans.



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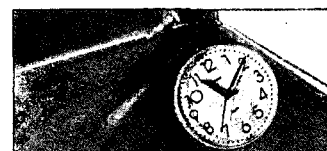


## HEALTH & SAFETY

The annual peak season for hay fever begins during the latter half of this month, brought on by the rising volume of ragweed pollen in the air. Sensitivity to allergens is believed to be genetic, although only the tendency to be allergic and not the specific allergy gets passed on. There is some good news about allergies: according to Dr. Michael Kaliner, of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, researchers are homing in on figuring out how to suppress immunoglobulin-E antibodies, which are a product of exposure to allergens and are essential to the production of histamine, the substance that causes the familiar sneeze and runny nose.

## 25 YEARS AGO

Martin Luther King, Jr., writing in the August, 1963, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: “I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is not the White Citizens Councillor or the Ku Klux Klanner but the white moderate who is more devoted to order than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says, ‘I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I can't agree with your methods of direct action’; who paternalistically feels that he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by the myth of time; and who constantly advises the Negro to wait until a ‘more convenient season.’”





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# REPORTS & COMMENT

## NOTES

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SEVERAL YEARS ago a friend of mine named Claire announced that from then on everyone should call her Giselle. Few of the people around "Giselle" adopted the new name as easily as she had hoped. When speaking to her directly it was easy to slip back into "Claire"—the name everyone still used when referring to Giselle behind her back. The same sort of thing happened when Sam turned into "Jonathan" and Linda turned into "Joy." All these people, needless to say, became the butt of mild jokes. An idea seems to be abroad in the land that genuine people accept what their parents have given them: they don't try to fix their noses, their hairlines, or their names. People who do, like James Gatz—excuse me, Jay Gatsby—seem somehow phony.

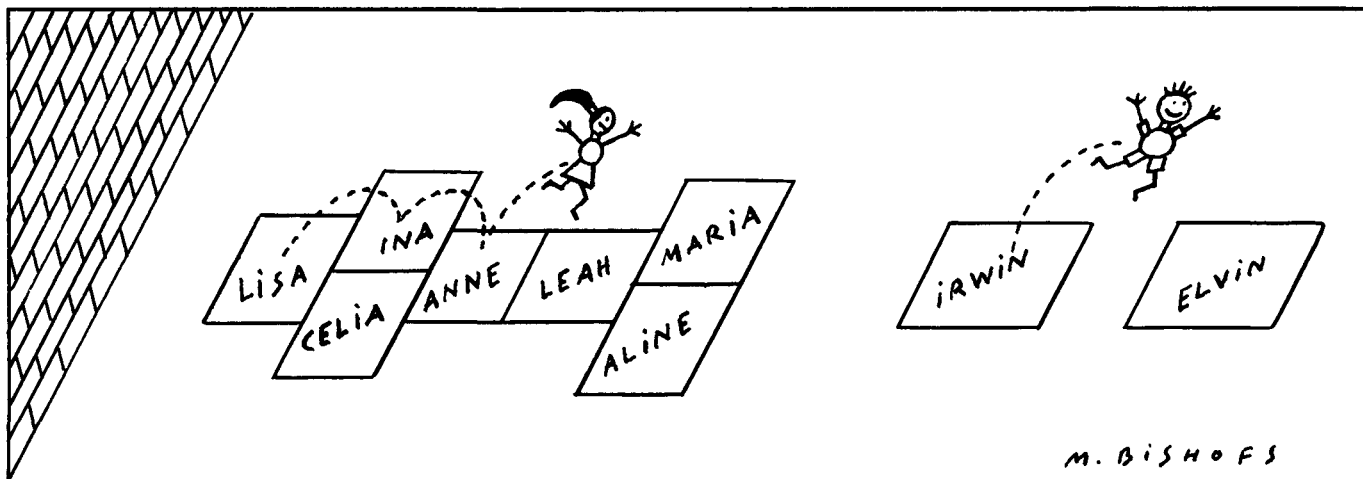
But my thinking about name-changers took a sharp turn toward sympathy sev-

eral months ago, when I stumbled across a bibliography of articles about the science of onomastics—the study of the origins and uses of names—which have been published in scholarly journals. The articles bore such titles as "Name length as a factor in mate selection," "Personality characteristics of women with masculine names," and "Evaluation of a person who uses another's name in ingratiating and noningratiating situations." I spent the next few days at the Library of Congress.

Some of the researchers who conducted these studies, I am sorry to report, came up empty-handed. Contrary to what they had hypothesized, women did not seek out mates with shorter surnames. Nor were women with masculine names, such as Dean, Earl, Randy, or Zeke, necessarily any less feminine than women named Deborah, Elizabeth, or Pamela. Other research only confirmed what we all already know through intuition. For example, a person being interviewed for a job who repeatedly inserts the interviewer's name into the conversation ("In my view, Mr. Jones . . .") is "significantly more insincere, incompetent, phony, and signifi-

cantly less likeable, desirable to know, and hireable" than one who does not, according to a 1972 report in the *Journal of Experimental Social Psychology*.

Many of the findings did help me to appreciate just how intertwined names and identities are. One study established that many six- and seven-year-olds believe that they would not be the same people if they had different names. According to a Boston University psychologist, even hardened criminals feel torn "between the desire to achieve anonymity and the need to retain one's personal identity." That is why criminals, when inventing aliases, usually do not stray far from their given names. (For example, one repeat offender, Walter More, called himself variously Charles Walker, Ira Walter More, Ira More, and Waldo More.) Names often lead people down particular and sometimes peculiar career paths. "We all know of bakers named Baker, or of baseball players named Bench and Battey," a New York psychologist wrote in a 1975 issue of *Psychological Reports*. "Mere coincidence? Bull!" The psychologist went on to give 180 examples of what he was talking about, among them, the scholars Lionel



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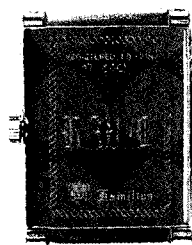
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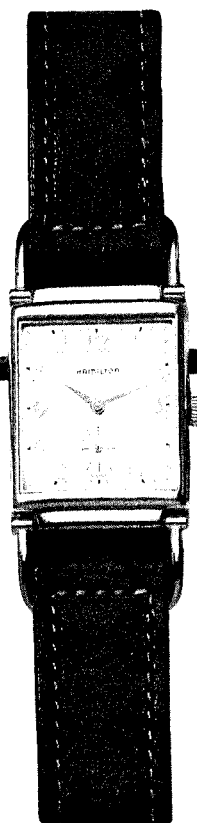
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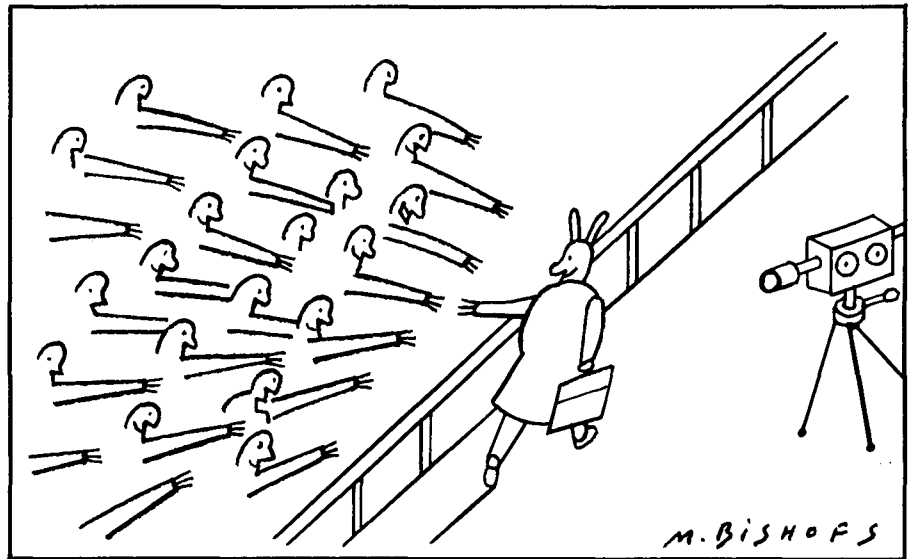


Tiger and Robin Fox, who study animal behavior; a nutritionist named Bacon Chow; someone named Birchenough, who specializes in the history of elementary education; and a man named Grumbles, who wrote an essay called "Are Emotional Problems Really Problems?" Apparently a man named Wallace H. Wallace is an expert on satiation.

Researchers have been able to prove that some names are simply better than others. In a study published in the *Journal of Educational Psychology*, "Name Stereotypes and Teachers' Expectations," a pair of psychologists showed that a grade-school essay titled "What I Did Last Sunday" when said to have been written by a "David" or a "Lisa" consistently got a better grade than it did when said to have been written by an "Elmer" or a "Bertha." In 1980 researchers at Tulane University published a study on the effect of women's first names on how others perceive their attractiveness. The researchers randomly attached three "desirable" names (Kathy, Jennifer, and Christine) and three "undesirable" names (Ethel, Harriet, and Gertrude) to photographs of six women who in an earlier study had been judged to be equally attractive. Then, renting a booth at the Tulane Student Center, they asked passersby to choose a local beauty queen. THEY ARE ALL SO PRETTY WE CAN'T DECIDE, read a sign at the booth. PLEASE HELP US BY VOTING FOR YOUR CHOICE. Together the "desirables" outpolled the "undesirables" four to one.

Anyone who reviews the onomastic literature will, I think, come to accept name-changing not only as not abnormal but also as something to be encouraged in certain circumstances. Earlier this year the New York City Department of Health released a list of the names that parents had most often chosen for their newborns in 1987. The findings were curious: The most popular boys' names, such as Michael, David, Joseph, and John, are as fad-resistant as a blue blazer. But the most popular girls' names, such as Amanda, Ashley, and Tiffany, are glitzy and lacking, one may safely predict, in enduring appeal. Do not be surprised, therefore, if some years from now you meet an Amanda, an Ashley, or a Tiffany who, before heading off to college, announces that she's ready for a name change. Don't make fun of her. Instead, suggest "Susan," "Ann," or "Elizabeth," and give her plenty of support.

—Neil Spitzer



WASHINGTON

## THE CASE FOR A NATIONAL CAUCUS

*Taking democracy seriously*

THE PRESIDENTIAL nominating system has been reformed, the reforms have been reformed, and now the reformed reforms have themselves been subject to reform. The system that nominated Hubert Humphrey in 1968 has been democratized and popularized—made more dependent upon primaries and participation by the rank and file. Although the larger number of primaries ensures that the system will never return to its former state, the pendulum has swung partway back. For example, awarding party leaders spots as "superdelegates" assures them more influence on the process than they had when Jimmy Carter was first nominated, in 1976. But whatever the degree of counter-reform, the changes back and forth have moved within too narrow a range of options and too constricted a vision of democratic possibilities. Our tinkering with the system has been limited by a false dilemma: that we must choose between the competence of elites—well-informed but anti-democratic—and the superficialities of mass democracy. Either we have smoke-filled rooms or we end up choosing our candidates more or less the way we choose our detergents.

Consider the possibility of starting the campaign with what I will call a national

caucus. Suppose we were to take a sample of 1,500 citizens that was as representative of our whole population as possible and transport them to a single site for a couple of weeks. During this period all the candidates for each party would make appearances before this group (delegates would choose at the beginning whether to attend the Republican or the Democratic proceedings). Sometimes the candidates would appear individually and sometimes they would appear in debates. Many of the occasions would be open to national television. Some, however, would be private and more informal.

At the end of two weeks the participants in this national caucus would select some at-large delegates to the national conventions. The number of delegates chosen by this means need not be large. The mass media would magnify them in importance in any case. After the national caucus was over, the primary season could proceed as before. A national caucus would not replace the race for the presidency as we know it; it would only change the way the race starts.

The most striking fact about the way the presidential selection system operates now is the role of momentum. Early victories and defeats have an enormous effect on the results of later primaries and caucuses. Morris Udall, who was a Democratic candidate in 1976, described the effect that Jimmy Carter's early victories had on later stages of the contest:

It's like a football game, in which you say to the first team that makes a first down with ten yards, "Hereafter

your team has a special rule. Your first downs are five yards. And if you make three of those you get a two-yard first down. And we're going to let your first touchdown count twenty-one points. Now the rest of you bastards play catch-up under the regular rules."

This year, as in 1976, the nominations are going to the winners of the New Hampshire primaries. Because the system is so "front-loaded," the Bruce Babbitts and Pete Du Ponts are out of the race before they can be presented to electorates that come later in the queue. Yet who does this initial winnowing for the rest of us? Two states that have almost no minority populations and no large cities. Of course, in theory this problem could be remedied by allowing other states to go first. But once we begin to think seriously about the issue, deeper problems emerge.

**T**O INDULGE AN analogy, let us distinguish among wholesale politics, mass-retail politics, and what I will call small-scale politics. When the candidates campaign for Super Tuesday, attempting to cover twenty-one jurisdictions, with limited campaign resources, in a short period of time, they engage in wholesale politics. They buy whatever television advertising they can and spread it thinly over a vast population.

Mass-retail politics is practiced in Iowa and New Hampshire, for example. The candidates make many visits, shake many hands, engage in many local debates. The advertising for the serious candidates is plentiful enough that the voters have a chance, if they are motivated, to associate names with faces and, perhaps, to develop better-informed opinions.

My proposal, for a small-scale politics, would result in a far better informed initial winnowing than that done by Iowa and New Hampshire, and it would achieve this end in a way that gave candidates incentives to address the interests of every significant constituency in the country. The caucus would constitute a kind of national laboratory for the possible growth of new issues as well as for the emergence of new candidates. Some of those issues could be expected to prove viable outside the laboratory—they would take on lives of their own in the succeeding months. Since campaigning is now all but perpetual, a more carefully designed collective experiment for launching issues in presidential

campaigns makes sense. These issues set the terms of debate for a large part of our political system. The national caucus would adapt the self-reflective character of small-scale politics to the problem of selecting candidates and issues in a large-scale nation-state.

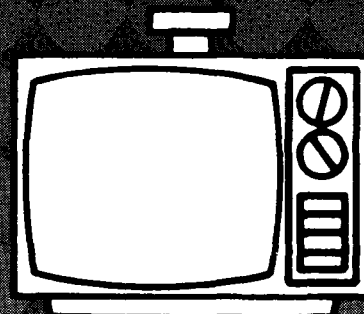
Small-scale democracy permits a politics of face-to-face interaction, unmediated by newspapers or television. Over the two-week period the delegates to the national caucus would come to see what the candidates were like when shorn of their standard stump speeches (with repeated informal appearances before the same audience, they could not give the same speech over and over), shorn of packaging for television, and shorn of "spin doctors" to implant favorable interpretations in news stories. It would be as if the delegates were in *The Wizard of Oz* and had a chance to go behind the green curtain and see what their would-be national leaders were really like—without benefit of hocus-pocus and amplification.

The national caucus would have the thoughtfulness and depth of small-scale, face-to-face politics. But it would also have the representative character of a national event that included all of us. It would offer a way out of the dilemma within which previous reforms have been trapped. A national caucus would not be elitist. It would permit the insights gained in mom-and-pop interactions to replace the comparative superficialities of wholesale and mass-retail politics.

Is it reasonable to expect people to give up two weeks to go to the national caucus? Yes, for two reasons. First, the media could be counted on to dramatize the caucus so much that most citizens would be glad of the opportunity to play a serious role in historic events. Second, delegates would be paid. The caucus should be set up so that it is possible for the delegates who are selected to participate regardless of their economic circumstances. Participation in the caucus could indeed be considered analogous to jury duty—an obligation of citizenship.

The analogy between the national caucus and a jury is apt in several respects. Both are meant, in some sense, to be representative of ordinary citizens. Both assume that ordinary citizens, when immersed in the relevant materials, can deal with difficult questions. And it goes without saying that in both cases any attempt to suborn the deliberations would be a crime.

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RIVAL PROPOSALS FOR reform are caught in the old dilemma. For example, if we were to try to overcome the unrepresentative character of Iowa and New Hampshire by replacing the entire schedule of primaries with a single national one, we would get only the superficiality of wholesale politics. It would be virtually impossible for new candidates to succeed. And the established ones would have the advantage chiefly because of name recognition and resources accumulated for television advertising. The real initial winnowing would be done by contributors and by the media before the official event.

A second prominent proposal—regional primaries—combines the defects of the present system with those of a national primary. The ordering of regional primaries would produce the same problems we have with Iowa and New Hampshire. A portion of the country, unrepresentative of the whole, would do the initial winnowing for the rest of us. Even in the version proposed by former Vice President Walter Mondale—whereby the order of the primaries would be determined by lot—the same difficulty would apply. This year's primaries show the power of regional identifications—for Gore in the South, for Dukakis in New England, for Bush in all the places he chooses to call home. Given the effect of early victories on later ones, the ordering of regional primaries could greatly influence the outcome.

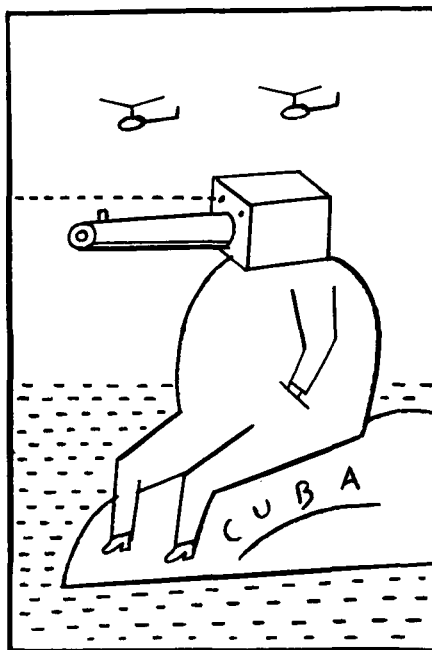
Furthermore, campaigns in regional primaries would have to be spread thin in order to cover any large portion of the country—with all the same undesirable consequences as in a national primary.

A third proposal, by the political scientists Thomas Cronin and Robert Loevy, is that a national convention be held first (with delegates chosen at state caucuses) to select the candidates who would then compete in a national primary. But the result of such a convention would be to return power to the party elites. They would do the initial winnowing, and the national primary (to choose among the elite-sanctioned candidates) would have all the familiar thinness of wholesale politics. This inventive proposal, rather than solving our dilemma, is vulnerable to both horns simultaneously—it seems anti-democratic because of the dominant role it gives to party elites, while it also seems to offer the superficial mass democracy of the national primary.

The national caucus would not be an organ of the political professionals. It

would use the sampling techniques of public-opinion research to represent, to make present, a version of all of us. To be sure, it is ironic that the banes of wholesale mass democracy—continuous opinion polling and market research—have led to the perfection of sampling techniques that can now be harnessed for a more meaningful form of democracy. As for the slogan of the national caucus, I propose an adaptation of that chant beloved of sixties radicals: "Power to the people—or at least those in the representative sample!"

—James S. Fishkin



CUBA

## HAVANA'S MILITARY MACHINE

*On Castro's island most of the population is under arms*

SINCE 1980 CUBA has become the most thoroughly militarized nation on earth. According to the authoritative London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies, the Cuban regular army numbers 145,000 men, most of them conscripted privates who serve for three years. They are backed up by at least 110,000 ready reserves, who are trained forty-five days or more annually. This force has been lavishly armed by the Soviet Union and boasts an astonish-

ing 300 T-62 and 650 T-54/55 main battle tanks (MBTs). By way of comparison, Canada, with two and a half times the population, infinitely more wealth, and serious NATO commitments, relies upon a regular army of only 22,500, with 114 antiquated MBTs. Cuba's army also has 1,400 major artillery pieces, 60 light and amphibious tanks, and 650 other armored vehicles, as well as 600 anti-tank guns.

The Cuban Navy, with 12,000 men, maintains three submarines, two modern guided-missile frigates, and a large number of patrol craft and minesweepers. Canada makes do with an equal number of submarines and twenty-three assorted anti-submarine-warfare vessels; its navy has only 10,000 men. The Cuban Air Force (whose previous chief, General Rafael del Pino, defected to the United States in 1987) is a very potent one. Its strength is 18,500 men (including the Air Defense Command), with 250 combat aircraft, mostly MiG-21, -23, and -27 models. Significantly, it possesses only seven troop-carrying Tupolev TU-154 transports, severely restricting Castro's ability to intervene on his own. Canada, with 23,050 airmen, has only three fighter squadrons, or roughly forty-five planes, to defend its skies. The Cuban military machine is considerably more powerful than that of any other Latin American nation—including Brazil, which has a population of 142 million, fourteen times Cuba's.

The cost of Cuba's regular uniformed military establishment is shockingly high—especially for such an underdeveloped country—even though most of its expensive hardware (the hardware received from 1980 to 1986 alone is valued at approximately \$4 billion) is delivered free of charge by the Soviets. The best estimates point to military expenditures of \$1.8 billion or more in 1985. This military outlay amounted to more than 10 percent of the government budget and exceeded eight percent of the island's gross domestic product. Only Nicaragua, Guyana, and Chile devote more of their GDP to military purposes. Military expenditures per capita in Cuba amount to more than \$160 a year. Brazil, in contrast, spends \$8 or \$9, Guatemala \$22, and Paraguay \$23. War-torn Nicaragua, alone in Latin America, spends more than Cuba: \$195. General Pinochet's Chile allocates \$135 per Chilean.

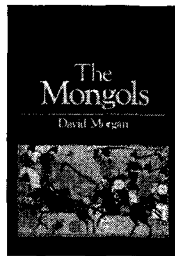
This is a heroic financial burden for Cuba to bear, yet very little of it stems from Fidel Castro's military forays in for-



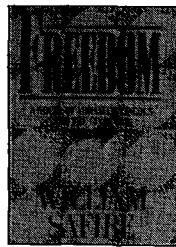
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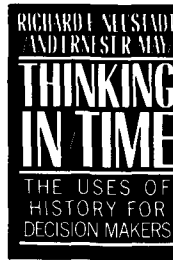
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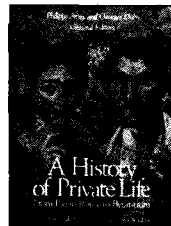
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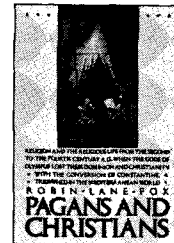
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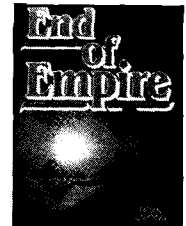
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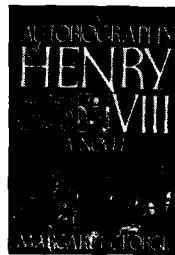
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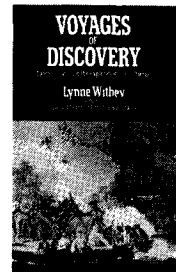
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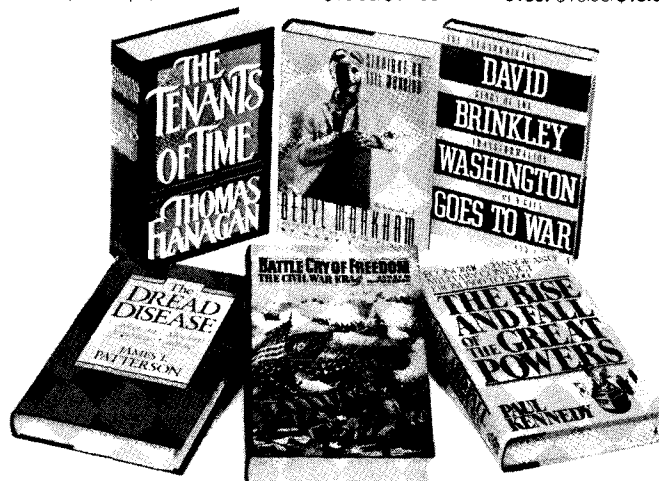


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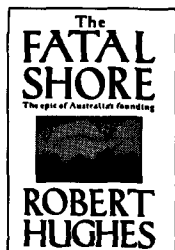
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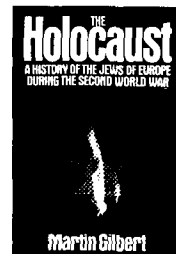
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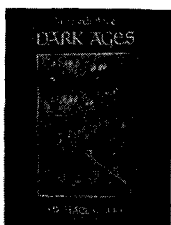
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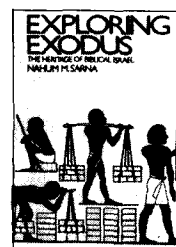
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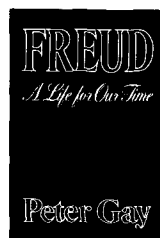
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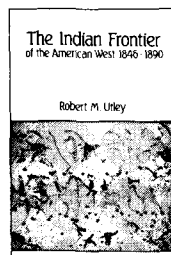
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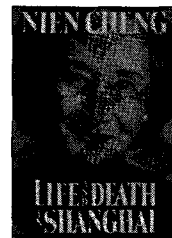
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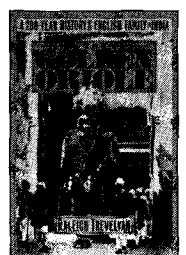
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eign lands. The Soviets normally ferry Cuban regiments to their foreign duty stations and transport the Cubans' tanks and other heavy weapons directly from the USSR. Even force maintenance in the field is often subsidized. In 1981, according to one scholar, Cuba received \$250 million for its military and civilian operations in Angola alone. The annual subsidy rose to as much as \$500 million before the oil glut caused it to plummet. Ironically, this payback (which represents a very substantial percentage of all Cuban hard-currency earnings) comes essentially from American petroleum companies' activities in Angola's oil-rich Cabinda enclave. Since the former Portuguese colony can generate income in virtually no other manner, it does so with American-pumped petroleum.

The first Cuban military mission in Africa was established in Ghana in 1961. Cuba's military forces appeared in Algeria, in 1963, when a distinctly military "medical brigade" came over from Havana to support a moribund regime. By 1966 as many as a thousand soldiers and military advisers were serving in a number of African nations, along with civilian personnel. In Guinea-Bissau, Cuban combat units saw action, fighting with Amílcar Cabral's rebel army against Portuguese colonial rule. Also, and much to his later embarrassment, Fidel Castro posted a large group of instructors to train Eritrean rebels who were waging a secessionist war against the tottering Emperor Haile Selassie.

By 1973—probably earlier—Cuban military advisers and instructors could be found in the Middle East, often in combat roles. Hundreds of Cubans served in unstable Marxist South Yemen, not only instructing the Yemeni armed forces but also training Dhofari guerrillas, who were busily destabilizing Oman. The guerrillas were finally overcome by elite British units after years of low-intensity but bitter fighting. In 1973, probably at Moscow's behest, Castro dispatched 500 Cuban tank commanders to Syria. These men performed well and died well in the Yom Kippur War with Israel. Not long after their debut in Syria, Cuban military personnel were training, arming, and advising Polisario guerrillas who were fighting for the independence of the Western Sahara. The Cubans, still working out of Algeria, continue to help the Polisario guerrillas, albeit with no notable success. Recent diplomatic developments indicate a rapprochement between Algeria

and Morocco, whose troops have long striven to dominate the Western Sahara.

Cuban military involvement in Angola dates only from 1975—the same year in which an upswing in Soviet military aid to Cuba occurred. Cuban security personnel arrived first, and then, in September, Operation Carlota, a Soviet airlift, brought in entire regiments of combat troops to protect the fragile Marxist government from Jonas Savimbi's UNITA rebel army. Once a recipient of clandestine American aid, the anti-Communist Savimbi, with some support from South Africa's veteran legions, appeared to be winning a ghastly civil war in the bush; the Cubans went in to stem the tide. In a preliminary October clash with South Africans emerging north from Namibia, at least 400 Cuban soldiers were killed. In the Battle of Bridge 14 (December 9–12) a larger Cuban contingent attempted vainly to halt the advancing South Africans and suffered what were blandly termed "heavy losses." But the South African drive stalled, and newly arriving Cuban regiments forced Pretoria to re-examine its open commitment to Savimbi. Moscow also upgraded Cuba's military hardware, and soon a cornucopia of weaponry became available; the Soviets delivered heavy weapons straight to Angola, so that the Cuban troops, like a rapid-deployment force, could quickly and easily be airlifted by the Soviet Air Force, carrying only handheld weapons.

The rapid Cuban buildup enabled the Marxist MPLA (the Angolan Popular Liberation Movement) to retain much of the nation, blunting the Savimbi offensive and discouraging South African participation—not bad results for a Caribbean island nation. By 1977 almost 20,000 Cuban soldiers, half of them reservists, held the balance of power in Angola, and though they could not rout UNITA, they had clearly achieved their internationalist goal.

Castro's regiments saw only sporadic combat from 1977 to 1983, but their number continued to grow, stabilizing at 30,000–35,000 men and then swelling to 45,000, the level maintained today. In 1983 the majority of the Cuban combat units were encamped around Luanda, the capital; those in the field, however, were handled roughly by Savimbi, and in 1984 several thousand men died in large-scale clashes with the rebels. Since those bloody encounters, and owing in part to falling morale among MPLA conscripts, reportedly the Cuban military is

beginning to replace Angolan military units in the battlefields of the south. Unfortunately for Cuba's minuscule (and declining) hard-currency reserves, the war-ravaged economy of Angola is drying up as a source of income. Some 3,000 East Germans and 1,500 Russians are also in Angola, but these men run the railroads, manage the economic infrastructure, and advise the Angolan Army and security forces. The Cubans do the fighting and the dying.

A NUMBER OF ELEMENTS have recently led to disillusionment within Cuba regarding the Angolan venture. One of these is race. Roughly 50 percent of the Cubans serving in Angola are blacks. Is this because almost all Angolans are black? Some Cubans wonder. So do some outsiders. The former Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver, who spent time in Cuba as a fugitive, wrote despairingly as far back as 1976 that Castro had long displayed a habit of "shipping out to foreign wars the militant young black officers as a safety valve on the domestic scene," asserting that "as Africa runs out of wars of liberation, Fidel Castro runs out of dumping grounds" for his nation's large black minority. Even Cleaver, however, did not foresee that Castro would find a continuing, *counterrevolutionary* employment for his legions.

Another source of disillusionment is the fact that most Cubans killed in Angola—perhaps 5,000 since 1975—are not returned home but are buried where they fell (the same is true for those killed elsewhere in Africa). Castro, who admits that more than 400,000 Cubans have served in Angola, never alludes to casualty figures. Once, when asked directly, he responded that he never mentions the subject because "the enemy must not have that information."

The fact that a high proportion of the regiments sent to Angola are reserve units is also a potential source of conflict on the island. The members of these units have already completed their three years of arduous, spartan military service and have been hoping to do only forty-five days or so of annual training stints. A reservist who does not object to defending the beaches of his own nation against a foreign invader may question being asked to fight and die thousands of miles from home for what his leaders consider a matter of ideology and personal pride. Very probably a high proportion of the roughly 30,000 young Cu-



bans imprisoned for refusing military service or Angolan duty are reservists. In January of 1985 one thoroughly disillusioned lieutenant colonel, Mourino Pérez, the coordinator of Cuba's African operations, defected to the West, saying he was "tired of burying Cuban soldiers in Africa."

Yet another source of discontent is that Fidel Castro and his brother Raúl (the Minister of Defense and Castro's deputy in all other positions) use Angola as punishment duty for recalcitrants. A case in point is Colonel Pedro Tortoló, who was the commander of Cuban military personnel on Grenada when U.S. forces invaded. Tortoló was ostentatiously court-martialed and sent to Angola as a private, along with most of his Grenada command.

In Cuba today the veterans of Angolan service are commonly referred to as the "generation of disenchantment," and they regard themselves much the way Vietnam veterans did in the United States in the 1970s. The disenchantment is likely to grow in significance, because Castro shows no signs of wishing to disengage. The Angolan Presi-

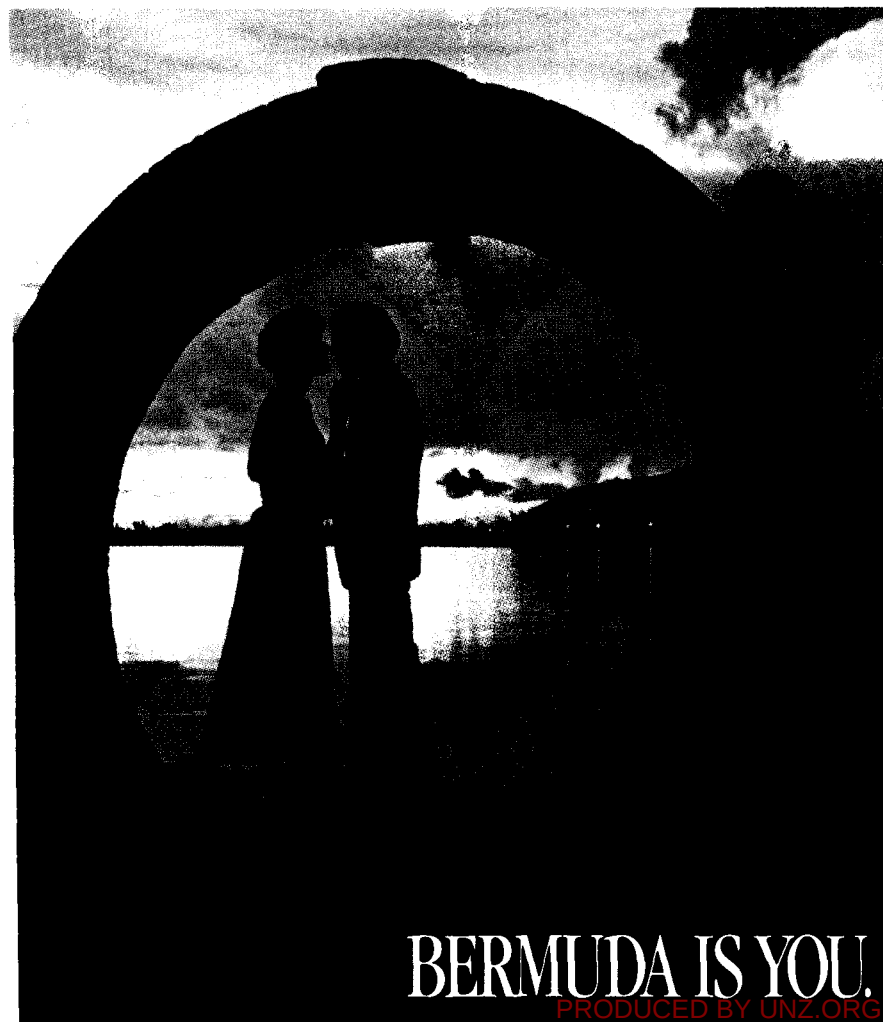
dent, José Eduardo dos Santos, may well resolve the problem for him, however, because, according to the influential *Jane's Defence Weekly*, the Angolan leader is upset with the Cuban Army's "success rate" against Savimbi and is negotiating with Kim Il Sung to replace the Cubans with North Koreans.

**I**N 1977 ANOTHER cry for help reached Havana from Africa. This time it was from Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam, the besieged Marxist ruler of Ethiopia. His regime was under growing pressure—indeed, invasion—from neighboring Somalia, beset by anti-Communist rebels at home, and facing a serious secessionist movement in Eritrea province. Castro, despite his substantial commitment in Angola, rushed a dozen regiments to Addis Ababa, and these disciplined forces undoubtedly turned the tide and saved the fraternal Mengistu regime.

At its peak, in 1978 and 1979, the Cuban expeditionary force in Ethiopia consisted of some 24,000 fighting men, and about 11,000 are still there today, mostly in garrison duty. The Cubans did re-

pulse the Somalis, they did help erase internal guerrilla bands, but they did not—and will not—resolve the Eritrean imbroglio. (See "The Loneliest War," July, 1988, *Atlantic*, for more on Eritrea.)

Cuban troops and military and civilian security advisers are sprinkled liberally about the African continent—a continent, incidentally, with which Cuba conducts virtually no trade. In fact, as one scholar has noted, "since 1975 Third World countries have accounted for only 4–7 percent of total Cuban trade." According to well-informed sources, some 2,500 civilian and military advisers serve in Mozambique, where the leftist regime is threatened by anti-Communist RENAMO rebels. Another hundred advisers serve in the Congo; a handful are in São Tomé e Príncipe and Equatorial Guinea; and the tiny homeland-state of Lesotho, in South Africa, has a token seven Cuban advisers. Cuban civilian advisers (some security-related) play important roles in Benin, Malagasy, and Guinea-Bissau. In the Arab world some 3,000 can be found in Libya and Algeria, among other things training terrorists and Polisario guerril-



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las. Cubans serve in Iraq; South Yemen continues to rely on Cuban and Soviet advisers; and Havana also posts units to Syria and Afghanistan. At least modest contingents have been posted to a number of Southeast Asian countries as well.

In this hemisphere, in addition to various guerrilla movements that have received not-so-covert Cuban aid, and Colonel Tortoló's abortive mission in Grenada, the Nicaraguan military buildup has been guided and shaped by Castro's legions. Some 4,500 Cubans are in the country, including large contingents of military and security personnel. According to a 1985 issue of *The Economist*, the military and civilian personnel sent to Nicaragua from Cuba are kept busy "teaching the locals how to spell *revolución* and load Kalashnikovs."

issue of Afghanistan. In 1980 Cuba was one of only nine nations to vote against (with fifty-six in favor and twenty-six abstaining or absent) a resolution of the non-aligned states requesting the United Nations to condemn the Soviet invasion. The vote in the United Nations was even more pointedly anti-Moscow, with Third World member states condemning the invasion by a vote of seventy-eight to nine (with twenty-eight abstentions or absences).

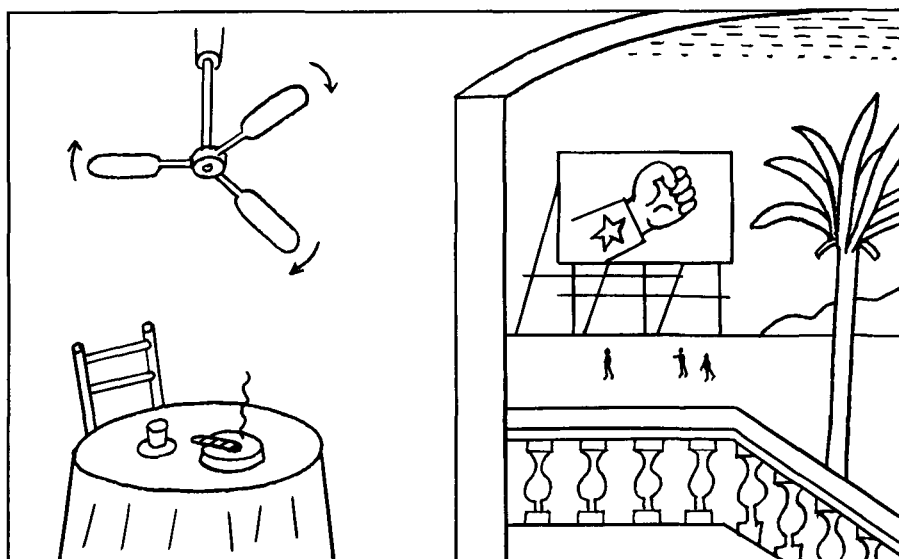
ADRIAN J. ENGLISH, the author of *Armed Forces of Latin America*, and hardly a Cuba-baiter, wrote in 1984 that "Cuba is . . . probably the world's most completely militarised country." He was not exaggerating. Hugh Thomas, another British authority, remarked that

1961–1979, rising to 25 to 30 percent of Cuba's GDP. Another reputable source has estimated the economic side of Soviet aid for 1961–1985 to be \$40 billion. Economic aid has increased dramatically in the 1980s, and has been averaging nearly \$5 billion a year—\$13 million a day.

These figures support the general assessment that Cuba's economy would collapse without Soviet subsidies. No nation on earth receives more economic aid per capita, and yet the Cuban economy, less productive and more tied to humiliating monoculture than it was before Castro, barely lurches along. Despite all the largesse, productivity per worker continues to drop, the birthrate has recently fallen with unprecedented rapidity to a very un-Latin low of fourteen per thousand, and the suicide rate has soared above the traditionally low Latin American profile—past that of Sweden, with 17.5 per 100,000—to a disturbing 21.1. Recent cases include Osvaldo Dorticós, who was the Minister of Justice, and Haydée Santamaría, a long-time Castro associate. The draconian rationing system doles out meager allotments of food, clothing, and consumer goods, and Cuba's hard- and soft-currency international debt is *hundreds* of times the pre-Castro figure (as early as 1975 it was four times as high on a per capita basis as Brazil's).

Even so, Cuba's militarization rolls along; the Soviets do not ration T-62 MBTs, MiG-23 and -27 combat jets, or artillery. Most Cuba-watchers agree that since 1980 more than \$4 billion worth of Soviet military gear has been delivered to Cuba, not counting direct deliveries from the USSR to African theaters of operations. While Cubans today have few consumer goods, their armed services possess an abundance of howitzers and assault rifles.

IN ADDITION to its uniformed armed forces and trained reserves, Cuba has copious other military and paramilitary resources to draw upon. One of these is the Youth Labor Army (EJT), composed of young people in their teens who have received military training and use arms. Founded in 1973, the EJT, with an apparently fixed complement of 100,000, was designed to free the regular army from rural civic-action duties, so that it could send more soldiers overseas. Also, since the mid-1970s military training in the high schools has been mandatory. What's more, Cuba has some 4,000 elite,



The costs of Castro's foreign forays go well beyond Cuban bloodshed. Cuba has also lost prestige and stature as a role model for the developing world. Cuba's huge military apparatus, drawing heavily upon reservists, co-opts much of the nation's best talent, to the detriment of the faltering civilian economic sector. Another cost is the continued chill in Cuba's relations with the United States. Yet another, probably, is the falloff of economic and technical aid to the Castro government from various Western nations, such as Norway, Sweden, Holland, West Germany, and Canada. Moreover, both Costa Rica and Colombia severed relations with Cuba in 1981, and relations with other Latin American nations have generally deteriorated. Cuba also lost credibility in the "non-aligned" movement (of which Castro was the acknowledged leader) over the

same year that "the emphasis on war and weapons, on the importance of fighting, borders on the psychopathic." Four years after English and Thomas wrote of this phenomenon, the qualifiers no longer seem necessary.

That a distinctly (and increasingly) underdeveloped nation could manage this hypermilitarization is truly remarkable, but the actual cash outlay for military hardware has been negligible. In fact, Cubans negotiating for hard-currency loans from the West say that *all* of Cuba's arms imports are gifts from the USSR and other socialist countries, and hence not a drain on the nation's balance of payments.

The volume of Soviet aid to Cuba (running lately at half of all Soviet aid) is huge, if not known to the last ruble or peso. At the very least, Soviet economic assistance has totaled \$17 billion in

KGB-style border guards, the 2,000-member "special troops" of the Ministry of the Interior, and the 15,000-member troops of the shadowy Department of State Security (also in the Interior Ministry). These three "small" contingents together have as many men as the entire regular army of the Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista had in the 1950s, and they are infinitely better armed. Of more recent vintage, though not uniformed, is a 100,000-strong civil-defense force, with evident paramilitary potential.

In 1980 the establishment of a vast new militia to defend the island against "Yanqui" invasion began; the Soviets sent mountains of materiel, from mess kits to mortars, for use by the nascent Territorial Troop Militias (MTT). Dividing the island into 1,300 "defense zones," *à la* Vietnam, Castro began with several hundred thousand male and female *milicianos*, many of whom were probably loyal party members. Primarily an infantry force, the MTT is armed and has very specific defense duties complementing those of the uniformed services, which train the militia. Several sources noted an expanded strength to about half a million by 1984. The figure rose dramatically to 1,200,000 the following year, and to 1,500,000 armed and trained men and women in 1986. More than 1,000 MTT regiments are now dug in across the island, armed with relatively light weapons. The MTT would have to be rooted out by any invader from thousands of familiar, prepared positions. Japan in the summer of 1945 was not nearly so well prepared to resist invasion.

The huge MTT (if the United States had a militia of corresponding size, it would have 36 million members), unlike the army, has no ties of any kind with the Soviets on the island. It has no Red Army officers or advisers and is led by the Cuban Communist Party (of which Fidel Castro is the First Secretary), and only its weapons are stamped "CCCP." Could the MTT, a purely Cuban organization, be meant to counterbalance the "Sovietized" regular army and security forces?

The MTT is highly visible in today's Cuba. Tad Szulc, in his sympathetic 1986 book *Fidel: A Critical Portrait*, wrote that "the Militias' 340-page illustrated *Basic Manual* is must reading in Cuba (though it sells for one peso in bookstores), and exercises and maneuvers are conducted continuously."

Less military per se, but with quasi-

military security roles, is the phenomenon known as the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR). The CDR were instituted in 1960, when invasion was expected momentarily and internal tensions were rising. At first some 800,000 people joined the CDR, ferreting out subversives, informing on other people, and monitoring "social attitudes." They were, in short, neighborhood vigilance committees on a grand but inexpensive scale. The Minister of Culture, Armando Hart, has written that the CDR "emerged as a means for the people to defend themselves against imperialist aggression, sabotage, and other enemy actions."

But the CDR in the late 1980s have become a sinister aspect of the Cuban regime, major players in Castro's struggle against the United States and American influence in general. By 1983 they boasted a membership of five million Cubans—more than half the population. In August of 1986 Castro proudly announced to the CDR National Congress that membership had grown to 6,662,568. This amounts to two Cubans out of every three—young and old, male and female—and includes perhaps 95 percent of all able-bodied adults. Further, Castro claimed special status as *guardias* for 5,500,000 CDR members. *Guardias* serve by turns at night as a quasi-police force, patrolling their neighborhoods. With his usual love of statistics, Castro gravely intoned that while Cubans slept the sleep of the just each night, 87,130 *guardias* were on patrol, ever vigilant to detect crime, subversion, and counterrevolutionary activities.

Though many join the CDR as a matter of form or convenience, or even out of fear, the very idea of such a vast multitude of state-sponsored snoops is mind-boggling. The duties of CDR members are varied: vigilance, police work, internal security, "civic action," morale-building, civil defense, and more. Under such a system, a nation's spiritual and creative resources can scarcely be tapped. This perhaps is one of the internal costs of militarizing a society.

The military, always highly visible in Castro's Cuba, bodes ill for the peace and prosperity of people out of uniform. Castro has so militarized Cuban society that, as Hugh Thomas has recently written, "Batista's tyranny seems, from the angle of the present, a mild and indolent undertaking."

—John Hoyt Williams

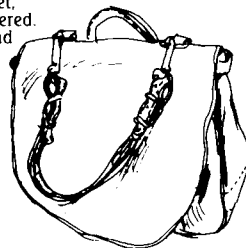
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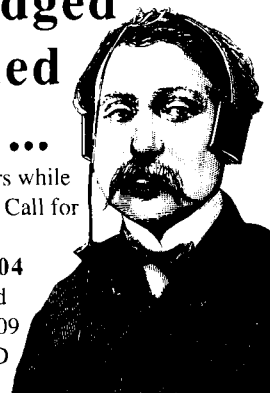
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*Scanning the universe to see if we have company has fallen out of favor among many scientists, but the true believers who continue to search raise diverting questions—like why planets form where they do, and how life began, and where we might end up*

# ARE WE ALONE?

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK



ON A PROMISING DAY IN 1960 SCIENTISTS AT THE National Radio Astronomy Observatory, in Green Bank, West Virginia, tuned a radio telescope to a frequency they had reason to believe alien beings would use to contact Earth. Then they pointed the telescope toward Epsilon Eridani, a nearby star similar to the sun. "Almost immediately we picked up a signal that seemed exactly what we were looking for," says the astronomer Frank Drake, who ran the effort, which was nicknamed Project Ozma, after the ruling princess of Oz. "No one had ever done this, so we had no idea what to expect. For all we knew, every solar system in the galaxy was populated."

Ozma team members wondered if they stood witness to a pivotal moment of human history. But after analyzing the

signal and making inquiries, they realized that Ozma had stumbled on an Earth-based signal, which they surmised was a classified test of military communication jammers. The searchers returned to their task, training the telescope on another star and trying other frequencies. When they heard nothing, Project Ozma ended.

Since 1960 there have been almost fifty other efforts at what is now called SETI, for "search for extraterrestrial intelligence." Projects have been undertaken in many countries, using progressively more sophisticated equipment. The summaries read like this: "Searched 674 nearby stars, found nothing." "Searched five closest galaxies, found nothing." "Searched all sky, found nothing."

"Searched, found nothing" is the mantra of SETI. Does this mean we are alone?

## Listening Hard

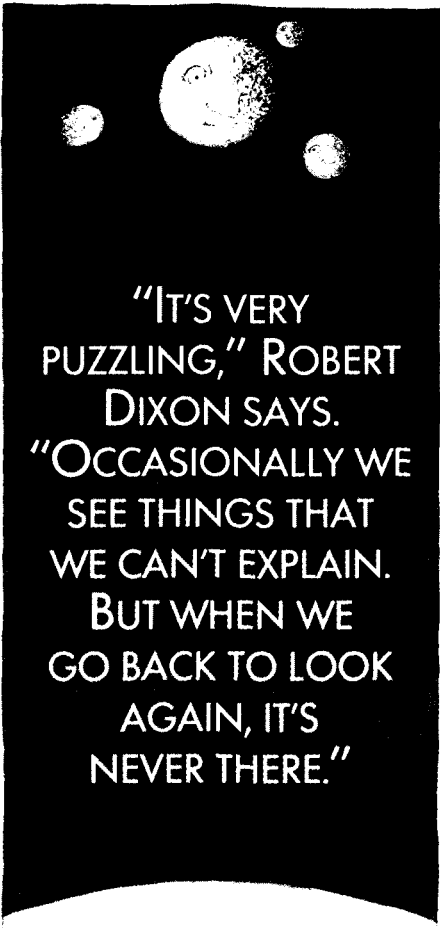
**T**HE FANCIEST ALIEN-SNOOPING apparatus in the world today is located on a ridgeline above a picturesque little New England town about an hour west of Boston.

There the physicist Paul Horowitz, of Harvard University, has wired up a radio telescope with a signal analyzer comparable in power to a Cray supercomputer; the machine monitors 8.4 million space radio channels simultaneously. It breaks down the radio spectrum into extremely narrow bands; the narrower a radio signal, the more likely it is to be artificial. In the five years he and his team have been listening, Horowitz jokes, "we've discovered the sun twice." But nothing more.

Scientists assume that contact with any extraterrestrial civilizations that may exist is most likely to occur by radio; therefore SETI is primarily a vocation of radio astronomy. But because it is possible to monitor only a small portion of the vast number of space radio frequencies, those who wish to tune in the heavens must select a channel. In 1959 Philip Morrison and Giuseppe Cocconi, two physicists at Cornell University, argued that because hydrogen is the most common substance in the universe and naturally emits radio waves in a relatively noise-free portion of the radio spectrum, it would be logical to listen there for a signal from intelligent beings. Most SETI researchers have accepted this reasoning and, since the frequency of the hydroxyl radical, which combines with hydrogen to make water, is close to the hydrogen frequency, this prime search area was later dubbed "the water hole." Paul Horowitz's superanalyzer listens to several frequency bands in the water hole.

Early searches like Project Ozma assumed that an alien civilization somehow knew about Earth and was aiming a powerful message transmitter directly at us. But since Earth and any extraterrestrial radio transmitter are moving relative to each other, any signal would probably have been changed by Doppler shifts (just as the pitch of an ambulance's screeching siren changes depending upon whether it is speeding toward you or racing away) and would have become too scrambled for computers of the day to understand. The Harvard superanalyzer has a more refined ear. It corrects for the Doppler shifts, which are the composite result of many different motions, and listens on many adjacent frequencies at once, so it could identify an extraterrestrial radio beacon sweeping the galaxy like a lighthouse beam.

Paul Horowitz got his start in the alien-seeking business



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NEVER THERE."

when he designed a "suitcase SETI," a portable signal analyzer that could be hooked up to telescopes engaged in conventional radio astronomy. In 1982 he obtained permission to attach this machine to the world's largest radio telescope, a U.S. facility in Arecibo, Puerto Rico. The Arecibo dish, which spans a small valley, then listened in on the regions around some 250 nearby stars. Researchers heard nothing.

Later Horowitz started the superanalyzer effort. This and a system at Ohio State University are the only full-time SETI listening posts in operation. Russian, French, Dutch, West German, Australian, and other projects run intermittently. An additional SETI bastion is NASA's Ames Research Center, in northern California.

SETI was once a high-profile branch of science. During the 1960s the Soviet Union was the leader, dedicating substantial resources to cosmic search efforts, partly because the idea fit snugly with several tenets of scientific socialism. Advanced aliens, Soviet thinkers reasoned, might provide testimony that natural forces and not a deity called the universe forth into being;

that science conquers all; perhaps even that advanced civilizations are modeled along dialectical lines. Aliens might also develop a fondness for whoever contacted them first, and share military secrets—a far-out supposition, but then Soviet military researchers have dabbled with such subjects as ESP and time travel, hoping for any kind of counter to the West's economic and technological advantages.

In the 1970s, when many NASA space probes were being launched, U.S. scientists took the lead. Carl Sagan won his early celebrity by advocating space-directed "exobiology" and by supervising the design of coded messages about Earth that were etched on the sides of some NASA probes in case the little spacecraft were ever found by other beings. Popular culture, which had traditionally presented extraterrestrials as sinister invaders, began to embrace the notion that aliens would be nice guys, even cute. The robust space program, rapid advances in astronomy equipment, and the simple fact that no one knew whether other star systems were vacant or teeming with life made SETI chic.

But as the search hours have mounted and nothing has been found, the spotlight has dimmed. Career considerations have reduced SETI's place in science. Scientists fund their research mainly through grants, and to justify grants they must produce results. When several rounds of SETI investment failed to generate results, most founda-

tions lost interest. Horowitz had such trouble finding conventional underwriting for the Harvard project that the movie producer Steven Spielberg contributed \$100,000 to build the superanalyzer.

The hope of fame, too, has faded. During the early years of SETI researchers were keenly aware that whoever recorded the first alien transmission would be widely acclaimed. That promise still holds, but thirty years of frustration at scanning the skies for life has persuaded most scientists that they might as well make a steady living juggling numbers in more humdrum pursuits. And so the mantle of SETI has been passed from Sagan and other big shots to workers like Horowitz and Robert Dixon, the director of the Ohio State project. Both are shy, soft-spoken scholars who exhibit the fidgety demeanor associated with too much time in a windowless lab. Both, like most scientists, would die a thousand deaths on a talk show.

The SETI true believers who remain are bound together by two forces: first, a craving to know what may be out there, and whether humanity's ultimate fate lies far beyond current horizons; second, an almost devout belief that man simply cannot be alone.

In the Milky Way, where we live, there are at least 100 billion suns. Within range of current detection instruments are 10 billion other galaxies, many larger than our own. Beyond them may lie a gigantic number of galactic islands—perhaps an infinite number, and corresponding to that, an infinity of suns. Intuition would seem to demand that in such a vast firmament many hearts would beat.

"I feel nearly certain the galaxy will turn out to be rich with life, of many shapes and sizes, and that any civilization we contact will be far wiser than we," Horowitz says. "To think we are the best the universe could manage—the mediocrity of it all!"

Their speculations about alien life lead SETI researchers to study many beguiling topics: how planets form, how life began, whether interstellar travel is possible, whether evolutionary outcomes are inevitable, what extraterrestrial beings may be like. These topics—the ones this article will address—are what keep the second generation of SETI researchers going.

The prospect that SETI will never encounter anything does not deter true believers. Rather, it, too, drives them on, because failure to find the expected can be as significant as discovery of the unforeseen. An eventual scientific determination that there are no other beings would have immense social and political significance, conveying to the world's quarrelsome governments an urgent message about their obligations not just to present citizens but to life itself.

### Where to Eavesdrop

ON OCTOBER 10, 1986, THE HARVARD SYSTEM LOGGED a signal that, Horowitz says, "looked for all the world like the real thing." The supercomputer signal analyzer would not be tricked by unusual man-made

transmissions. Horowitz felt something that SETI researchers have learned, the hard way, to resist—a quiver of excitement. But when Horowitz re-aimed the telescope's antenna to the coordinates suggested by the reading, only static greeted him. Four times the Harvard system has picked up a non-random possibly intelligent transmission: each time the trace was never repeated.

Other researchers have had the same experience. Benjamin Zuckerman, an astronomer at the University of California at Los Angeles, and Patrick Palmer, a colleague from the University of Chicago, examined 700 nearby solar systems for life signals over four years in the early 1970s using the Green Bank radio telescope, which Project Ozma had used. During that time they recorded ten instances of vexing, possibly artificial readings that did not repeat. Though astronomers for career reasons often jealously guard the coordinates of stellar regions where something unusual resides, after Zuckerman and Palmer abandoned their search they gave others the locations from which their mystery readings appeared to emanate. These systems have since been further inspected, without results.

At Ohio State there was the "WOW!" incident. A researcher poring over data from the previous day's sky scan found a readout so apparently alien in character that he scrawled "WOW!" across the margin. For months the team panned the telescope back and forth across the patch of sky whence "WOW!" had come. But the source was not found again. "It's very puzzling," Dixon says. "Occasionally we see things that we can't explain. But when we go back to look again, it's never there."

To understand the vastness of the task before SETI, it's necessary to know a little about radio—by which scientists mean everything in the radio spectrum, including television, microwaves, and radar. Radio is effective only when the correct frequency and antenna position are known. For example, if a person stood next to the broadcast tower for station WGAG ("Playing the Music You've Tried to Forget") but kept his radio tuned to a different station, he'd never guess that WGAG existed. Or if he wanted to pick up television from Chicago but pointed the set's antenna toward St. Louis, he would hardly get great reception.

Another fact about radio waves is that they pass through many objects in their path—this is the reason that radios and televisions work indoors—and are large enough to dance completely around small objects. These properties mean that radio messages can travel immense distances without being absorbed or scattered by dust clouds in their way, and still be intelligible at the other end. The transmitter on the *Pioneer 10* space probe, which left the solar system in 1983, radiates only eight watts of power, yet its signal can still be heard on Earth. Keeping in touch with *Pioneer 10* is practical, however, only because NASA knows exactly where it is and what channel it broadcasts on.

Combine the multitude of usable space frequencies with 100 billion stars to point radio-telescope antennas toward, and the fact that SETI has not yet heard anything becomes melancholy but inconclusive. "We have eliminated



the possibility that the sky is teeming with signals directed at us, which is something many scientists used to believe," Horowitz says. "But I think that's all we have eliminated. Everything else remains speculation."

Needless to say, there is no way to know if the water-hole frequencies, which seem to us a logical place to direct our efforts, would seem logical to anyone else. Some have suggested that SETI listen on the frequencies of tritium, an isotope used in thermonuclear bombs which is quite rare and thus is associated with technological advancement. Horowitz, frustrated by five years of cosmic silence, recently switched the Harvard receiver over to the second harmonic of hydrogen—a frequency that has no natural counterpart, and so is free of background noise. Any signal logged there would almost have to be artificial.

Ideally, the entire sky spectrum would be monitored by receivers akin to colossal police radio scanners. In 1971 a study group of scientists convened at Ames proposed building a gigantic array of radio telescopes, called Cyclops, able to scan multiple frequencies with extraordinary sensitivity. The price tag was close to \$10 billion. Cyclops was derided as a boondoggle, and a formal proposal was never made. Recently the agency has been considering a more economical search, using existing radio telescopes, which would monitor the 1,000 sunlike stars closest to Earth, and would also sweep the entire sky for very strong signals.

Because the odds are against stumbling across alien chatter by chance, most scientists believe that another civilization will be detected only if it is sending out a signal designed to be noticed: one that sweeps the cosmos in a distinctive pattern, using a frequency that could be deduced logically. "If someone is trying to hide, it's very unlikely we will find them," says Philip Morrison, who is now a professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Conceivably, a sophisticated detector like the Harvard system could pick up extraterrestrial "leakage," meaning everyday radio and television transmissions that escaped another planet inadvertently: *Another World* from another world, as it were. That is a long shot, however. The source planet would have to be nearby, and the telescope would have to point precisely at it by chance.

By the same token, it is considered unlikely that an alien civilization could learn of our existence unless we chose to declare ourselves by constructing beacons. Radio has been in use for almost a century, but most of the signals have been too weak to escape the atmosphere. Only since the coming of television transmission, which is powerful enough to leak into space, have Earthlings begun contributing to galactic static. But the Milky Way is 100,000 light-years wide: the region blessed with emanations of *Mr. Ed* and other human cultural achievements represents far less than one percent of that expanse. A millennium will pass before any noteworthy portion of the galaxy may have the pleasure of tuning in network talk shows.

But maybe we are being wiretapped. If interstellar travel proves as arduous as some scientists now suppose, an

advanced civilization might have to content itself with sending robot probes to solar systems containing planets with the potential to support life. The probes would conduct observations and listen patiently, perhaps over many epochs, for radio and television broadcasts, which would be amplified and beamed back home for analysis.

Scientists have suggested that if our solar system were being wiretapped, good places to plant the bug would be at the *L* points in nearby space, where the gravity of Moon and Earth cancel each other out, or in the asteroid belt, where the thousands of irregular objects could provide cover. Since 1979 the *L* points have been examined with radio telescopes, optical telescopes, and radar. Apparently nothing is there. In 1983 NASA orbited an infrared-sensing telescope called IRAS (infrared astronomical satellite). IRAS scanned the asteroid belt and discovered many thousands of new asteroids, but nothing that was clearly an artificial heat source—nothing that might have been the power pack of an alien probe or the engines of a starship.

Other trails have been followed. Jill Tarter, an astronomer at the Ames Research Center, has examined the center of the galaxy for strong pulsating signals. Another team inspected nearby stars for indications of emissions caused by dumped waste material from nuclear reactors. Freeman Dyson, a Princeton physicist, has suggested that an advanced civilization might dismantle one or more of the planets in its solar system and use the debris to build a gargantuan shell that would capture solar energy, making a vast zone around its sun habitable. Stars surrounded by "Dyson spheres" would exhibit properties that ought not to occur naturally; U.S. and Russian astronomers have scanned many stars for hints of such construction projects, and found nothing.

There is in theory no limit to the range of radio transmission. Horowitz estimates that a device the size of the Arecibo radio telescope, equipped with an adequate transmitter (it would have to be stronger than any in existence today but could be built using current technology), could communicate with a similar unit anywhere in the galaxy, assuming the proper frequency and antenna direction were known. Conversation would be excruciatingly desultory, however. In 1974 Sagan and some colleagues used Arecibo to beam a coded message toward the Great Cluster, a star group some 25,000 light-years from Earth. Radio waves travel at the speed of light: should that message be received and understood, a total of 50,000 years would pass before the reply arrived.

Radio is not the only technique by which extraterrestrials could alert others to their presence. A civilization that mastered a potent energy source might build very bright beacons, perhaps using lasers. Spotting such optical phenomena would require no guesswork regarding frequencies, and there would be no mistaking that the viewer was beholding a product of intelligence. Extraterrestrials with large amounts of power at their disposal might also draw attention to themselves by hanging out a sign consisting of light, microwave, or other generators arranged in an

unnatural pattern, like a square. Yet man, watching the sky since prehistoric times, first with the eye and later with the telescope, has beheld no sight not of his own or nature's making.

### The Search for Other Planets

**S**HORTLY AFTER PROJECT OZMA SHUT DOWN, FRANK Drake convened a conference of physicists and astronomers. There he proposed what has come to be known as the Drake equation, a mathematical model for predicting whether aliens exist. To this day the Drake equation dominates scientific discourse on the question of whether we are alone.

At the 1960 conference Drake, who is now the dean of natural science at the University of California at Santa Cruz, used his equation to predict that there are about a million extraterrestrial civilizations scattered across our galaxy. Many of the scientists in attendance supported this conclusion.

The trouble is, "everything we have learned since 1960 tends to reduce the likelihood of success under the Drake equation," according to James Trefil, a physicist at George Mason University. Drake concedes that when he runs his own equation today, he gets an estimate of 10,000 intelligent civilizations in the Milky Way, down considerably from a million. When Trefil runs the Drake equation, he gets an estimate of one—us.

A critical variable in the equation is the number of other planets. In 1960 it was assumed that planets would be prevalent throughout the galaxy. But so far no planet outside this solar system has been detected.

Four years ago a group of astronomers announced that they had found a "brown dwarf," an object of a type halfway between sun and planet, previously only hypothesized, orbiting a star called van Biesbrock 8. This announcement elicited considerable excitement, but subsequent attempts to sight the object proved futile. In early 1987 astronomers from Cornell and the California Institute of Technology detected a thick disk of matter turning about the star HL Tauri: such disks are thought to be the antecedents of planets. Most recently another possible brown dwarf, revolving around a star called Giclas 29-38, was spotted by Benjamin Zuckerman and a colleague. Astronomers are now attempting to confirm this discovery.

The fact that no "extrasolar" planet has yet been observed does not discourage astronomers. Because planets

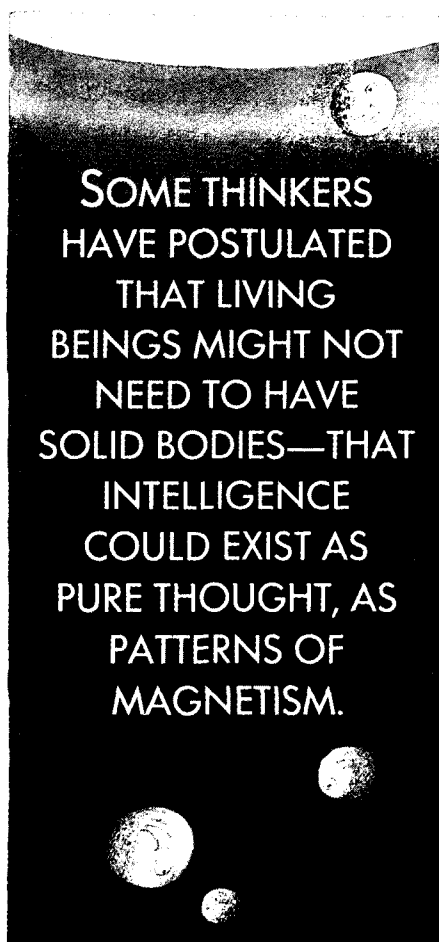
produce no light and little heat, they are far more difficult to detect than stars. Merely finding one close by can be a challenge. Scientists continue to debate whether there is a tenth planet on the perimeter of our own solar system. Astronomers search for distant planets by inference—for instance, examining stars to see if they "wobble" in a way that would indicate the gravitational influence of an unseen companion. This is a painstaking form of inquiry.

Some thinkers have postulated that living beings might not need to have solid bodies—that intelligence could exist as pure thought, as patterns of magnetism within the burning fury of a star, or in other strange genres. For the moment, however, the only kind of life that we know exists is corporeal and carbon-based. Familiarity dictates that this is the type to search for first, which makes other planets a prerequisite to other life. Assuming that extrasolar planets are eventually found, the first priority will be to analyze atmospheric readings for signs of oxygen. Oxygen is crucial to the higher organic life we know of, and organic life is crucial to maintaining an oxygen atmosphere. This is because oxygen strongly tends to combine with other elements—for example, with iron, to form rust—and so unless a living process constantly replenished a planet's oxygen supply, the gas would be gobbled up by chemical reactions.

Earth's primordial atmosphere was probably composed mainly of nitrogen and carbon dioxide. About three billion years ago plants appeared, and they laboriously consumed carbon dioxide and produced oxygen. Two billion years of this toil caused the atmosphere to become oxygenated, capable of sustaining the form of biological internal combustion that provides animals with enough energy to roam about. Sure enough, around a billion years ago the first animals appeared. Take note of the implication: if extraterrestrial astronomers have looked this way, they could have identified Earth as a living planet as much as a billion years ago.

### The Beginnings of Earth

**C**ONSIDER TWO NUMBERS: 3.8 billion and fifty-seven. It is thought that 3.8 billion is the tally of years that passed between the appearance of primeval organisms on Earth and the advent of intelligent life, as *Homo sapiens*. Fifty-seven years represents the interval between the invention of the radio, when man became capable of announcing his arrival, and the explosion of the first hydrogen bomb, when man acquired the means to bring his chapter to a close.



If thinking beings require an extremely long time to come into being and then almost immediately learn how to wipe themselves out, life may be an on-again off-again phenomenon and the universe a place where every few eons a fleeting call for help or companionship echoes out of existence, unheard.

By present estimates the genesis of the universe occurred roughly 15 billion years ago. Many mental tricks can be played with such a monumental expanse of time. Express it as a single year and the first reptile appears on Christmas Eve. Suffice it to say that the historical period of mankind, about 10,000 years, represents 0.00006 percent of the approximate age of the universe.

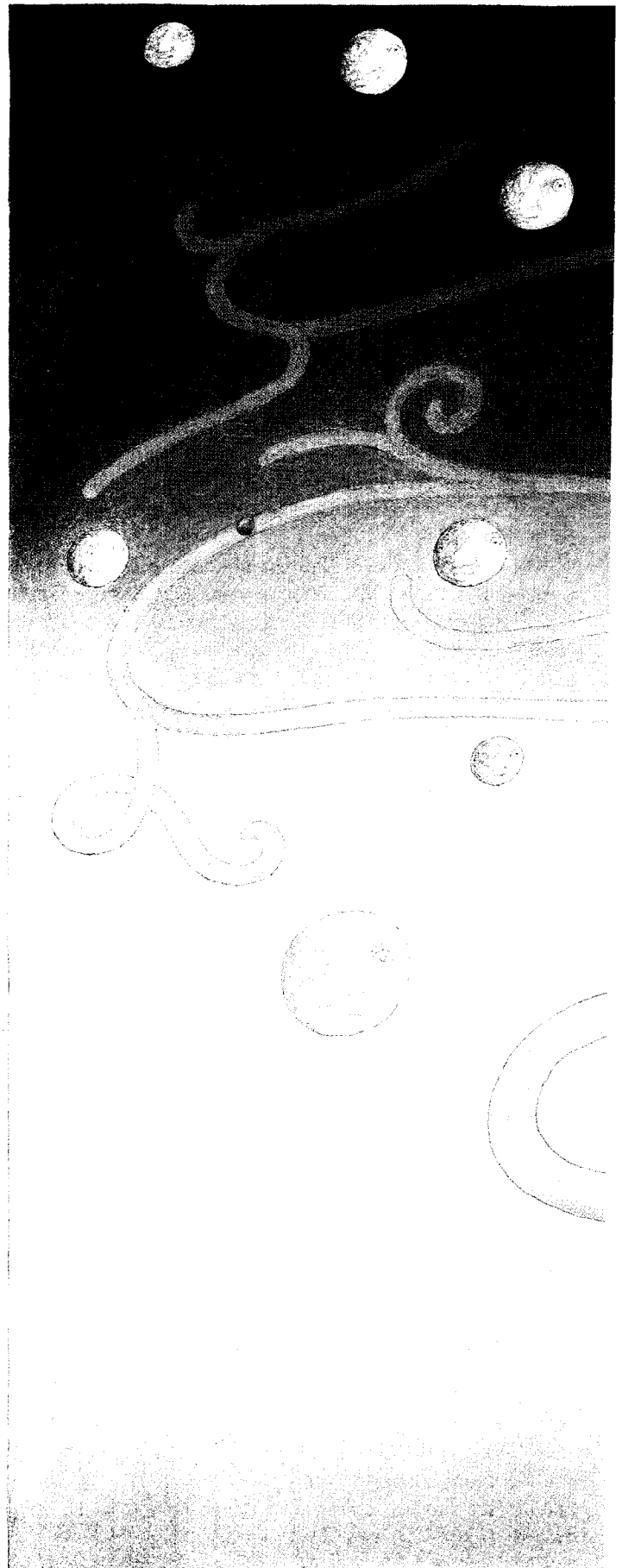
Also by present estimates the sun and the earth formed about five billion years ago. This means that our solar system did not come into existence until the universe was already 10 billion years old. That, in turn, is why SETI optimists believe that aliens would be more advanced than we. Supposing that Earth's 3.8-billion-year cycle of life development represents a "typical" case, creatures on planets pre-dating Earth could have evolved, flourished, and built galactic civilizations while our place of origin was still a whirl of ethereal lint.

Some astronomers doubt that planets pre-dating Earth are likely, however. Most of the heavy elements necessary to form planetary core and mantle are thought to have been produced not during the Big Bang but by the detonation of supernovas: observations of supernova 1987A appear to confirm this. The primordial cosmos was rich with supernovas, but just how many had to explode before space contained enough metallic elements to forge planets is a matter of conjecture. So, too, are related issues—for example, how much time passed before matter accumulated in our galaxy and others structured like it.

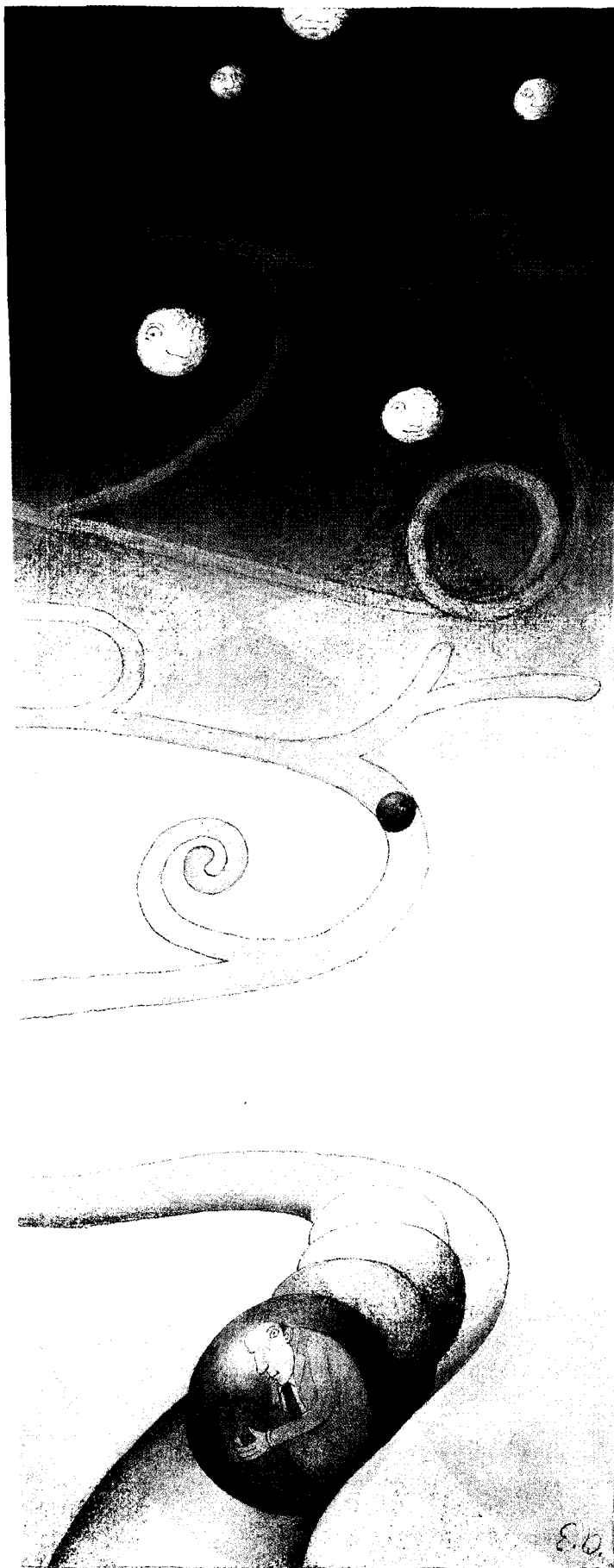
Thus the formation of large solid objects like Earth might be a relatively recent phenomenon. In fact, Earth might be a trendsetter: because supernova detonations have steadily increased the volume of heavy elements available to the planetary blacksmith, solar systems may have been rare for stars preceding our sun's "generation" but may become common for those that form in ages to come. Bear in mind that the creation of stars, far from being a miracle confined to the eons of genesis, is an ongoing event. Young stars continue to coalesce out of cosmic dust clouds and light up, some right in our neighborhood. Nobody knows how long the creation of stars will continue; estimates range from billions of years to indefinitely.

When Earth formed, it had no atmosphere or oceans: the light elements that make up air and water were trapped inside the core. As the planet contracted, volcanos and geysers erupted, carrying air and water to the surface. And the first of many majestic coincidences began.

Unless a planet reaches a certain mass, any surface air will gradually escape. But if the planet grows too big, its internal temperature will tend to convert surface water into vapor. Earth's mass turned out to be ideal for holding an atmosphere yet preserving liquid water.







Next, Earth chose a star of exactly the right size. Had Earth condensed near a big star, you would not be reading this. Big stars burn violently and explode into supernovas so quickly that any planets around them would have insufficient time to cool, let alone produce life. Little stars shine for long periods; astronomers can only guess how long, because the universe has not existed long enough for any little stars to burn out yet. But in order for a planet to draw warmth from a little star, it would have to orbit very close to the solar surface. Theoretically, a planet bound in such a tight orbit would not rotate relative to the star, just as the moon always shows the same side to the earth. One side would eternally sizzle while the other knew perpetual night.

Thus big and little stars are unlikely to serve as benefactors of life. The many multiple stellar systems (with two or more stars orbiting each other) can also be disqualified: astronomers theorize that such systems will have no planets. And if there's life associated with exotic stellar furnaces like quasars, it won't be anything we recognize.

That leaves average stars, like the sun. They shine for billions of years and, during their "main sequence"—what the sun has been in since life appeared—burn at admirably consistent temperatures. A large fraction of the Milky Way is average stars, meaning that there could be many multitudes of potentially habitable solar systems. And roughly half the distant galaxies appear structurally similar to our galaxy, suggesting a gigantic number of viable locales throughout the universe. But it turns out that orbiting the right star is just the beginning.

### The Requirements for Life

**M**ICHAEL HART, AN ASTRONOMER AT ANNE ARUNDEL Community College, in Arnold, Maryland, has for years bedeviled the SETI community by producing studies suggesting that incredible strings of unlikely events are necessary to make planets live.

Hart's most unnerving calculation involves what he calls the "continuously habitable zone." Had Earth spun in an orbit only five percent closer to the sun, Hart says, it would have experienced a runaway greenhouse effect, creating unbearable surface temperatures and evaporating the oceans. Venus provides evidence for this: 28 percent closer to the sun, that planet has a nearly opaque atmosphere high in carbon dioxide and 900-degree surface temperatures. And had Earth been positioned just one percent farther out, Hart believes, it would have experienced runaway glaciation, locking its surface water in ice for eternity. Recently other scientists have endorsed Hart's concept of such a zone but have proposed that it must be wider, perhaps extending as far as the orbit of Mars for an Earth-like planet.

Arguments like this concern whether the elements that form the basis of organic chemistry would do so under other conditions. An intriguing aspect of the universe is that

as far as can be seen in every direction, the physical laws and elements appear to be the same. That suggests that there may be no alternative forms of chemistry around which to structure a type of life that would not require something like terrestrial conditions. Although there appears to be water on Mars, it's frozen and probably always has been. Ice may as well be granite as far as life is concerned—it cannot be used in living interactions like growing and feeding a cell. Astronauts found no hint of organic activity on the moon, and the *Viking* probes that landed on Mars drew similar blanks. In the two places that have been inspected firsthand for life independent of oxygen, water, and moderate climes, none has been found.

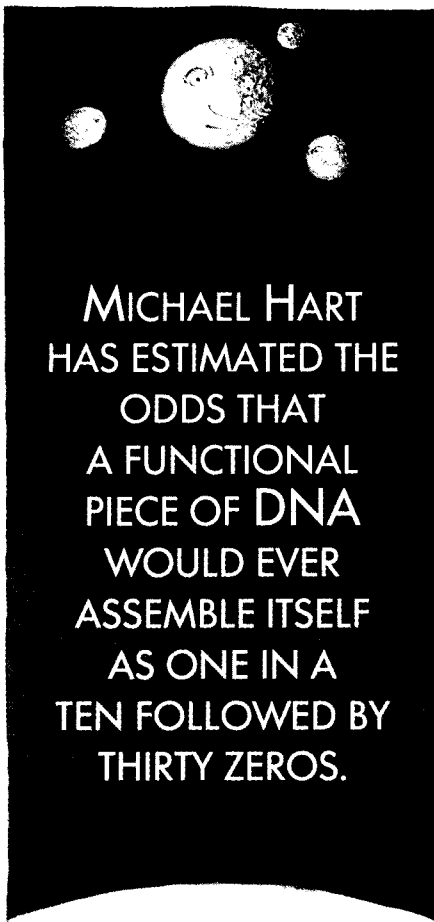
Although there is no generally agreed-upon definition of *life*, one area of consensus is that living things must have a system for storing and duplicating information about their structure. For terrestrial organisms that system is DNA and RNA. The key ingredient in both is carbon, which is one reason we describe ourselves as a carbon-based life form.

Carbon has a subatomic quirk that allows it to form astonishingly complicated molecules that happen to be excellent for storing detailed information such as the secrets of life. The helical strands of human DNA have more than six billion distinct molecular components, each composed of carbon assemblies that are themselves complex. Amino acids, sugars, fats, and other building blocks of organic life also rely on carbon's quirk.

Below freezing, carbon-based molecules cannot obtain the liquid water they need to operate biologically. And above a few hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the precious life-coding chains break down; eventually they burn. So carbon can probably be the chemical foundation of life only under conditions approximating Earth's.

Now, here's the rub. There are very few elements like carbon. Silicon has the same subatomic quirk, which is why science-fiction writers speculate about silicon-based life. But silicon, like carbon, could form sophisticated information-storing molecules only under a fairly narrow range of temperatures and pressures. All remaining elements with the quirk seem to be quite uncommon in the universe, compared with carbon and silicon.

Thus even if there are billions of planets, only a relatively tiny number are likely to be exactly the right size and drifting in a magic, continuously habitable zone. Which leads to the next question: When proper conditions do exist, what makes life begin?



In 1953 two scientists, Harold Urey and Stanley Miller, performed one of the most striking experiments of the twentieth century. In a pressure vessel they mixed simple molecules simulating the primordial atmosphere of Earth. Then they zapped the vessel with electricity to simulate lightning bolts. Without further assistance the contents formed amino acids and sugars. Other researchers later achieved the same results by zapping atmospheric elements with ultraviolet and other ionizing radiation, to simulate the solar and cosmic rays that fell on Earth more intensely in earlier periods.

The notion that biological substances could arise from a purely natural process made scientists cheer and gave the clergy chills. But on reflection, less had happened than met the eye. Though the goo in Urey and Miller's beaker contained ingredients used by life, it did not *come* to life. It was just interesting goo. Now as then, nobody has any idea what makes chemicals start living. The origin of life is perhaps the leading unknown of contemporary science.

Optimists, citing events like the Urey-Miller experiment, believe that the fundamental character of physical law favors life. Organisms will spring up anywhere conditions permit, as they have spread into every available nook of Earth; and because the mechanisms of natural selection reward brainpower, thinking beings will probably follow. The life we know of has survived ice ages, cosmic radiation, the nuclear-winter-like aftermaths of the impacts of comets and meteors, and the application of its own intelligence to the technology of mass slaughter. On Earth, at least, life has proved adaptable and enduring.

Pessimists focus on the stupendous unlikelihood that molecules as complex as, say, the nucleic acids of DNA would assemble spontaneously. Michael Hart has estimated the odds that a functional piece of DNA would ever assemble itself as one in a ten followed by thirty zeros. The odds are also against the possibility that any given subatomic particles would assemble into nuggets of gold, lead, or any given heavy element. But we know of one inanimate process—the supernova—that serves as a catalyst for the formation of heavy elements, whereas no inanimate process has ever been observed to make molecule chains that live. Extremely high odds like those given by Hart do not rule something out; no poker player can rule out drawing a full house on each of a hundred consecutive hands. But Hart's odds suggest great rarity—say, one living planet per galaxy.

Obviously, the jump from non-living to living can be

made; it's been made here. But not even Darwinists can say how. The origin of life isn't a subject that draws much in the way of research grants, since—on the surface, at least—the answer would seem to have no practical applications. Scientists tend to pursue this question in their off hours, after the rent has been paid by teaching and applied research, using thought experiments rather than lab tests—the same way Einstein pursued the theories of relativity. An answer might have similarly profound results.

Four general types of hypotheses are being pursued by researchers: that life arose through some process affiliated with natural selection, that life was divinely created, that life began elsewhere and was transferred to Earth, and "X"—that life began in some other manner. Let's have a look.

**A**T ITS CHEMICAL CRUX, LIFE IS SELF-DUPLICATING information. Nature unquestionably can produce information without guidance. And if some mechanism like a gene can store and reproduce that information, then knowledge can seem to arise from "nothing."

Edward Argyle, a Canadian astronomer, has estimated that the maximum number of bits of information that interacting chemicals can produce by sheer random trial is about 200. By Argyle's calculation, making a single-cell organism requires about 6 million bits of information. Making a human being entails about 240 million bits.

This is one of the objections to naming evolution as the creator of life. Darwinian mechanics almost certainly govern the way organisms adapt to changes in their environments: the evidence is overwhelming. But Darwinian theory tells little about how life is created, since its logical precepts concern organisms that are already alive.

According to Gerald Soffen, a NASA biologist, who directed the life-seeking experiments of the *Viking* probes, the early milestones of life are these: the development of organic compounds; the self-replication of those compounds; the appearance of cells, to isolate the compounds from their chemical environment; photosynthesis, to enable cells to use the sun's energy for motion and growth; and the assembly of DNA. "It's really hard to imagine how these things could have happened," Soffen said at a recent conference. "Once you reach the point of a single-cell organism with genes, I am comfortable that evolution takes command. But the early leaps—they're very mysterious."

Here's the ultimate test: If the spark of life was struck without guidance, *Homo sapiens* should eventually be able to create life too. Why should the spontaneous origin of life be some kind of one-time event that could happen in the dim past but cannot happen now? Such a creation would have to be so easy that a natural system containing no knowledge could accomplish it. And if that system could create life once, why can it not do so again and again?

Biologists argue that a re-enactment of the origin of life might require the flawless simulation of prehistoric condi-

tions and, the first spark being an event chance was weighted against, might require innumerable fruitless tries. These are fair points. But knowledge of prehistoric conditions is improving. And surely science, aided by accumulated learning, can reduce the odds against an event it supposes nature once staged without volition in conditions of pandemonium. Until biologists can create life at will, temporal forces alone cannot explain our origin.

## Where God Comes In

**S**CIENTISTS ARE FOND OF SPONTANEOUS-LIFE THEORIES for personal as well as analytical reasons. Such theories assign a central role in both biology and ontology to the gene, a structure so uncannily like a computer that scientists feel a deep affinity for it. And natural selection places logic, pristine and unemotional, at the forefront of worldly forces. Logic is what scientists are good at; professional communities naturally advance the point of view that reflects favorably on their own importance. It's a mistake, for instance, to scoff at Darwinian mechanics as "random." The individual mutations that propel evolutionary tides do occur at random, but everything else about the system seems beautifully reasoned and subtle. Good genes are preserved while bad ones are discarded; organisms become more sophisticated; thinking beings are eventually produced, and they figure it all out.

If we suppose that the origin of life is divine, this does not, as might be assumed, mean that God could place any kind of creature anywhere. Unless billions of years of natural history are an elaborate sham—right down to phony constellations, simulated radioactive-decay rates of rocks, and fraudulently layered fossils at the bottom of the sea—God must have employed the very forces scientists now define and document. If God created man by setting in motion a four-billion-year process of evolution—a possible divine explanation for the origin of life—this would suggest that God, elsewhere in the cosmos, would be constrained by approximately the same natural limitations that appear to constrain life. If it turns out that the underlying chemistry of life requires conditions at least approximating those found on Earth, then divine interventions and guidance aimed at nurturing life would employ principles little different from those being investigated by science; they would not be fundamentally at odds with science, as the current debate over creationism tends to assume.

One puzzling aspect of interviewing SETI scientists, unusually forward-thinking men and women probing a question of profound spiritual significance, was that not one of them speculated about such matters. If they had, their colleagues would probably hoot them down. The dominance during this century of rational over sublime thought may be fair recompense for religion's past bias against science. In any case, to polarize debate by pitting science against spirit, as though the two forces could not conjoin, seems a formula for postponing enlightenment.



## Panspermia and "X" Explanations

**B**ECAUSE SCIENCE IS AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN HOW LIFE began here, some thinkers simply conclude that it must have begun elsewhere. This theory is called panspermia, and it is reinforced by some of the oddest discoveries of contemporary science.

Until this century chemists believed that most carbon-based molecules could be grown only by living creatures. When spectroscopic astronomy was devised, this theory went out the window. More than 150 simple carbon compounds have been identified floating about the heavens, sometimes in clouds of gigantic proportions. A parallel discovery is that one class of meteor contains some of the base substances of DNA.

The carbon-based molecules in space are not alive. But if such substances can endure the void, could some kind of "seed" compounds, with content similar to genes, float from planet to planet?

This supposition, which at first blush may sound nutty, was originally proposed around the turn of the century by Svante Arrhenius, a Nobel Prize-winning chemist from Sweden. More recently, related theories have won respectable support, notably from Francis Crick, one of the pioneers of DNA research, and Fred Hoyle, a prominent British astronomer. Crick came to his view because, he says, DNA is just too complicated to have evolved unassisted in a mere 3.8 billion years. Hoyle has suggested that sudden plagues of disease might be explained by Earth's passing through a cloud of sporelike molecules. Neither scientist has evidential support for his view; these are strictly theories. But they should not be shunned merely because they smack of late-night movies. Nor should "directed panspermia"—the suggestion that life was actively transplanted here by an alien race.

A fundamental doctrine of natural selection is that all life on Earth has a single ancestor: a single molecule or string of chemicals that made the jump from inert to animate. There is evidence for common ancestry: for example, the fact that although many thousands of amino acids are possible, most living things on Earth share the same twenty.

The evidence favoring common ancestry is often advanced as a proof of Darwin's procession: a way to show that amoebas can become fish, fish can become mammals, and so on. But the tidiness of the design of living things might as easily be an argument for sacred influence: there would have been no need for God to re-invent the amino acid endlessly. And it might be an argument that the origin of life was orchestrated by other beings, who brought an existing system of living chemistry to Earth.

Arthur C. Clarke, a scientist and a writer, once supposed that a civilization could seed a galaxy by launching small automated probes containing genetic stew to be released into the atmospheres of planets. Such "spacecraft," others have suggested, might be no more than pellets of chemicals, fired off at nominal expenditure of labor and money.

Panspermia theories, of course, beg the question of how life began at whatever place originated the spreading of life. The theories' advocates reply that when we find the extraterrestrial wellspring, we'll find the answer.

Finally, there is the prospect that life began in yet another way. The current leading contender for such an "X" explanation is a theory proposed by a Scottish chemist named Graham Cairns-Smith. Cairns-Smith, acknowledging the difficulty of imagining how carbon-based organisms could have catapulted into being, has suggested that life began in a form based on the small, flat crystals found in clay. These crystals exhibit some rudimentary qualifications for life: they assemble themselves and, by duplicating their own structure, pass along a very simple form of inherited information. Clays sometimes contain structures roughly like cells which might have protected pre-animate molecules from being washed away by the many mediocre chemicals adjacent.

Cairns-Smith suggests that living chemistry first appeared directed by these extremely simplistic crystalline memories. When the precursors of DNA began to develop, they staged a "genetic takeover," expropriating control of the semi-living loam. This theory has inconsistencies that can be skipped here. What's important is that it has occasioned great scientific excitement, if for no other reason than that plausible explanations for the origin of life are so hard to come by.

## Travel Between Stars

**O**NE OBJECTION TO THE NOTION THAT EXTRA-terrestrial civilizations exist is that other beings would not stay put on their home planet but would explore and colonize many worlds. That ought to make them much easier to find than if SETI were a search for a needle in a 100-billion-star haystack. In fact, they might end up here—not as unconfirmed UFOs but in the flesh.

Enrico Fermi, one of the inventors of the atomic bomb, proposed that the absence of extraterrestrials on Earth is the strongest argument that extraterrestrials do not exist. Indeed, Fermi's simple question—"Where are they?"—has become the rallying cry of SETI skeptics within the scientific community. This question still carries considerable weight. The answer may turn on whether interstellar travel is possible.

Cosmic dimensions are measured in light-years. The closest companion to our sun, Proxima Centauri, lies about four and a half light-years away. This is a typical gap between stars in the Milky Way. Andromeda, the nearest galaxy similar to ours, is about two million light-years from us.

What do such ranges mean in practical terms? Light moves at 186,000 miles per second. The fastest man-made object, *Pioneer 10*, achieved a top speed of twenty-five miles per second, far below one tenth of one percent of light speed. At that speed *Pioneer 10* would require 33,000 years to reach Proxima Centauri, 744 million years to cross

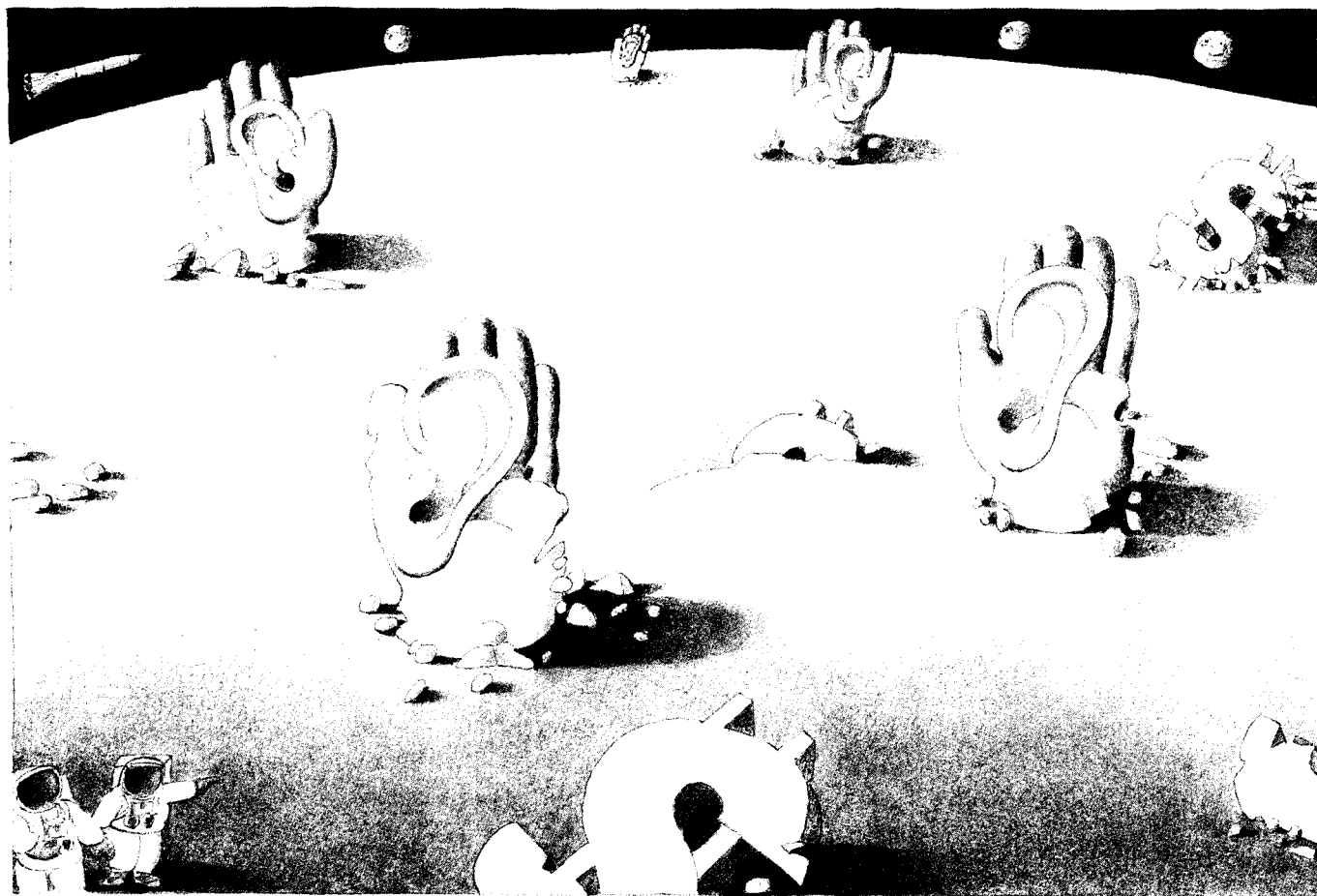
our galaxy, and 15 billion years—as long as the universe has existed—to traverse the intergalactic wasteland that separates the Milky Way from Andromeda.

Propulsion systems more advanced than the rocket motors that launched *Pioneer 10* may someday be built: engines driven by atomic reactors, by nuclear fusion, or by anti-matter (the stuff actually does exist). But even these might be insufficient for zipping between solar systems. “Interstellar travel may turn out to be so difficult, no intelligent species would be dumb enough to bother,” Frank Drake says.

One of Einstein’s hypotheses is that nothing can move

the speed of light would require not the sparkling dilithium crystals depicted on *Star Trek* but fuel stores of immense bulk. Computations for a perfectly efficient anti-matter drive, whose specific engineering features can scarcely be envisioned even in outline, indicate that an interstellar round trip in a ship the size of the space shuttle at 99 percent of the speed of light would require about two and a half million *tons* of anti-matter—the weight of two dozen aircraft carriers.

Today anti-matter can be made only a few subatomic particles at a time, rendering it in effect priceless. Predictions are that in the twenty-first century anti-matter will



faster than the speed of light. Numerous determined scientific attempts to refute this constraint have failed: Hollywood whimsies like hyperspace and warp drive have no grounding in even the most speculative branches of physics. Another Einsteinian precept says that the faster an object moves, the greater its mass. As an object’s speed approaches that of light, its mass approaches infinity and phenomenal amounts of energy are required to make the object go even a tiny bit faster. Thus even a hypothetical matter–anti-matter drive system—the most intense power source imaginable under known laws of physics, because it would convert virtually all of the fuel’s mass to energy—could not propel a starship beyond the speed of light.

Pushing a starship to even a respectable percentage of

be attainable at a cost of perhaps \$10 million a milligram, which works out to \$9.1 quadrillion a ton. (That’s the fuel surcharge only—starship extra.) There are many other potential drawbacks to anti-matter as well. So even if future technical breakthroughs bring the cost of anti-matter within bounds, unless there is some fundamental feature of the universe about which we know nothing, such as warps or other dimensions, space transportation at a speed approaching that of light may always be infeasible. (Small-scale anti-matter engines may, however, someday make travel within our solar system quite practical.)

Many researchers assume that velocities of about 10 percent of the speed of light will eventually be feasible for starships. Eric Jones, an astrophysicist at the Los Alamos

National Laboratory, has calculated that accelerating a large starship to this relatively slow speed would require the equivalent of 25,000 times as much energy as the entire Earth now consumes in a year. This may seem mind-boggling, but considering the rate at which energy production has escalated during the industrial era, Jones presumes that the mission will someday be accomplished. At 10 percent of the speed of light the relativity problem is avoided—only to be replaced by the time problem. A trip to Proxima Centauri would take forty years.

### Outer-Space Imperialism

ONE TYPE OF SPACE EXPEDITION MAY BE THINKABLE in “slow” starships: a one-way trip, for colonization. If your intention were to travel to another solar system and never come back, a forty-year passage might not be out of the question, especially if suspended animation had become possible.

The somewhat gloomy current outlook regarding the prevalence and suitability of planets beyond our solar system does not bar the prospect of space expansionism. Fairly rare temperate circumstances may be necessary for life to begin. But once life reaches the thinking stage and technology is developed, whole new vistas are opened. Today man operates under the arctic icepack, in orbit, and in many other places where he could not have evolved. It is possible that mankind will someday colonize Mars and other lifeless bodies of this solar system (such as the moons of Saturn and Jupiter, though not the planets themselves). A favorite saying among space-program optimists goes, “Is there life on Mars? No, but there will be.” And scientists speak of eventually being able to “terraform” inhospitable planets—changing them to suit our tastes, using space mirrors and lenses to warm them, giant processors to alter their atmospheres, and so on. Presumably, sophisticated aliens could do the same for themselves. Thinking beings and their mechanized creations might serve the natural scheme nicely in that respect, spreading life to places nature unaided could not have put it.

The idea that space could be colonized makes SETI true believers very nervous, because the apparent absence of settlements in our section of the galaxy becomes another argument that aliens don’t exist. Any advanced extraterrestrials whose civilization predates humanity would have had ample time to turn the Milky Way into a franchise operation. As far as can be told, no one has done so.

This is not to say that the idea of eventual human settlement of space should be discounted. It is almost certain that over the centuries to come life expectancy will increase. Some optimistic biologists now put the “natural” human lifespan at 110 years, assuming that advances in medicine, nutrition, and fitness continue. What’s more, some believe that there is no fundamental reason why the body must deteriorate. Genetic engineering may eliminate many typical aging processes, and enable people to live several centuries.

For our longer-lived descendants, lengthy space trips may be tolerable: colonists in the past have accepted many hardships in return for opportunity in a new world of their own making. If the future holds environmental breakdown, nuclear conflict, or another calamity for Earth, the stimulus to colonize space might be great.

Jones has calculated that using colony vessels moving at 10 percent of the speed of light, and adopting a star-hopping pattern—each successful colony later dispatching more settlers—humanity could populate the entire galaxy in less than 50 million years. That seems a preposterous length of time to us, but it is modest by the yardstick of the cosmos.

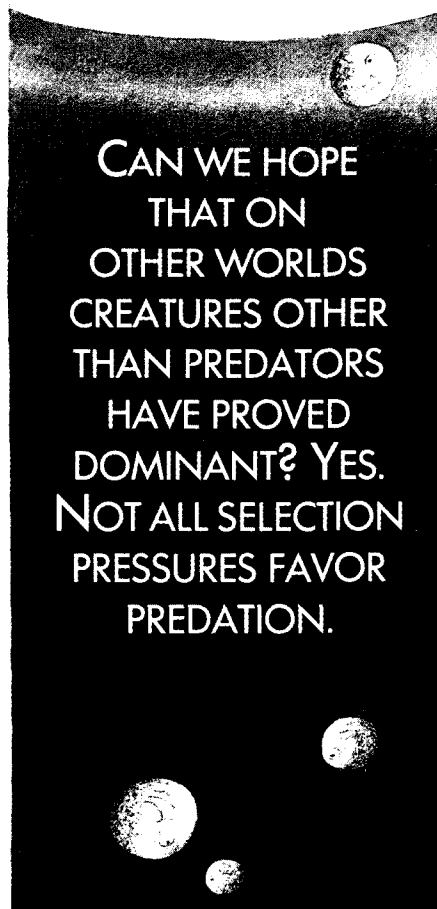
Ponder for a moment what a colonized galaxy might be like. The human being has advanced from a quizzical primate using sharp rocks for tools to the more-or-less intelligent creature of today in about two million years. Provided

we don’t slaughter ourselves or go mad, what will we have evolved to 50 million years hence?

Let’s assume for the sake of argument that genetic engineering is used only in constructive ways. As colonists settle planets with conditions different from Earth’s, they will alter genes to adapt to new environments. A visitor arriving in our galaxy after eons of such transitions might see a vast diversity of worlds populated by many “different” races and find it hard to believe that all descended from the same human root.

Consider another aspect. If the speed of light is indeed an absolute barrier, space colonies will for all intents and purposes be independent of earthly authority. The most significant implication is that settlements will lie beyond the scope of earthly combat. “If you’re planning to destroy human life with a nuclear war, better do it soon, because once we start spreading out to deep space, human life will become impossible to destroy,” Michael Hart predicts.

To date it seems that technology more often than not pushes civilization in the direction of oblivion. Sup-





pose instead that technological development channels society through a period of extreme risk (the period we are in now) and then unfolds an era in which technology shields rather than imperils life—for instance, by scattering it across huge distances. That would be a great ray of hope for humanity. It would also render all the more eerie the apparent absence of others who have made the same breakthrough.

### What to Say Back

**S**HOULD WE ONE DAY AWAKE TO FIND A SILVER SAUCER floating over the White House, Earthlings would have little choice but to pay heed. But if an alien contact occurred by radio, humanity would face the momentous choice of whether to reply. The decision could turn on speculation about what the other beings were like.

We know from science fiction that all extraterrestrials speak English, with a midwestern accent, that the men wear flowing metallic robes and the women wear brass bikinis, and that not a single alien in the entire expanse of the galaxy can shoot straight. SETI researchers, though, have another article of faith: that extraterrestrials will not be hostile. “SETI is a screening mechanism,” Horowitz says. “Civilizations that don’t acquire the wisdom to control war will destroy themselves long before they can take to space, so the ones who are trying to contact you would be, by definition, no longer menacing.”

Drake points out that even rudimentary radio conversations with alien beings could be of tangible benefit. “A simple yes or no answer to the question of whether fusion-energy research should be pursued would be worth tens of billions of dollars to the governments of Earth,” he says.

The SETI specialists’ hopeful stance turns partly on the depth of their conviction about the unbreakability of the light barrier. In fact, this is something a SETI proponent must believe: otherwise, activities like beaming messages toward the Great Cluster might be irresponsible, for they might draw conquerors down on Earth. Regrettably, the one example we have—human history—does not bear out an assertion that technical progress and social wisdom are natural partners. Our technology has grown in almost magical fashion over the past 2,000 years, but foreign policy is still practiced pretty much as it was during the Roman Empire.

Contact with an alien civilization might be cause for celebration merely because it could demonstrate that nuclear knowledge can be acquired without setting in motion Armageddon. But the alternatives to Armageddon aren’t automatically blissful. An alien civilization might avoid self-destruction by means abhorrent: global dictatorship, mind control, any number of unpleasant possibilities.

Suppose we receive an alien message that is deciphered as warm greetings and petitions for peace. How could we know whether the sentiments were genuine or pretense? Whether the noble government that had sent them a thousand years before had been deposed by warlike fanatics?

Furthermore, there is no reason to assume that any other planet would have cohesive single governments whose word would be bond. Earth doesn’t. An extraterrestrial emissary approaching our world would have grave difficulty just figuring out whom to deal with. The United States, which claims to be No. 1? The United Nations, which claims to be in charge? China, the largest nation? Each of some 160 sovereign governments on an equal basis? Contact with an alien civilization might be similarly perplexing, composed of many conflicting attestations from sources whose veracity we could not assess.

There may also be more than one thinking species per planet. That Earth has a lone intelligent presence doesn’t establish this as a rule, or even mean that affairs will remain so here. What if we hear from a planet with several competing intelligent creatures, each with a different story to tell?

James Trefil, of George Mason University, has cautioned that if evolution functions approximately the same way on other worlds that it has functioned here—confering survival upon the fittest—advanced extraterrestrials might still be aggressive, territorial, and quick to reach for the sword. In that case, counting on poor alien marksmanship might not be prudent. Even if a message arrived from a great distance, we might for defensive reasons be compelled to assume that the senders knew something about the speed-of-light barrier that we didn’t, and withhold our reply.

The most disquieting aspect of natural selection as observed on Earth is that it channels intellect to predators. Most bright animals are carnivores: stalking requires tactics, pattern recognition, and, for social animals, coordinated action, all incubators of brainpower. Though the martial heritage of mankind has been exaggerated in popular fiction (there’s no proof, for example, that our Cro Magnon ancestors waged war against the vanished Neanderthals), it’s reasonably certain that the forebears of modern *Homo sapiens* were hunters, and it’s definite that man has been savage during the historical era. This isn’t much of a testimonial to “intelligence.”

Can we hope that on other worlds creatures other than predators have proved dominant? Yes. Not all selection pressures favor predation. The beaver has highly evolved dam-building talents designed to make habitats, not corner prey; the transcontinental migratory skills of some birds are unrelated to killing. An extraterrestrial intelligence descended from a herding beast, whose ancient instinctual imperative was to sacrifice for the common defense rather than to attack, might find a notion like mutually assured destruction as curious as military tacticians find the Amish.

In other ways, though, the thought that natural selection might function on other worlds as it has on ours is comforting, for this would imply that “human” nature was something deeper even than we know. Aliens, far from being alien in the original sense of the word, might exhibit many recognizable traits: curiosity, desire for companion-

ship, love of laughter, pleasure in art and culture, and respect for the sanctity of life.

Speculation about alien contact usually centers on culture shock, invasion scares, and technological secrets that might be unlocked. A stock assumption is that the first question we would send to an extraterrestrial radio operator would be something like "How do you build a 10,000-megajoule charged-particle beam?" Consider the ramifications if instead the question were "Have you seen God?"

Many religions expound variations on what Christians call the kingdom of God—the idea that human travails and celestial sufferance of evil are a transitory state of affairs, to be replaced by perfect justice when God manifests Himself and takes active control of events. Judaism, Islam, and Christianity all teach that this full revelation of God will occur. So if any long-lived alien race we might contact testifies that it has walked the cosmos for thousands of millennia without encountering God or obtaining divine grace, a lot of air would rush out of the faiths we Earthlings practice.

If, on the other hand, the aliens have met the absolute and will tell us the specifics, human society will shake to its foundations.

**H**ERE, THEN, ARE THE POSSIBILITIES WITH RESPECT to life on other worlds:

*We have company.* The scientific search for extraterrestrial beings, which is mathematically unlikely to succeed in a short time, may simply not have looked in the right place yet. There may be many populated planets—some trying to make contact with us, others avoiding contact. Once communication is established, exchanges will probably be confined to radio conversations interrupted by very long pauses—unless there exists some way around the speed-of-light barrier to space travel and radio messages, in which case anything might happen.

*We had company.* Perhaps thinking beings are common, but so is the sorrow that civilizations acquire weapons more readily than wisdom. Life comes and goes: the final frontier could be littered with outposts where populations arose and then flashed into oblivion.

In this event, contact of a sort might remain a possibility. Any radio messages sent by extinct civilizations would travel the galaxy for many thousands of years. A dying civilization might leave a "monument"—an archive and a warning against folly—with a signal to draw others to it. "When you read an old book, it doesn't matter that the author has died, or even that his entire culture no longer exists," Robert Dixon, of Ohio State, says. "If the book is valuable, the reader still benefits."

*We are alone in this galaxy.* Maybe the skeptics are right: the odds against life are so fantastic that one viable planet per galaxy is the best that can be hoped for. If so, then the Milky Way is ours—ours to ruin or to make flower.

There could be preternatural logic to allocating thinking beings one per galaxy. Given humanity's record of slaugh-

ter and bigotry against its own kind, perhaps it would not be possible for numerous highly developed races that considered each other "alien" to abide in harmony. Eternal conflict might be destiny unless the potential combatants were separated by gulfs so vast that no device they could ever invent would allow them to strike at one another. The sheer extremity of the distances between galaxies—chasms unbridgeable even at the speed of light—represents to some philosophers a weird enigma. Maybe it's less weird than it seems.

*We are alone, period.* Perhaps there is no sound of breathing on any other world, no matter how many stars stretch out to the barricade of existence. And there never will be.

This prospect assigns to our existence two poles of possible meaning. One is that life is a fluke—attractive but without inherent significance, like a splatter of paint that forms a pretty pattern. The other is that human life is precious beyond words. If Earth is the sole home to life, then the cosmic enterprise can be invested with higher purpose only if we prosper and learn to treat one another properly. If we blow ourselves up, the whole of creation will be rendered pointless.

*We are the first.* Because the universe is ancient, man assumes he must be a latecomer. We expect that other beings could be to us as the greatest teacher is to the lowliest student. But by its own measure, creation glistens with morning dew. Stars are *still forming*. The universe may exist ten times longer, or a hundred times, or forever. Supposing that life arose by a thoughtless process, it might not be surprising that 15 billion years would pass before the first success was recorded. Supposing that God is running the show, who can say what His timetable calls for?

In either case, if we are first, we will someday be the sage old beings expected to wander the cosmos righting wrongs and pointing others the way.

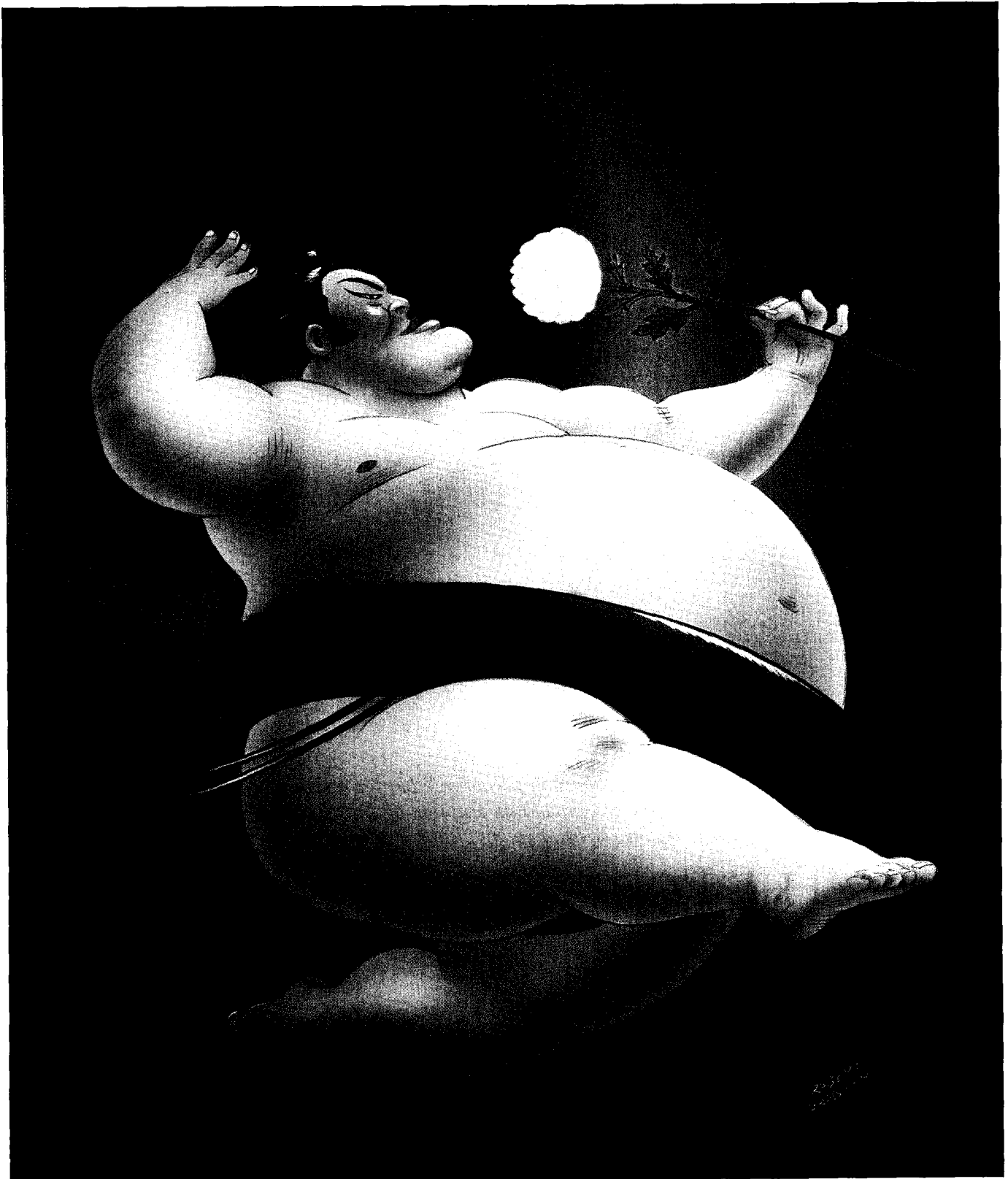
**T**HE RADIO TELESCOPE OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, larger than two football fields, sits in a wooded glade off a dirt road near the town of Lewis Center, Ohio. Since 1973, when the big machine began listening for voices among the stars, scientists, students, and occasionally local citizens have visited the site to bend their ears to the sound of the universe.

On natural frequencies the universe makes a sort of a whoosh, like faraway wind. Because the Ohio State equipment is sensitive, a trained ear can discern tiny fluctuations in the whoosh when disruptions occur, such as an airplane passing nearby. If a person stood on the reflector while the telescope was operating, natural radio emissions from his body would drive every needle on the monitors right off the scale.

The laboratory where the signals are received is quiet, the kind of place a scientist would go to concentrate. Crickets can be heard calling out to each other, and in the distance the sigh of a freight train greets the Ohio countryside. From the stars comes only silence. □

## SILLY SPORTS

BY ROBERT GROSSMAN



**SUMO BROAD-JUMPING** Once little known outside Japan, sumo broad-jumping is today reaching a wider audience. A recent meet was detected by seismographs as far away as Iowa. The behemoth wrestlers prove surprisingly nimble as they take to the air to traverse distances often measurable in feet. Bonus points are earned for gracefulness and depth of crater. The single white flower held aloft is thought by the athletes to confer weightlessness and gives the sport its Japanese name, *Brossomu-jumpiashi*—literally, “Chrysanthemum-vaulting.”





*He later called it "stupid suburban prejudice," but for a time Ezra Pound could barely get through a sentence without an eruption of anti-Semitism. Vile, pathetic, and seemingly insane, he left a young visitor with a thorny memory*

## THE POET IN THE ASYLUM

BY ROBERT GIROUX

OUR TAXI PASSED THROUGH THE GATES OF THE walled asylum and approached the main building, situated on the west bank of the Potomac. We could see the Capitol dome across the river and even the tall obelisk of the Washington Monument, with the White House far in the distance. This setting seemed unreal, almost theatrical. I was feeling apprehensive, because I did not know Ezra Pound—the man we were going to see—and I was worried that he might react angrily to a visit from a stranger. Robert Lowell—whom I had visited earlier that morning in his office at the Library of Congress, where he was the consultant in poetry—had asked me to accompany him on this fine May afternoon in 1948, and, out of curios-

ity, I had agreed to go. To allay my misgivings, Lowell had phoned ahead but was unable to talk to Pound; all he could do was leave our names.

For more than two years the expatriate poet had been confined in Saint Elizabeths, the federal hospital for the criminally insane. (This spelling, without an apostrophe, originated in the nineteenth century and became official through long usage, according to Dr. Winfred Overholser, then the superintendent of the hospital.) A jury had concluded in February of 1946 that Pound was mentally unsound and therefore could not stand trial for treason for his wartime broadcasts from Italy. As it turned out, he was destined to remain in the hospital for almost thirteen

years. His release, in 1958, is credited principally to the exertions of his fellow poet Robert Frost.

On the way to the hospital Lowell told me a fascinating story. When he first visited Pound after his incarceration, he asked him if there was anyone in Washington he would like to meet. "Senator William E. Borah" was Pound's instant reply. Lowell explained that Borah had died years earlier and asked if there was anyone else. "Yes, I'd like to meet Alice Roosevelt Longworth." Lowell said he would do his best, but Mrs. Longworth would insist on knowing in advance the reason Pound wanted to see her. "Well," Pound replied, "she's a good friend of Senator Taft. He will win the Republican nomination at the convention this summer and will be elected President in November. I have something I want him to read. If he reads it, America will be saved."

Mrs. Longworth was intrigued and agreed to go, on one condition—that Lowell accompany her. When they arrived at Pound's room in the hospital, to Lowell's surprise the older poet asked him to wait outside, and closed the door. Mrs. Longworth finally emerged, looking thoughtful, with a small package under her arm. Lowell could hardly wait to learn what it was. After they got into her limousine, she handed it over without a word. It was Pound's translation from the Chinese of *The Unwobbling Pivot*, by Confucius.

I discovered later, on reading the transcript of Pound's trial, that one of the four doctors who examined him, Wendell Muncie, an associate professor of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins Hospital, testified that Pound had "a number of rather fixed ideas which are either clearly delusional or verging on the delusional." He explained, "For instance, [Pound] believes he has been designated to save the Constitution of the United States for the people of the United States. . . . He has a feeling that he has the key to the peace of the world through the writings of Confucius, which he translated into Italian and into English, and that if this book had been given proper circulation the Axis would not have been formed." Pound's Italian version of *The Unwobbling Pivot*, published by Edizioni Popolari under the title *L'Asse che non vacilla*, was burned after the liberation of Italy, because although the word *asse* means "pivot," it also means "axis," and the book was taken for Axis propaganda. It was an incredible feat for Pound, who also wrote *The Pisan Cantos* during his imprisonment by the U.S. Army, to have translated *The Unwobbling Pivot* into English between October 5 and November 5, 1945, at the Disciplinary Training Center outside Pisa, known as the DTC. He was held there for six months, after giving himself up on May 3 to a band of partisans at Lavagna, not far from Rapallo.

Pound explained his rendering of the work's Chinese title, *Chung Yung*, with these words in the text: "My master the philosopher Ch'iang says the word *chung* signifies what is bent neither to one side nor to the other. The word *yung* signifies unchanging. What exists plumb in the middle is the just process of the universe, and that which never wav-

ers or wobbles is the calm principle operant in its mode of action." Pound also summed up Confucian metaphysics in a single sentence: "Only the most absolute sincerity under heaven can effect any change." This English translation was published in the winter of 1947 in the magazine *Pharos*, a copy of which Pound apparently gave to Mrs. Longworth. What Senator Taft thought of it, or whether he saw it, Lowell did not know. Of course Taft lost the nomination to Dewey, who was defeated by Truman, and so ended Pound's ingenious plan to save America.

WHILE WE WAITED AT THE DESK IN THE LOBBY, after Lowell gave our names, there was a heavy rumble overhead like the noise of hundreds of shuffling feet. The attendant told us that it was now "recreation" time, and there was no point in going up. The male inmates, including Pound, would be trooping outdoors for an airing. The patients began to rush down both sides of the double stairway, like caged animals set free, grunting and pushing past one another in order to reach the stairway to the lobby as fast as possible. When they came closer, accompanied by a sprinkling of security guards in white jackets, they made a pitiful sight. Most of them had a grayish pallor and moved with a jerky gait; a few had weird expressions, one had a colored bandanna tied around his head, some faces twitched and grimaced. They all ignored us, in their eagerness to get outdoors.

In their midst stood the dapper, bearded figure of Ezra Pound, in a white suit and a Panama hat, carrying a new-looking blue-canvas and chromium deck chair under one arm. He waved at Lowell, gesturing toward the grounds outside. "Let's get away from *them*," he said, and we followed him to a grassy knoll near an enormous tree, overlooking the Potomac. A security guard watched us carefully but did not follow.

Pound opened his deck chair in this shady spot, dropped his hat and coat on the ground, and settled down, glaring at me suspiciously. Lowell said, "Ezra, I want you to meet Bob Giroux, my friend and editor at Harcourt Brace. He's the publisher of Tom Eliot, too." The words *editor* and *publisher* seemed to have a bad effect. "What the hell do *you* want here?" he snarled. I paused, thinking how foolish I'd been to get myself into this, and said, "I've come to pay homage to a *poet*." His transformation was immediate. He arose with great dignity and bowed quite low, in a slow and grave manner. After he resumed his seat, Lowell and I took off our jackets and sat on the grass beside him.

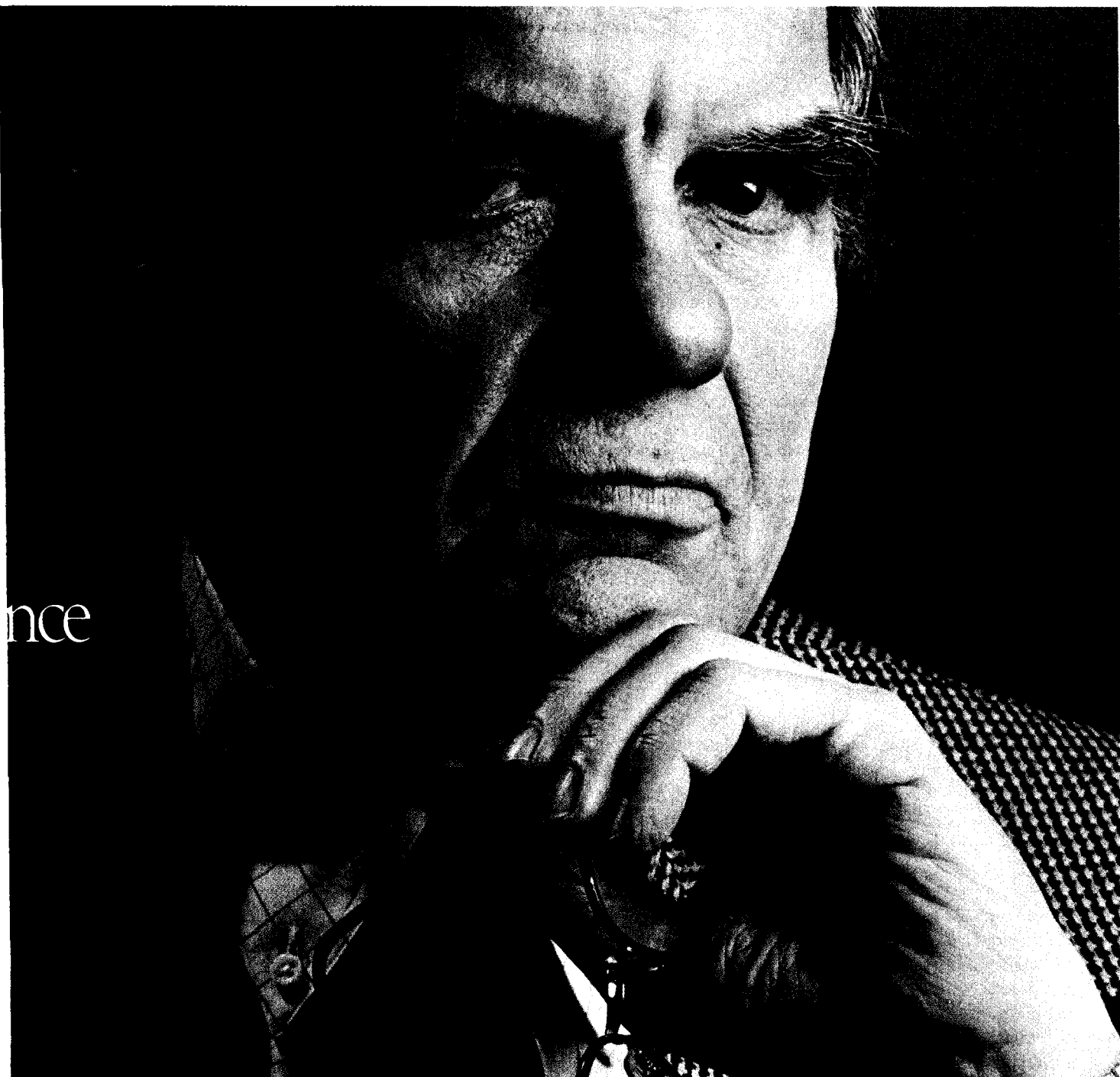
Pound asked me whether "the Whale" was still our managing director. He meant Frank V. Morley, the man who had hired me. Morley had been a director of Faber and Faber in London before the war, as well as a longtime associate of T. S. Eliot's, before he joined Harcourt Brace. I said that Morley had recently resigned and returned to England, and my new boss was Eugene Reynal. "Old Kewpie Doll Reynal!" he almost shouted. "Why, he's the man who came to see me in Rapallo and asked me to write

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my autobiography. What a dumb idea! I pointed to the shelves containing all my books and said, ‘*That’s* my autobiography, Kewpie Doll!’” This recollection brought a grin of pleasure to his face. I had never heard Reynal described as a Kewpie doll, but in a cruel way the words evoked his chubby red cheeks, small nose, and bald brow, just as “the Whale” aptly characterized Morley’s enormous chest and imposing presence. How could anyone, I thought to myself, consider this man insane?

“Do you know that bastard Hangman Cerf?” Pound suddenly asked. I thought I hadn’t heard correctly.

“If you mean Bennett Cerf, yes, I know him and admire the way he went to court over *Ulysses* and won its release after years of suppression. He was the first American publisher to pay royalties on this book to your friend James Joyce. I think Random House has a fine list: William Faulkner, Eugene O’Neill, Gertrude Stein—”

He interrupted in a grating tone. “Bennett Cerf thinks I’m ripe for hanging. He banned my poems from Conrad Aiken’s anthology in the Modern Library because I’m a traitor. *I’m* no traitor!” His voice became more heated, and he pointed his arm and an accusing finger in the direction of the White House. “The *real* traitor is right over there—Haberdasher Harry, who made our boys drop the first atomic bomb, when the war was all but over. What a crime against civilization! Thank God he’ll be out in November.”

I wanted to point out what I knew to be true—Bennett Cerf had reinstated all the Pound poems in the Aiken anthology before its publication—but I realized that nothing I said could stem the tirade on which Pound now embarked.

“And how did Harry Truman get into the White House? Through Franklin Rosenfeld, the supreme swine and betrayer, who infected the whole State Department with his moral leprosy. If Americans had the sense to abandon Rosenfeld and his Jews, there would never have been a war. They said I was a fascist. I was opposed to fascism, damn it. The things I got Mussolini to put on posters were all out of Thomas Jefferson. What I exposed was *usurocracy* and the economic frauds perpetrated by the Morgenthau-Rosenfeld Treasury. That’s why I’m branded a traitor. I turned myself in, thinking they’d want to use my great knowledge of Europe and Italy in the postwar period. They clapped handcuffs on me and carted me off to a concentration camp. I was put in solitary, in an open cage, with spotlights on all night, so I couldn’t sleep.”

His voice began to tremble. “They took my shoelaces and belt, so I wouldn’t commit suicide. Goddamn it, if I wanted to kill myself, I could easily have slit my wrists on the airstrip steel they put over the cage for roofing. It was all jagged edges. I could have done it before they knew what I was up to.” He demonstrated, holding his hands aloft and sliding his bare wrists with violence across an imaginary blade. “I had nothing to read; no one would speak to me, not even the guards who watched me day and night. No one was *allowed* to talk to me! No mail, in or out.

I couldn’t get word to my family; they didn’t know where I was. I nearly went out of my mind. My gorilla cage was open to the rain and sun and heat. I had no protection except a blanket, and no toilet except a tin can. I begged the guards to get me someone to talk to, to bring me some books. A black soldier finally took pity on me. He said, ‘You want to see the chaplain?’” Pound snorted scornfully at the idea. “I could have kissed him for being the first man who talked to me. I was in death row with *murderers*! It was a military camp, all soldiers, and I was the only civilian. *Why* did they put me in that gorilla cage? I almost went blind from the dust and the lights.”

When I later checked this account of his imprisonment against an affidavit filed, in November of 1945, in the U.S. District Court by Julien Cornell, Pound’s lawyer, I found it was essentially true. The deposition said that the poet “was placed in solitary confinement in a steel cage specially built for him in the prison yard. . . . After enduring the tropical sun all day, neither sleep nor rest came with the night—electric lights glared into the poet’s cage and burned into his bloodshot eyes.” The inevitable result, Cornell testified, was that “after about three weeks of struggle to maintain his sanity, the wretched man fell ill. . . . Pound was stricken with violent and hysterical terror. He lost his memory. He became desperately thin and weak until finally the prison doctor feared for him. Pound was then taken out of his unhappy cage and placed in a tent. While the doctors took measures to keep Pound’s body alive, his mind was not rescued. He was still kept in solitary confinement, still held incommunicado, still deprived of all reading matter but religious tracts.”

He was in fact given a Bible. He had brought his Confucius papers with him, and one day in the privy (which he was now allowed access to) he found a worn copy of *The Pocket Book of Verse*, a joyful discovery he worked into *Canto* 80: “. . . from the gates of death: Whitman or Lovelace/ found on the jo-house seat at that/ in a cheap edition.” Then he was given paper and pencils. He wrote his family and began to make notes for poems. Four months later, shortly before his wife, Dorothy Shakespear Pound, was permitted to see him briefly on October 3, he was allowed to use the typewriter in the dispensary at night, and began to copy out his poems. The weather started to turn cold in late October and early November, a fact reflected in *The Pisan Cantos*’s final couplet: “If the hoar frost grip thy tent/ Thou wilt give thanks when night is spent.” He was flown to Washington on November 18, 1945.

AS POUND CONTINUED WITH HIS SOLILOQUY ON THE lawn, having turned his attention to world politics and international finance, he sounded less and less intelligible. A name unfamiliar to me, Weinstein Kirschberg, was repeated over and over, always unfavorably. I looked at Lowell for enlightenment, but he shook his head. It was hard for us to understand what Pound was getting at, and our attention had begun to wander. At this

point Pound got up and walked away to urinate behind the tree. I asked Lowell who on earth Weinstein Kirschberg could be. He said he had no idea. Suddenly I understood. "Good God, he means Winston Churchill!"

This anti-Semitism was not only childish and inane in itself but also hard to reconcile with Pound's cultural background and devotion to literature. Before the war the poet Delmore Schwartz, who had admired Pound's poetry and criticism, changed his mind after reading *Guide to Kulcher* (1938) and wrote Pound an extraordinary letter:

In the course of the book you say: "Race prejudice is red herring. The tool of man defeated intellectually, and of the cheap politician," which is a simple logical contradiction of your remarks about the Jewish people, and also a curious omen of a state of mind—one which can support both views, race prejudice and such a judgment of race prejudice. . . . Without ceasing to distinguish between past activity and present irrationality, I should like you to consider this letter as a resignation: I want to resign as one of your most studious and faithful admirers.

Katherine Anne Porter once told me that she believed Pound's irrationality about Jews to be related to his paganism and hatred of rigid orthodoxy and religious fundamentalism, including its Christian manifestation. It is true that Pound also hated the word *Christian*, which he always wrote as "Xtian," and his major disagreement with T. S. Eliot was over the latter's orthodox religious views. This surfaced when Pound attacked "Mr. Eliot's Mare's Nest" in *The New English Weekly* in 1934, as well as in one letter citing "Eliot's crazed and pseudo-religious brain." Obviously, their ideologies became polar, despite their long friendship and Eliot's indebtedness to Pound for early literary and financial help. Eliot himself told me that when he first went to visit Pound in Washington in 1947, the latter refused to see him. Eliot was stranded at Saint Elizabeths for hours, until a return taxi could be procured. He was not sure exactly why Pound turned him down on that occasion—was it embarrassment, resentment, shame at his predicament? Pound did consent to see him on subsequent visits, and Eliot, the steadfast friend, never failed to go to the hospital whenever he came to America. But

## THE ACHILL WOMAN

She came up the hill carrying water.  
She wore a half-buttoned wool cardigan,  
a tea towel round her waist.

She pushed the hair out of her eyes with  
her free hand and put the bucket down.

The zinc-music of the handle on the rim  
tuned the evening. An Easter moon rose.  
In the next-door field a stream was  
a fluid sunset; and then, stars.

I remember the cold rosiness of her hands.  
She bent down and blew on them like broth;  
and, round her waist, on a white background  
in coarse, woven letters the words "glass cloth."

She was nearly finished for the day.  
And I was all talk, raw from College-  
weekending at a friend's cottage  
with one suitcase and the set text  
of the court poets of the Silver Age.

We stayed putting down time until  
the evening turned cold without warning.  
She said goodnight and started down the hill.

The grass changed from lavender to black.  
The trees turned back to cold outlines.  
You could taste frost

but nothing now can change the way I went  
indoors, chilled by the wind,  
and made a fire  
and took down my book  
and opened it  
and failed to comprehend

the harmonies of servitude,  
the grace music gives to flattery  
and language borrows from ambition

and how I fell asleep  
oblivious to

the planets clouding over in the skies,  
the slow decline of the spring moon,  
the songs crying out their ironies.

—Eavan Boland



Pound's anti-Semitism seemed to me to be related to his bizarre economic theories, especially his strictures against usury, which he acknowledged before his death to be a mistake: in his last years he said what the world was suffering from was not usury but human avarice and greed.

Allen Ginsberg has documented Pound's belated remorse over his racial prejudice, expressed during a visit he made to Rapallo after Pound's release. "The worst mistake I made," Pound told Ginsberg, "was that stupid suburban prejudice of anti-Semitism." And, "At seventy, I realized that instead of being a lunatic, I was a moron."

I have known many people who heard Tokyo Rose's broadcasts during the war in the Pacific (I heard a few myself), but I've never known anyone who heard Pound's broadcasts from Rome. His texts are contained in copies of more than 170 broadcasts, delivered from 1941 to 1943, which repose in the Library of Congress and the National Archives. After I read some of them, years later (and they make hard reading), there was no doubt in my mind that amid all the chatter about the Constitution, the Civil War, Brooks Adams, Confucius, usury, and so on, there was treason: "Every hour you go on with this war is an hour lost to you and your children. And every sane act you commit is committed in homage to Mussolini and Hitler. . . . They are your leaders, however much you think you are conducted by Roosevelt or led by Churchill. You follow Mussolini and Hitler in every constructive act of your government. . . . You are not going to win this war. None of your best minds ever thought you could win it. You have never had a chance in this war." If Pound had been tried, I believe he would have been found guilty. He was not tried because he was adjudged insane. Perhaps there is justice in the fact that he nevertheless served what amounted to a sentence of thirteen years, while Tokyo Rose, who was found to be sane and guilty, was sentenced to ten years.

WHEN POUND REJOINED US ON THE LAWN, AND BEFORE he could speak (we felt we had had enough tirade), Lowell said, "Ezra, what are those papers in your coat pocket? Are you working on something?" Pound: "Yes, I'm trying my hand at the odes of Confucius." Lowell: "Would you let us hear a few?" Pound became the coy author: "These are only drafts. I'm not sure they're right yet." Lowell: "All the more reason to read them aloud. Please—Bob and I would very much like to hear them." Pound took the brown paper bag from his pocket and opened his papers, looking them over silently for a minute. Then he stood apart from us on the lawn, as if it were a stage, and began to read in an oracular manner:

"Cast your eye on Ch'i river,  
The slow water winding  
Bright, reflecting the shaggy bamboo.  
Shaggy green are the flowing leaves,  
Shaggy the bamboo above it.  
Our lord has so many talents  
As we cut,

As we file,  
As we carve the jade and grind it.  
Firm in decision, oh!  
On guard against calumny and its makers, oh!  
Splendid, oh! oh!  
His voice our impulse, aye!  
A prince of many talents, who will carry through to the end,  
Who will not go back on his word."

He read four odes, with intensity and concentration, and he became another person. His voice and posture were different, and even his face changed. All the violent passions were gone, and he seemed to have become his true self, the poet. It was the best part of our visit. He read until a bell sounded, signaling the end of "recreation" time. When the security guards began rounding up the patients to go back into the asylum, Pound said, "I want you to come upstairs with me." We picked up his deck chair and all our belongings and slowly followed him inside, behind a few stragglers.

He had a room in the corner of an upper floor, and we sat waiting for him on a bench in the corridor outside. He soon came out of his room with a writing pad, on which he drew columns of Chinese hieroglyphics, to show us how he wanted the Confucian odes to be published in a bilingual edition. A stray patient quietly joined us, standing stiff and motionless against the corridor wall, pretending to be invisible. Pound ignored him, and went on illustrating his proposed format for the book. Soon the intruder's curiosity was appeased and he walked away.

When it came time for us to leave, Pound remembered the title of a book he wanted me to read. At some point Lowell had mentioned my wartime Navy experience on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, and Pound said to me, "There's a book you ought to look at." He now wrote the title down in his large slanting hand on a page with some of the Chinese characters, and I stuck the sheet in my pocket. When, long afterward, I finally located the privately printed book, ironically titled *Admiral to Cabin Boy*, by Admiral Sir Barry Domville, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., it was depressing to discover that it was rabidly anti-Semitic and that the author, suspected of collaborating with Germany, had been interned in Brixton Hill Prison during the war.

The most notable feature of Pound's last years was his silence. He was almost eighty when I met him for the second and last time, outside Westminster Abbey, at the end of the memorial service for T. S. Eliot. He looked like an aged Lear, his hair and beard much whiter and fuller, and his frame smaller and shrunken. He said not a word when I introduced my friend and former teacher, Lionel Trilling, then a visiting professor at Oxford, who had been asked by our ambassador to represent the United States. Pound simply bowed politely to both of us. I was told that he refused to speak to reporters and avoided talking at all. Before he died, in 1972, he said, "I did not enter the silence. Silence captured me." □

*A Short Story*

## DOG PEOPLE

BY E. S. GOLDMAN



SOMETIMES WHEN ALLAN STONNIER DROVE OUT AND the dogs were there, he revved up and aimed. He had an agreement with them that no matter how disdainfully they stood their ground, they would at the last moment lurch out of range if he went no more than a certain speed. The time he brushed McCoors's brown dog he felt bad about it, but the dog hadn't cooperated. The dog was too cocky. Stonnier had nothing against it. How could a man have anything against a dog? After that, when he revved up he was ready to brake, fast.

McCoors was coming through his woodlot and saw Stonnier drive at the dogs. He said, "If you ever hit one of my dogs, I'll break your fucking head."

"I wouldn't hit your dogs. I just want to scare them. Keep your dogs off my property. You have land."

"I'll break your fucking head."

"I'll be where you can find me."

That was a long time ago, when you could still talk to people about their dogs.

This morning Stonnier was out early, and running. It was a typical Cape Cod spring, more evident on calendars from the hardware store than on the land. A dry northeaster thrashed the roadside picket of unleafed oak, cherry, and locust. A patch of melting snow, sprawled like a dirty old sheep dog on the lee side of a downed pine, drained toward the dozer cut that had made Stonnier's lane forty years ago. Stonnier's running shoes threw wet sand from the runnels. He took in all the air his chest would hold; he had been a runner since making the mile relay team at Nauset Regional, and had known ever since that even when the air was foul you had to fill up.

The air held the thaw of dog shit banked over the winter by neighbor dogs on his paths and driveway lane, in his mown field and kitchen garden—butts and drools and knobs, clumped grains and hamburgers, indistinguishable except in shape from their previous incarnation in bags and cans. Stonnier couldn't see how a dog took any nourishment from such food. It looked the same coming as going. No wonder they used so much. From time to time deposits were withdrawn on Stonnier's rakes and shoes, were wheeled into the garage on the tires of his Ford hatchback. Verna's gloves gathered the stuff in the seagrass mulch on the asparagus. He would have been better off to have set out a little later, when the sun was high enough to define the footing better.

He looked as if he had seventy or so disciplined years on him; he was a man of medium height, bony, with a cleaving profile—a fisherman before he had the stake to buy The Fish & Chips. He loped along the lane evasively, like a football player training on a course of automobile tires.

When it still was possible to speak to people about their dogs, Verna had said, "You could talk to him. He probably doesn't realize what his dogs do when he isn't looking."

But why not? He knew the dogs ran all day while he and his wife were away in their store. What did he think the dogs did with what had been put in them when they were turned out in the morning?

McCoors said, "I don't think my dogs did it." He said he would keep an eye on them. He tied them. They barked. They barked from eight o'clock, when he left, to six, when he came home and let them run until dark. Stonnier skipped a stone at them a couple of times, to let them

know he didn't want them near his house. They stayed beyond the turn in the driveway so he wouldn't see them.

Stonniere encountered McCoores one day when they both were looking for their property bounds. Stonniere mentioned that the dogs barked all day and McCoores might not know it because he was away.

McCoores said, "If you tie up dogs, they bark." He tied them up to please Stonniere. Now Stonniere was complaining again. McCoores broke off the conversation and walked away. McCoores had a tough body, and eyes that quickly turned mean.

Stonniere told Verna that the man reminded him of a prison guard. "I guess there are all-kinds-of-looking prison guards, but McCoores is what I think of. That's nothing against prison guards." Stonniere always tried to be fair.

Deakler, another two-dog man, bought the place on the other side of the hill. His dogs came over to find out about McCoores's dogs at the same time McCoores's dogs came over to investigate the new neighbors. They met on Stonniere's driveway where it joined the Association lane, smelled each other, peed on the young azaleas Stonniere had raised from cuttings in tin cans, and agreed to meet there each day when their food was sufficiently digested. Wahlerson's half chow and Paul's black Newfie heard about the club and came up the Association lane to join.

Stonniere spoke to Deakler.

Deakler was an affable man who had been the sales vice-president of a generator-reconditioning company and knew how to get along while not giving in. "Well, you know how it is with dogs. You don't want to keep a dog tied up all the time. That's why we moved out here."

"I shouldn't have to take care of other people's dog dirt."

"Shoo them off if they bother you. Do them good."

"They scare my granddaughter when she visits. They charge."

"They never bit anybody. People have dogs. She should get used to them."

"That's up to her, if she wants to get used to dogs charging and growling at her. I had dogs. I like dogs. I have nothing against your dogs. They should stay on their own property. Is that a communist idea?"

Deakler looked at him speculatively, as if it might be.

"I don't like to quarrel with neighbors," Stonniere said.

"We'll have to see. There's a leash law. I don't like to be talking law."

Stonniere already knew from the small-animal officer that if you couldn't keep a dog off your property, you had to catch it before you called for somebody to take it away.

"You don't have to catch your own bank robbers," Stonniere had said.

The SAO had cut him down. "That's how the town wants it—don't talk to me."

"Laws are one thing," Deakler said. "This is all Association property. Private property. You don't have to leash your dog if it's on private property."

Deakler told him something he hadn't thought about.

The leash law didn't even apply to members of the Association, because the Association was made up of private properties, including the beach and the roads that all the private-property owners owned in common.

"That's why I came out here," Deakler said. "It isn't all closed in, like it is in town."

STONNIERE BROUGHT IT UP AT THE ASSOCIATION MEETING in July. Oh, that was twenty-four years ago—how time flies. He remembered getting up to speak to the others on Giusti's patio. He had not in his lifetime before—or later—often spoken in meetings of that size. He thought he could remember every time. Three times at town meeting—about the algae on the pond and the proposed parking ordinance and the newspaper not printing what the Otter River Bank was doing on mortgages—and at the Board of Trade, about extending town water to the new subdivisions. Subjects that affected him. His house. His business. That's how the world worked. You spoke for yourself, and if you made sense, others voted with you even when that went a little against their own interests. That's how he always voted. He didn't sign petitions for things like the new children's park, but he voted for the park. The Taxpayers' Association said the park would put points on the tax bill. That was all right—it still made sense that the kids have a place with a fence around it, where dogs couldn't get in. That was what he would want for his own grandchildren if they lived in town. A few years back he would have asked, "Why don't they fence in the dogs, and let the kids run?" but you couldn't ask anything like that anymore.

Mostly he jogged these days. He paced an easy 120, waiting for his body to tell him how hard he could run. It wasn't his heart, it was his back: were the tendons and nerves lined up so that the jolt passed through like smoke and went off into the air, or would it jam somewhere on his hip or fourth vertebra? He told Verna, "He says it's in the vertebra, but that's not where I feel it." They knew all about hearts, but they didn't know anything about backs except to rest them. They told his father and his grandfather the same thing. He felt secure, and let out to 130.

He had thought his statement—that he had nothing against dogs but that the town leash law ought to prevail in the Association—would appeal to reasonable people. The dogs tramped down the lettuce, shat so that you couldn't trust where to walk after dark, chased cars, growled at strangers. He didn't say "shat," he said "did their business." Somebody said, "They doo-doo on your Brooks Brothers shoes," a reference to a man who at that time was running for President of the USA, and everybody laughed except Morrison and Dannels, who were large contributors to the candidate's committee. Halfway along into the laughter Stonniere caught on and joined to show his fellowship, although he sensed that the joke took the edge off the seriousness of his argument.

He had expected David Haseley would say something.



Haseley had several times mentioned to him—or agreed with him—that the dogs were out of hand. As a retired high officer of a very large business in Cleveland, Haseley was usually taken seriously, but he chose not to speak to the motion. Only Larry Henry's widow, Marcia, spoke for it. Verna had been good to Marcia, shopped for her, looked in on her when she was laid up.

Sensing the anger of their neighbors, who spoke of liberties being taken from people everywhere, and now this, the summer people kept quiet or voted with the dog people. The ayes lacked the assertive spine of the nays. Stonnier thought that most members hadn't voted and that a written ballot might have turned out better. But that didn't seem to be the way to press an issue among neighbors.

In a spirit of good will members unanimously supported a resolution that people were responsible for their own dogs. It did not specify how the responsibility should be manifested.

After the meeting Stonnier said to Haseley that he had thought more people would support the leash law. Haseley nodded in the meditative, prudential manner that had earned him his good name and said, "Yes, that's so." He might have meant "I agree with you, that's what you thought." People didn't use words like they used to. "Speak up and say as best you can what you mean, so people know what's in your mind," Stonnier's mother had said to him. Now you had to be sure you asked the right question, or you might not find out what they really thought.

Stonnier hadn't pressed Haseley, toward whom he felt diffident not only because of his bearing but also because the older man was of the management class—as were all the others in the Association but himself. They were vice-presidents, deans, professors, accountants, lawyers; immigrants from Providence, Amherst, Ohio, Pennsylvania; taxed, many of them, in Florida, which the Stonniers had visited in their camper but had not been taken by sufficiently to give it six months and a day every year. The others had all gone beyond high school.

"I still don't know how he voted," he said to Verna.

Allan and Verna Stonnier were second-generation Cape Cod, the only native-born in the West Bay Association, the first to raise children there and see them bused to school in Orleans and then go out on their own. Allan had done well with The Fish & Chips—better than such a modest-looking enterprise had implied—but he remained somewhat apart from the others. His three-acre parcel on the waterfront had cost under three thousand dollars, but that was when you had to bounce a half mile in a rut to get out there. After the fire at The Fish & Chips, ten years ago, a real-estate woman who called about buying the lot asked about the house, too. She had a customer she thought would pay more than a million dollars for it if Allan would consider selling. They thought he would sell his house and get out, but nothing could make him move after the fire. He was so set that Verna had to make it half a joke when she said that with a million dollars and the insurance from the fire they could live anywhere they wanted. By now the

house might be worth two million, the way prices were. He knew it as well as she did, and if he wanted to talk about it, he would say so. "It's the whole country," he said. "Everywhere. You might as well deal with it where you are." A million dollars after tax wasn't all that much any-more anyhow.

McCoors's two dogs came out to yap at him. He said, "Yah," and raised his elbow, and they shut up and backed off while he padded on toward the wider, graveled lane that looped through the fifty-three properties in the West Bay Association and carried their owners' cars to the black-top and town.

Shoeman's black-and-white sort-of spitz bitch met him there and trotted with him companionably. Stonnier considered her a friend. Some mornings she stayed with him past three or four properties, but this morning the collie next door came out and growled and she stopped at the line. "Yah," Stonnier growled back at the collie; he raised his elbow and jogged on.

AFTER ONE SPRING THAW STONNIER DUG A PIT NEAR the line close to McCoors's driveway. McCoors was quick to defend the integrity of his property. He had taken his neighbor on the other side to court in a right-of-way dispute. McCoors asked Stonnier what he was doing. He was going to bury dog shit.

"You don't have to do that here," McCoors said.

"It's your dogs'," Stonnier said.

That afternoon a man from the Board of Health drove up to the house. Allan was down at The Fish & Chips, watching some workmen shingle a new roof. The man told Verna that burying garbage was against the law. He told her about the hazard to the groundwater supply. He said the fine could be fifty dollars a day as long as the nuisance continued unabated. He left a red notice. This unsettled Verna, because she had always thought ways could be found to work things out.

Allan went to the board and said they were off base. A human being had to get a porcelain bowl and running water and an expensive piping system to get rid of his waste, but a dog could leave it anywhere. Their ruling was off base. The health officer said he didn't write the laws, he enforced them, and Allan better close the pit and not open another one. The newspaper carried a story under the headline "PRIVATE DUMP OWNER THREATENED WITH FINE." Stonnier thought it gave the idea that he was trying to get away with something.

He wrote a letter to the editor. Melvin Brate didn't print it. Stonnier thought that Brate was still peeved about a letter he had written earlier, saying that the Otter River Bank was using small type to sneak foreclosures over on people, trying to get out of old, low interest rates into the new crazy rates. Stonnier knew about that because they had done it to his cousin. In his letter to the editor Stonnier gave the names of the man who ran the bank and the men who were on its investment committee and said that was

no way for neighbors to act when they had signed their names to a contract. The bank was the biggest advertiser in the paper, so naturally Melvin Brate didn't print the letter. Allan got up at town meeting in non-agenda time and read his bank letter to the voters to let them know what was going on. This was the first time he had ever gotten to his feet to talk to more than a thousand people, and it was no harder than holding your hand in a fire.

Melvin Brate sat with his arms folded and looked hard at the floor while Allan spoke about his newspaper's not saying anything about what the bank was doing. Just that day Brate had published an editorial titled "Your Free Press: Bastion of Liberty," which he counted on for an award from the League of Weekly Publishers, and here was this fried-clam peddler carrying on. It wasn't surprising that Brate didn't print the dog-shit letter either, even though Stonnier called the stuff "scat."

Verna was secretly glad that the letter wasn't published. She thought a way could be found to deal with the problem so that dog owners wouldn't get upset and people wouldn't look at her sideways and stop going to The Fish & Chips. She knew that speaking to Allan was useless unless she could say it in another way, and she couldn't think of any. He had been such a usual man when she married him, and people were getting the idea he was an oddball. She couldn't clearly see why that was, because he had a right to complain about the dogs; nevertheless, he ought to do it a different way for his own sake, and not write to the paper or take it up at town meeting. It irritated people.

ONE DAY STONNIER COUNTED EIGHTEEN DOGS AT the juncture of his land and the Association lane. The Association lane went into the blacktop that wound and rolled toward the town. The houses on either side were on the required acreage and fully suited to their purposes. Once home to cranberry farmers, fuel dealers, printers, boat builders, lobstermen—Stonnier knew the names that went with the oldest properties—they had been bid away in the sixties and seventies by retirement and stock-market bankrolls at stiff prices. The new owners had the means to dormer up and lay on wings and garages. On some properties two and three houses stood where before there had been a single low shingle house, a big garden, and woods. The newcomers followed the traditional styles of the Chatham Road, rendered for art shows on the high school green—saltboxes, houses-and-a-half, Greek revival, all well shrubbed and fenced. One ghost of gnawed and mossy shingles had withstood all tenders to purchase and a siege of trumpet vines, rampant lilacs, and fattening cedars intent on taking it down.

Only the jolly French house looked as though it ought to have been in the old town, along with other houses of the style built by managers of the company that had laid the telephone cable to France; indeed, it had been trucked from town in the deal with the architectural commission that had licensed the Cable Station Motel to be built. To

Stonnier, the French house's journey down the Chatham Road at two miles an hour, with outriders from the telephone company and the electric company and the police, was the most memorable event since the passage of the great glacier, which he had not witnessed. Had he not come into money so late, this would have been the house Stonnier built for his family. The French house sat square on the ground and knew how to shed water off its hat. It looked like a toby jug; it was gold and blue, its cornice was striped with purple, and the door was gunpowder red.

"It's different," he said to Verna, who thought it was a rather queer house that would fit in better if it were white. "You just like things one way or another," he said. He liked the moment of coming out on the blacktop around the corner from West Bay and finding himself two weeks further into spring, jogging by the French house with the long hedge of breaking forsythia skirted with daffodils and crocuses. The air here stank too. Some of it was spring rot coming out of ground. Most of it was dog.

Ahead on the long straight stretch Gordon's basset (that dog must be a hundred years old), carrying his skin like a soaked blanket, turned and turned in the middle of the road, trying to find a way to let his rear end down and create the right precedent for the rest of him. He slept there every morning for an hour or two, unless the snow was a foot deep. Regular drivers knew to watch for him, and the Lord protected Sam the basset against everybody else. That dog was going to get it one day. The driver who did it better have a good head start and not ask around whose dog it was so that he could tell them he was sorry but he had passed another car and there the dog was, in the middle of the road, and he had done his best to avoid him, he was sorry, he knew what it was to lose a dog, he had two himself, don't shoot, please don't shoot. You couldn't know anymore what to expect if there was a dog in it. Juries looked at those dog people out there. If you ran for sheriff, you took questions at public meetings and the dog people heard your answers. Senators wanted some of that dog-PAC money, especially because the dog-PAC people said that what they were really interested in wasn't dogs but good government. If a dog question was coming up at town meeting, you saw people voting you never saw anywhere else. They went home after voting on dogs, and left the rest to find a quorum for the payroll and potholes.

Allan Stonnier was the only human being afoot on the Chatham Road. His red sweatshirt was well known at this hour. Most of the sparse traffic was pickups, with elbows crooked out the windows, wheels crunching and kicking up cans, wrappers, cups, laid down by the pickups that had gone that way earlier, tools and dogs riding behind. He saw Dexter Reddick's green pickup, with the sunburst on the radiator. Without being too obvious, Stonnier adjusted course to the edge of the road. He couldn't be absolutely sure Reddick wouldn't take a swerve at him for the hell of it. He prepared to break from the shoulder for the grass slope. Reddick went by with angry eyes, threw up a finger. Reflexively, Stonnier gave it back. He heard the pickup





brake hard behind him and push hard in reverse as it came back. He kept going. Reddick passed, got twenty feet beyond, and put his head out the window.

"What did I see you do?"

"The same as you." By then he was past the truck, and Reddick had to grind back again to talk to him.

"Let me see you do that again, you fuckhead. You old fart. You can't get it up. You firebug. I'll burn your ass." Stonnier kept going. Barricaded behind shovels, rakes, and lawnmowers, Reddick's Labs yammered and spittled at him. Reddick jack-started a groove in the blacktop and went on his way. Stonnier decided to take the side road that went toward the dump.

Pilliard's pack of huskies, brought back from Alaska last year, saw him coming and started their manic racket. Pilliard had one-upped everybody at the Landing Bar with that one. Jesus, twelve huskies, did you ever see such dogs? You could hide your arm in the fur. The strut and drive of those legs. They had Chinese faces as if they were people. Those people fucked their dogs. Pilliard had them in the cyclone-fenced stockade he had put up to hold his cords when he was in the stovewood business. Ten feet high, and ground area about as big as any factory you would find in a place like Cape Cod—lots of room even for twelve huskies.

Pilliard's idea was to take them to fairs and show them,



for a good price, pulling a sled he'd fitted with siliconed nylon runners that slipped over turf. Take your picture with a real team of Eskimo huskies. Children's birthday parties. Beats ponies all hollow. Fourth of July parades. He brought Santa Claus to the Mall. Altogether, the bookings amounted to only a dozen brief outings all year. The dogs were used to doing miles of work in cold weather. In the stockade they hung around. At night they could be heard barking for hours for their own reasons, and the sound carried to West Bay.

Verna thought Allan must be running on the dump road, because he would be there about now, and there went Pilliard's huskies. They didn't often see people go by on foot. They acknowledged pedestrians and slow drivers by lunging at the fence, climbing, piling on, snarling, yelping powerfully. Allan had driven her by, and slowed the car so she could hear it up close. It scared her. It was more like mad screaming than barking, all of them exciting each other. Some things Verna wished Allan wouldn't do, and one of them was to run past Pilliard's huskies.

"Run someplace else," Pilliard said. "You don't like dogs and they know it, and they don't like you, so why don't you run someplace else."

What was the use explaining to a man who already knew it that Stonnier was running on a public road, and he was there before the dogs anyhow. And even if he wasn't . . .

Stonnier left them yelping, went over the crest of the rise and around the next corner, running, feeling good, well sweated as he went toward halfway. It was the dumb part of the route, the mall and the file of flat-roofed taxpayers and show-windowed front porches of old downtown; service stations, eating places, clothes shops, music stores, cleaners, laundries, drugstores elbowing to be seen along the old bypassed highway number.

He could have gone around by the marsh road and avoided town, but one thing could be said for Main Street. It smelled better than anywhere else. Better than West Bay behind the dunes, where the ocean lost its innocence; better than the Chatham Road and all the lived-on lanes and roads from the bridge to Province Lands. He had never thought he'd live to see the day when downtown smelled better than the countryside. If a stray wandered into the mall, the small-animal officer showed up fast and snared him into the cage mounted on his police wagon. The merchants saw to it. You couldn't let a leashed dog step onto one of those neat rectangles of shrubbery if you didn't want a ticket. If a dog hunched to empty out, you had to drag him to the library lawn. Even the dog people understood the deal. You left the merchants alone, they left you alone.

Soon after dawn old downtown could have been a movie set in storage. The cars and service trucks of early risers were parked in front of Annie O, who opened first, for the fishermen. The overnight lights in the stores and the streetlights watched him go by. Stanchions of sulfur light guarded the plaza of Canine City, with its eleven veterinarians, four cosmetologists, several outfitters; the portrait

studio featured the work of fifteen internationally known dog artists; an architect displayed model residences: cape, half-cape, Federal, Victorian, Bauwouwhaus, duplex, ranch.

The spotlight turned irrationally against him, as if programmed to recognize a man of ordinary size in a red sweatshirt running in from the west. The wind batted through the open cross street and went back again behind the solid buffer of storefronts until it came to the empty lot on the cove where The Fish & Chips had been. He faced into it, running in place, when he got there.

THE REAL-ESTATE PEOPLE NEVER STOPPED BRINGING him offers. He was going to leave that up to his daughter to decide. The land was money in the bank. "That's what everybody needs, Verna—something in back of him so no matter how hard he's pushed he doesn't have to give in to others. That's what it's all about. More people could be like that if they didn't want too much."

The Conservation Commission asked, If he wasn't going to use it, would he consider deeding it to them for the honor of his name in Melvin Brate's paper and the tax deduction? They thought a price might be worked out if he met them halfway. He thought about it. He got as far as thinking about what kind of sign he would require them to put up if he sold them the land, but he could never get the wording right. He knew if he got it right they wouldn't do it. He neatened up the section of burned-out foundation the building inspector allowed, and let the lot sit there with the sign.

#### SITE OF THE FISH & CHIPS RESTAURANT.

BURNED DOWN BY VANDALS A.D. 2002 IN HONOR OF THEIR DOGS.

Someone stole the sign the first night. He wasn't going to fool with them; he went right to a concrete monument, anchored with bent iron rods into a six-foot-square concrete pad. They tried to jump it out with a chain but they would have needed a dozer and they never got that far. They hit it with a hammer now and then. They painted out the inscription. He used to go back a few times a year to put it in shape, but he hadn't had to touch it for two years now. The old generations had lost interest, and not even the young Reddicks cared much unless something happened to stir them up.

Coming on their first glimpse of salt water in twenty miles, visitors swung onto the apron and reached for their cameras. Alert to station their wives at the photo opportunity where George Washington watered his horse and the salt water beckoned, they walked over to read the legend about the restaurant and the vandals and the dogs. They would throw up their hands. What's that all about? Stonnier himself wasn't satisfied with the statement, but after so many years the story was boring to anybody but himself anyhow.

He had kept a dozen clipped mallards for his own table in a chicken-wire pen half in and half out of the water, the

way you penned ducks if you had a waterfront. He had heard a terrible squawking, and when he looked out from the kitchen door the two dogs that patrolled Reddick's garage at night were running wild in the pen, breaking wings and necks, tossing every duck they could get their jaws on. He hollered at them, but you couldn't call a dog off anything like that. He got his shotgun and drove a charge into the side of one; the other ran off, and Reddick came over from his garage, goddamning him.

The paper said that Reddick was there to get his dogs, and Stonnier threatened him with the gun to keep him off, and he shot the dog.

A week later a southerly breeze pulled an early-morning fire out of the rubbish trailer onto the shingle. Flame was all through The Fish & Chips by the time the pumper got there. His was the fourth restaurant that went up that fall, and the arson investigator from the state asked him how his business had been. They went over his records at the bank. The insurance company took two years to pay up.

HE RAN WHERE HE STOOD WHILE HE LOOKED around and checked out the site. It was as usual. The fresh northeaster gusted at him out of a mist that lay up to the land at the water's edge. A gull stalked the tidal drain looking for garbage. Another, unseen, cried as if lost. On the scrim of fog his memory raised the shed of The Fish & Chips, with the huge lobster standing guard, and then the new Fish & Chips with the Cape Cod roof and the kitchen wing. He was looking out the back window and saw Reddick's dogs in the pen and went after them. A charred beam leaned on a course of cement block that had been the foundation. Ravined and grainy, the blacktop was being worked by frost and roots. Spindly cedars had found footing. He remembered when they had poured the blacktop: four inches, and four of gravel under it, and then sand, and the cedars had found enough to grow on down there. He felt himself already cooling out, and took off at a 120 jog back through town, wiping sweat from his forehead with the flat of his hand.

The last thing he discussed with himself as he went up the rise at the mall and turned again toward Pilliard's was how his daughter and her children could be made to keep their minds on being positioned not to give in to others. All he could do was leave them the land; they had to understand what it was for. If they sold it, they would have the money, and if you had money, you had all kinds of duties to it. You had to see that you didn't lose any of it, and you had to get the best interest for it, and you bought things you didn't need that brought you new duties, like a place in Florida. The land would stay there to back you up. He didn't stop thinking about that until he got into range of Pilliard's huskies and they started in on him again. Pilliard was carrying an armful of pipe, fence posts maybe, and spat a word he couldn't hear. He kept going.

The wind off the bay blew some of the sound away, but Verna heard the pack distinctly again. She threw a last

handful of cracked corn for the quail and jays and listened. She wore untied walking shoes for slippers and a nubby white robe over her nightgown. She had brushed her hair but not in detail, and its style was a simple black-speckled gray flare cut off at her earlobe. She took her wristwatch out of the robe pocket but couldn't read it. Her glasses were still inside, on the table. If that was Allan, he would be nine or ten minutes. Then he would shower and she would be dressed and have breakfast on. It wasn't an egg day. He might want tuna on toast.

The dogs went on. She wasn't dressed to stay out, but the dogs kept barking. She picked up a dead branch, carefully positioned it, and flicked a dog divot into the rough. All the deposits over which oak leaves had settled stirred and gave off a tribal odor, as if they were a single living thing giving warning. She threw another handful of corn without noticing exactly what she was doing. Pilliard's dogs sounded louder, but that couldn't be. They were where they were. In the tops of the scratch pines the wind had not changed. Individual voices could be distinguished rising out of the wild yammer of the pack.

Were Pilliard's dogs out? He leashed and ran them sometimes in the back of the dump, but that was farther, not nearer, and never this early. She felt nervous and wished to know something. She started toward the house to look up Pilliard's name and telephone him but knew immediately that was not the thing to do. The thing to do was to get in the car and drive over there.

She was not constrained now by any civilized notion that she should not be seen, even by herself, to overreact. She suddenly wished to act as quickly and as arbitrarily as she knew how and to get over to the dump road. The Ford spurted back out of the garage, skidded while she pulled on the wheel to get it around, and went out the lane faster than McCooors's dogs had ever seen it come at them. They couldn't believe it was going that fast until it kicked the big kind-of airedale into the ditch. She had no time for regret or succor and pushed the gas harder. The wheels jumped out of potholes and ruts, clawing air, and jolted down. She was frightened by her speed. She held on as if she were a passenger. Coming to the fork at the blacktop she judged—willed, rather—that she could beat the blue car, and cut it off. Its horn lectured her past Sam the basset, sitting on the stripe with his back to her, knowing she wouldn't dare, until she lost the sound at the turn beyond the straightaway.

A quarter mile up toward Pilliard's she saw them on the road. She looked for a human figure but could see only the pack and whatever it was they were larking around on the road. She kept her hand on the horn and drove at them, not thinking any longer that he could possibly have gone another way, or got up a tree, or even gone into Pilliard's house. She put the pedal on the floor. She was angry at Allan for getting himself into anything like this. He could have lived his life like other people. But he hadn't, and that's how it was, and, enraged, she owed him as many of them as she could get her wheels into. □

*It is one of the grimmer and more ironic developments of the late twentieth century: religion, which is on the whole a benign force in Western societies, often combines combustibly with nationalism to fuel political murder in the Third World. In India, for example, the teachings of a militant guru are used to justify the atrocities committed by Sikh terrorists in their campaign to dismember the nation and establish "Khalistan"*

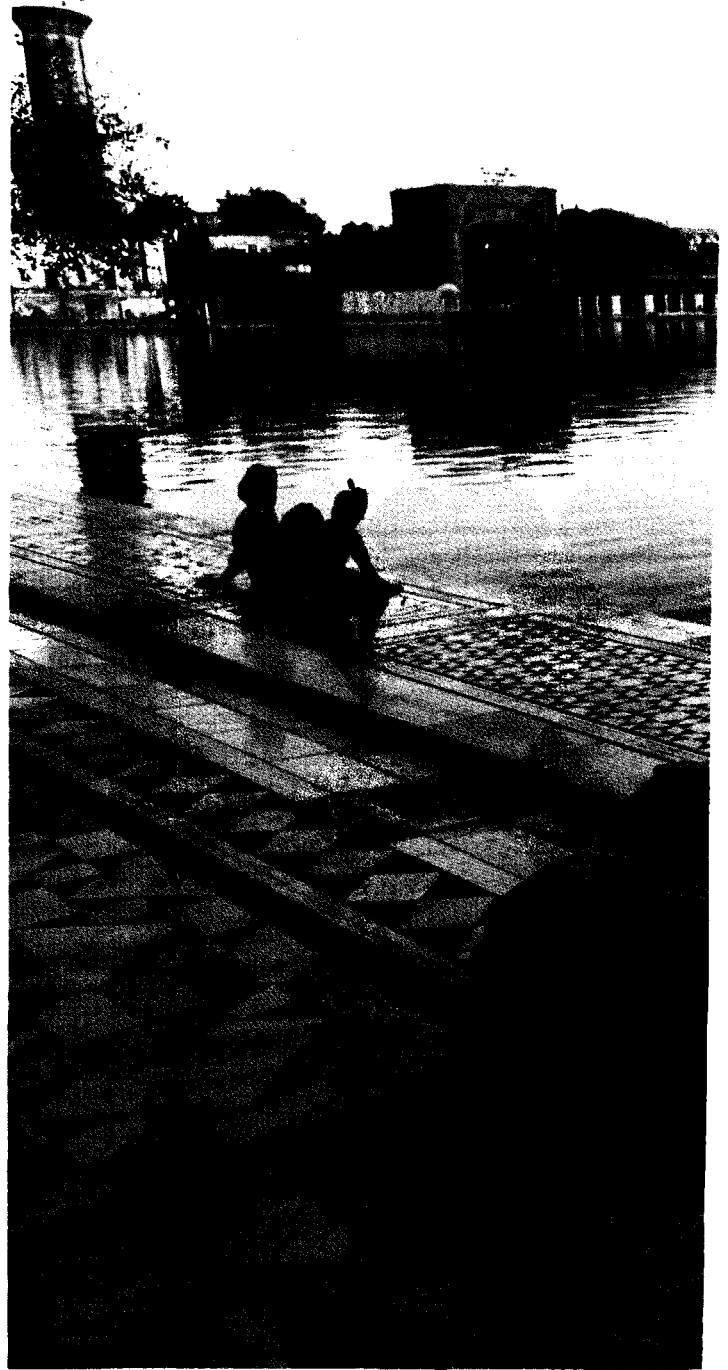
## HOLY WAR AGAINST INDIA

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

INDIA, WITH 800 MILLION PEOPLE, IS BY FAR THE LARGEST democracy in the world in terms of population, and the second-largest secular state in the world, after China. When India became independent, just over forty years ago, and undertook to be a secular and democratic state, many people doubted whether it would live up to that commitment. Its experience of democracy, under the British Raj, was quite limited, and mostly confined to the generation immediately preceding independence. Secularism seemed to be even more improbable than democracy in the Indian context. Most Indians were, and are, firmly attached to a particular religion; relatively few Indians forty years ago could have grasped the nature of a secular state, or understood the need for such a thing. Extreme religious groups of one kind and another denounced the secular state as godless and therefore illegitimate.

The Indian state came into being amid the scenes of communal-religious carnage that accompanied the partition of the subcontinent between mainly Hindu India and entirely Muslim Pakistan. Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the founder of Pakistan, had resolutely rejected the idea of a secular state that could encompass both Hindus and Muslims. In his presidential address to the Muslim League at Lahore in 1940, Jinnah declared: "Islam and Hinduism are not religions in the strict sense of the word, but in fact different and distinct social orders, and it is only a dream that the Hindus and Muslims can ever evolve a common nationality. . . . To yoke together two such nations under a single state . . . must lead to a growing discontent and final destruction of any fabric that may be so built up for the government of such a state."

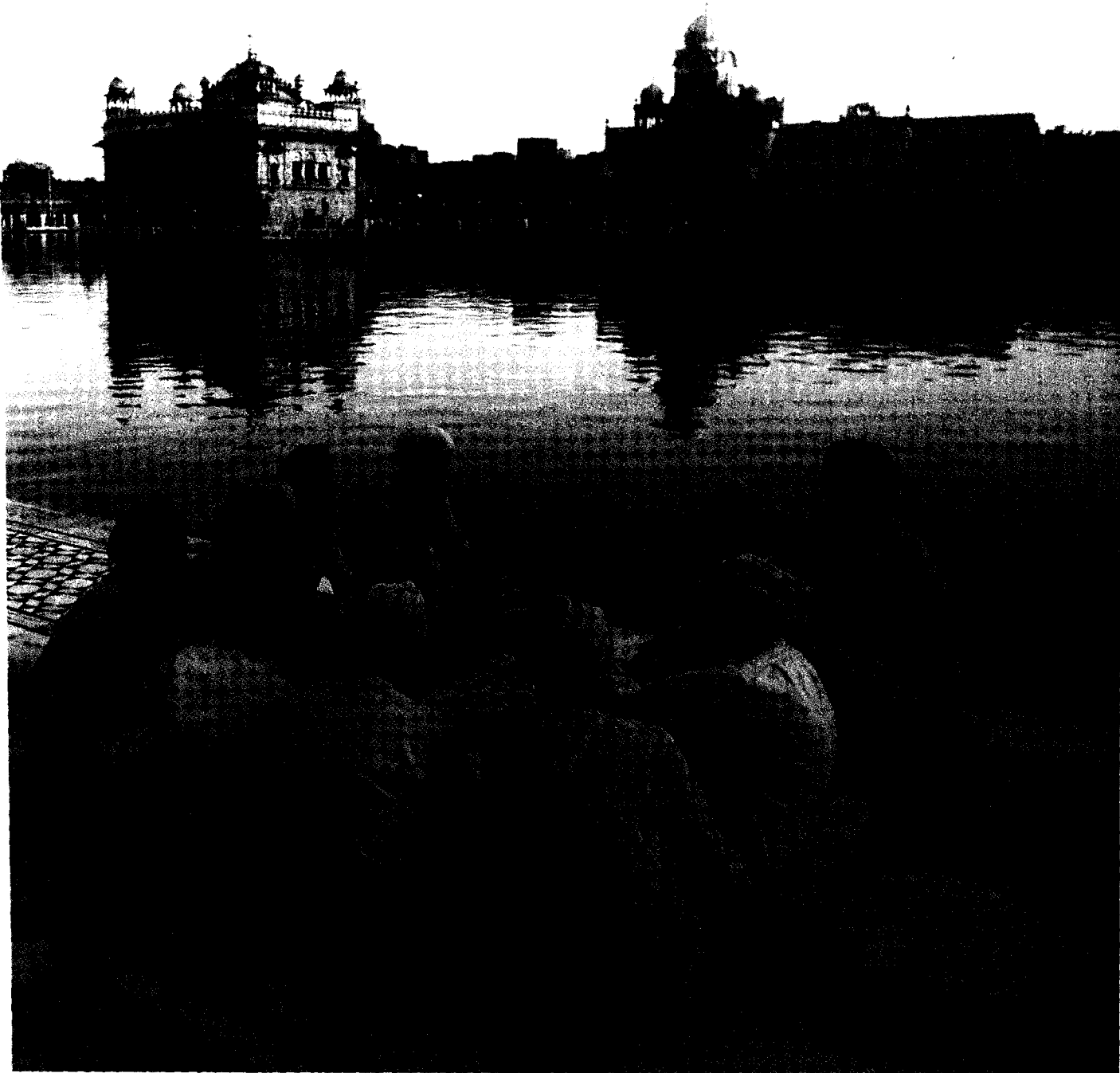
Yet in the event, the fabric of India's secular state proved tougher than that of confessional Pakistan. Pakistan originally consisted of eastern and western sections, connected



by a common religion but different in language and culture. The religious bond proved insufficient, and East Pakistan in 1971 seceded and became the independent state of Bangladesh. Secular India, however, has held together. There are now almost as many Muslims in India as there are in Pakistan. Muslims and Hindus in India may perhaps not have "evolved a common nationality," but they—and Sikhs also, so far—have managed to live together, within one state, for more than forty years now, whereas the "common nationality" of the Muslims of Pakistan burst asunder after twenty-four years.

The viability of the secular and democratic system in India is a remarkable phenomenon, and one that has re-





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ceived less attention in the West than it deserves. Yet there have been continuing challenges, both internal and external, to India's secular democracy, and to the very existence of an Indian state. In this article I propose to look at the latest, and perhaps the most serious, of these challenges—the challenge of Sikh religious nationalism, discreetly backed by Pakistan. The Sikhs are a religious and ethnic group, distinct from both Hindus and Muslims. Most Sikhs live in the prosperous northwest Indian province of the Punjab. From about the beginning of the present decade militant Sikhs—with considerable moral backing from their fellows—have been engaged in a campaign of violence, mainly against the Indian government, but also

*The Golden Temple complex at Amritsar, from which militant Sikhs have twice been dislodged by force*

against Hindus in the Punjab, and sometimes against Sikhs who happen to have offended the militants.

Sikh terrorism in the Punjab took about a thousand lives in 1987 and more than a thousand in the first five months of 1988. If it continues at the present rate, Sikh terrorism in the Punjab will have cost more lives in two years than the IRA campaign in Northern Ireland has cost in twenty.

Previous challenges to the Indian state came mainly from poor and marginal regions or sections, and these challenges, including those mounted by the Naxalites (Indian

Marxist-Leninists), exploited the grievances of the most disadvantaged. The Sikh challenge is different. The Sikhs are the most dynamic, and among the most prosperous, of all the peoples of India. They are first-rate farmers, soldiers, sportsmen. Thrifty, abstemious, self-reliant, with a well-developed work ethic, the Sikhs have many of the Puritan virtues. The Punjab is the richest of all the provinces of India. It is because of the Punjab that India has not needed to import food, even during the recent periods of prolonged drought. The wealth of the Punjab is partly due to its natural resources, in particular its great rivers. But it is also partly due to the skill and industry of its farming population, the Sikh Jats. Sikhs are also prospering in various employment—mainly to do with transport—in many other parts of India.

So what are the grievances that have driven a section of this prosperous people into revolt? The answer to this question does not exactly lie on the surface. Before attempting to answer it, we shall need to look first at some of the facts on the ground today and then at the history of the Sikhs, and in particular at the evolution among them of a uniquely explicit institutionalized synthesis of religion and politics—a synthesis that has proved profoundly inimical to the secular and democratic state of India.

RECENTLY I ATTENDED A SIKH POLITICAL RALLY, which was also inevitably a Sikh religious rally, at the Guru Nanak stadium, in the Punjab industrial city of Ludhiana. The rally was organized by the main Sikh political party, the United Akali Dal. The UAD is regarded as a constitutional party in India. I thought a term once in use in Irish politics might be more appropriate: “a *slightly* constitutional party.”

The crowd consisted almost entirely of large, stolid, handsome Sikh farmers: Jats. The Jats sat on the ground of the sports field, in silence, facing the platform. That platform was quite a sight. It was religious on one side and political on the other: a fascinating spectacle for someone like myself, curious about the interdependencies of religion and nationalism.

The political side was a conventional political platform, with chairs, a long table, microphones, glasses of water, and political personalities taking turns to speak. All that was on the right-hand side, from the point of view of the audience, or congregation. On the other side—the gospel side, in Christian parlance—was a dais raised about a foot above the level of the regular platform, and covered by a red and gold canopy. Under the canopy was a copy of the Sikh scriptures: the Granth Sahib. Three priests in saffron robes kept silent vigil around the Granth Sahib.

The presence of the Granth Sahib meant that the gathering was a religious ceremony as well as a political occasion. It also meant that the whole platform and the area immediately around it, including the press gallery, was deemed to constitute a sacred place. I was invited to take a seat in the press gallery but declined on finding that in or-

der to enter I would be obliged to cover my head. Somehow I found the idea of a sacred press gallery, though novel and interesting, also faintly nauseating. I stayed out on the field.

But even out on the field the political proceedings had a disturbing liturgical character. The political resolutions, all of which were carried unanimously, were put to the vote with the sacred formula

“*Bole So Nihal*  
*Sat Sri Akal.*”

(“Whosoever responds  
God is Truth.”)

The members of the audience, or congregation, signified their approval by raising their right hands and saying,

“*Sat Sri Akal.*”

(“God is Truth.”)

Rather like ratifying a political proposition with the formula *Et cum spiritu tuo*.

The liturgical method of dealing with political affairs has some disquieting implications under present conditions in the Punjab. The liturgical method assumes consensus, and that in itself might seem harmless enough. But the form that the present consensus of the Sikh people has assumed is somewhat sinister.

In the forty-eight hours that preceded that rally at Ludhiana, seventeen people had been murdered by Sikh terrorists in the Punjab. Most of those murdered on that particular occasion were themselves Sikhs, designated by the terrorists as collaborationists or as delinquent in other respects (failure to pay up on receipt of an extortion note being probably the most frequent type of offense). So not much Sikh consensus there, operationally speaking. But at that large and respectable liturgico-political Sikh rally there *was* consensus. And it was a consensus that worked, smoothly and solemnly, in support of the terrorists.

As the proceedings at Ludhiana were conducted entirely in Punjabi, I was dependent on an interpreter, a young Sikh official of the government of the Punjab (which is to say, under present conditions, the government of India). I asked my interpreter to let me know if anyone referred explicitly to what the Sikh terrorists had been up to in the previous days, and over many months before that. The meeting went on for five hours, with dozens of speeches. During all this time only one speaker—Amrinder Singh, formerly the Maharajah of Patiala, a city in the Punjab—explicitly condemned the taking of innocent lives. Apart from that there was nothing. So much my interpreter told me, but I later learned that what actually happened was worse than that. A resolution implicitly supportive of the terrorists, and probably drafted by them, had been passed unanimously by that large and peaceful-looking gathering, with the obligatory ritual formula

“*Bole So Nihal*  
*Sat Sri Akal.*”

I HAD SPENT THE EVENING BEFORE THE LUDHIANA rally at Amrinder Singh's home—formerly, palace—in Patiala. Amrinder Singh is the greatest of Sikh magnates, and enjoys the unusual distinction of being highly respected both by the Sikh community and by the government of India. He retains the confidence of the Sikh community because he resigned from the Congress Party, and from various offices, after Operation Bluestar, the occupation by the Indian Army of the Golden Temple complex, in June, 1984. Amrinder Singh is greatly concerned by the rising influence of the terrorists (euphemistically known as militants) and by the apparent drift in the direction of some kind of secession of the Sikhs, with the complicity of Pakistan.

Amrinder Singh had explained to me that while he would like to see a resolution passed condemning terrorism, there was no way of getting such a resolution from a representative gathering of Sikhs, in present conditions. He knew of the draft resolution supporting the terrorists, but thought on the night before the rally that he had succeeded in killing this. The organizing committee had rejected it by four to one. Then, at the rally itself, a member of the platform party had simply put the resolution, and it had been immediately carried, in the ritual manner. The resolution asserted that Sikh survival is now in danger and that therefore (in addition to constitutional measures of opposition) "in a befitting response, the Sikhs have taken recourse to other modes of resistance, thereby keeping alive the traditions, history, and ethos of the Sikh people."

So after Ludhiana the Sikh terrorists can credibly claim that their armed struggle has been unanimously validated at a representative gathering of the Sikh nation, and has received the blessing of the Sikh religion.



© SOORYA KAUR

Nanak

### God Was the Sword

THE WORD SIKH MEANS "DISCIPLE." THE SIKHS ARE the disciples of ten gurus who flourished from the late fifteenth to the early eighteenth century in the Punjab. The teachings of the ten gurus are explained in the Granth Sahib, the bible of the Sikhs.

In the time of the gurus the dominant power in northern India was the Mogul Empire, in which Islam was the official religion. The religion of the gurus grew up in the bor-

derland between Muslim and Hindu territory. The Punjab was part of that borderland. The first guru, Nanak (1469–1539), was originally a Hindu, and many of his followers have regarded themselves as belonging to the Hindu community and as practicing a purified form of the Hindu religion. The teachings of Guru Nanak are monotheistic and egalitarian, and are opposed to idolatry, to the caste system, and to the oppression of women. As the Sikhs increased in number and in influence in the region, the teachings of the later gurus became increasingly political and eventually militaristic. The fifth guru, Arjan (1581–1606), from the moment of his inauguration, directly challenged the legitimacy of the Mogul Empire. Thus challenged, the reigning Mogul Emperor, Jehangir, seized Arjan and tortured him, to obtain a recantation. Arjan refused to recant, and died under torture. He thus became the first great martyr of the Sikh religion.

The dying message of Guru Arjan to his son was, "My dear son, sit fully armed on the throne and maintain an army to the best of your ability." Arjan's son was the sixth guru, Hargobind (1606–1645). It was Hargobind who made the union of religion and politics a formal and explicit part of the Sikh religion, and also put the religion on a footing of war. Hargobind assumed the title of *Miri Piri Da Malik*, Lord of the Secular and the Spiritual, and wore two swords, corresponding to this concept. Since that day *Miri* (the secular) has been coequal in Sikhism with *Piri* (the spiritual). This concept remains central to the Sikh revolt of the late 1980s. That rally I attended at Ludhiana passed a resolution reaffirming the sixth guru's doctrine of *Miri* and *Piri*, the inseparability of the religious and secular spheres. This doctrine is of course incompatible with full participation in the political life of a nation, India, that is committed to the separation of the spheres in question. Opposite the Golden Temple, Hargobind built a new temple, dedicated to the union of *Miri* and *Piri*, and this became known as the Akal Takht, the Timeless Throne. It is the Akal Takht that is today the spiritual-cum-secular center of the Sikh revolt against the merely secular Indian state.

THE CENTRAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AKAL TAKHT IN the Sikh revolt has been blurred almost out of existence in the Western media. For the fairly brief period in 1984 when the Sikh revolt was making the front pages, it was "the Golden Temple" that was the center of attention. It was "the Golden Temple" that the Sikh religious-political leader Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale had turned into the headquarters from which he directed his insurrectionary, or terrorist, campaign. And it was "the Golden Temple" that was violated by the Indian Army when it decided to destroy Bhindranwale and his headquarters, in the military action known as Operation Bluestar.

But in reality it was in *the Akal Takht* that Bhindranwale made his headquarters, and it was the Akal Takht that was reduced to a ruin by the 105-mm guns of Indian Army



tanks, leaving the bodies of Bhindranwale and his companions in the rubble.

The confusion is understandable, indeed inevitable, because the expression "the Golden Temple" is generally used, by Sikhs as well as others, to refer to the Golden Temple *complex*. But the center of that complex is not just the Golden Temple but the binary system made up of the Golden Temple proper and the Akal Takht. The Golden Temple represents the spiritual aspects of the Sikh religion—*Piri*. But the Akal Takht, representing both *Miri* and *Piri*, secular power and spiritual power, is the focus of Sikh sacral nationalism. It was for this reason that Bhin-

dranwale made the Akal Takht the headquarters of his rebellion. And the spokesman and some of the leaders of the Sikh rebellion of 1987–1988 have operated from offices within the Golden Temple complex, next to the partially restored shell of the Akal Takht, in whose name they speak. This May, Indian security forces intervened in a more sophisticated operation than Bluestar, and succeeded, for the moment at any rate, in again ridding the temple complex of the terrorist presence. But outside the temple complex Sikh terrorism continues to increase.

Indira Gandhi was Prime Minister at the time of Operation Bluestar. Even before that—as early as 1982—she was being denounced at Sikh rallies as the "acting Mogul King of Delhi." After Operation Bluestar, Indira Gandhi was execrated, not only by Sikh militants but by the great majority of Sikhs, as the arch-persecutor of the Sikh religion, the right of armed rebellion against external authority being regarded by Sikhs, now as in the past, as an integral part of their religion.

On October 31, 1984, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was murdered by two Sikhs belonging to her personal bodyguard. One of her assassins, Beant Singh, was killed. Beant Singh has now followed Bhindranwale into the martyrology of the Sikh insurgents. For three days after the murder of the Prime Minister, Hindu mobs attacked the Sikh population in New Delhi, causing something like 4,000 deaths. During this period the authorities did little or nothing to protect the Sikh population. Indeed, although the governing Congress Party has always declared its resolute opposition to communalism, it is believed that some Congress officials, in those frenzied November days, instigated and directed the rampaging Hindu mobs. At the end of the three days the mobs were brought under control. There were no similar outbreaks in other Indian cities and—up to the time of this writing—there have been no further examples of mass violence by Hindus against Sikhs. However, the sharp escalation in 1987–1988 of Sikh violence in the Punjab, mainly against Hindus, inevitably raises the possibility of further Hindu backlash against Sikhs in other parts of India. Sikh terrorists are not worried about this. They probably believe—as Catholic terrorists in Northern Ireland believe about Protestant reaction to their deeds—that acts of violence perpetrated by members of the other community actually help their cause, by raising the national consciousness of their own people. At the end of that Sikh rally in Ludhiana young men were chanting the name of Bhindranwale.

THE SIXTH GURU, HARGOBIND, GAVE THE SIKH RELIGION its explicitly political form and made the Sikhs into a military force. The tenth and last guru, Govind Singh (1675–1708), reaffirmed the political character of the religion and added a major new institution. He also extended Sikh military power and made militarism part of the Sikh religion. Govind Singh "proclaimed that the sword was God and God was the sword"!

## THE NEW HOUSE

They had been traveling for days  
following the river  
climbing the foothills  
the wet green leaves  
closed over their heads      the ground  
brown and wet  
                                         she was getting tired  
she was finding it hard to remember  
                                         why they had come  
ripe berries had become dull  
to her tongue      the small fishes grilled  
over the coals at night  
                                         only made her hungry  
for bread.

                                         He was not tired  
his hands tied back branches  
                                         he could imagine the higher peaks  
and the pass they would find later  
and the valley below  
                                         full of fruit  
                                         of calm animals  
and where they would sleep together  
the wonderful bed of fur and branches.

And they did go on  
                                         until it was so  
though at dusk even far in the future  
                                         she never told  
about having wished to remain  
still in one place  
                                         and for a long time  
in the old garden, to have heard  
the human voices not so distant.

—Beatrice Hawley

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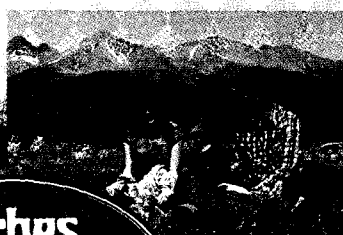
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Govind Singh's personal arms—an impressive collection of late-seventeenth-century weaponry—can be seen today at Anandpur Sahib, which is, after the Golden Temple complex, the second of the great temples of the Sikh religion. Govind Singh's arsenal should be seen not as a museum annexed to the holy place but as an integral part of the holy place itself, a central object of the cult. Weapons, according to Govind Singh, are *Pirs*: gods.

It was at Anandpur Sahib that Govind Singh founded the Khalsa ("the pure"), the sacred military brotherhood of the Sikh lions. *Singh* means "lion," and every baptized male Sikh is called Singh, being a lion of the brotherhood.

The Sikhs still recite as part of their daily *Ardas* (prayer),

at home or in the temple, what is known as the *Srimukh Vak*, the blessed word of Govind Singh. The blessed word runs, in Punjabi,

*Raj Karega Khalsa Aki Rahe Ne Koi Khwar Hoi Dab Milenge  
Bache Saran Jo Hoi.*

("The Khalsa shall rule, no refractory shall exist. In humiliation the refractory shall submit and those who seek refuge shall be protected.")

After the death of Govind Singh, in 1708, the Sikh Khalsa flourished exceedingly for a while, as an efficient and highly motivated armed brotherhood operating in the





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*A Sikh priest with the Granth Sahib (top left); preparing the Langar at the Golden Temple (bottom left); and Sikh leaders, including the late Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale (in yellow), at a 1981 rally*

propitious conditions of the disintegrating Mogul Empire. By the nineteenth century the dominions of the Sikh Maharajah Ranjit Singh extended over the whole Punjab, a designation that then applied to a large part of northwest India, including territories that are now part of Pakistan. But in 1849, after two hard-fought Anglo-Sikh wars, Britain annexed the Punjab, thus completing its empire on the subcontinent.

The British, impressed by the courage and martial prowess demonstrated by the Sikhs during the Anglo-Sikh wars, took great pains to conciliate the Sikhs and were largely successful during the heyday of the Raj. The British showed respect for the Sikh religion, which was more compatible with Victorian Protestant values than any of the other faiths of India. Sikh recruits to the British forces were sworn in on the Sikh scriptures, and were actually required, as a condition of their service, to conform to the requirements of the Sikh religion, as laid down by Guru Govind Singh, as regards personal appearance and behavior (turban, beard, abstinence from tobacco, and so forth). From very early on Sikhs responded to the conciliatory British approach, and they took the British side, against fellow Indians, in the great Indian mutiny of 1857. Although Sikhs were never more than two percent of the population of India, Sikh soldiers amounted to 20 percent of Britain's Indian Army.

The Sikh religion was able to accommodate itself to the British Raj partly because the British authorities had placed their nominees in control of the *Gurdwaras* (Sikh temples), including the Golden Temple complex, but also because the Sikhs came to think of themselves less as subjects of the Raj than as partners in it, "favorite sons of the Empress Mother." In such ways the Sikh religious principle of *Raj Karega Khalsa* adapted itself to the realities of the actual British Raj.

THE HAPPY SYMBIOSIS OF THE BRITISH AND THE SIKHS did not long survive the impact of the First World War—as disillusioning an experience for the Sikh soldiers as for other survivors. In the wave of unrest that swept over India in 1919, Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs appeared for a time to be united in a common cause. For the Sikhs, the most enduring legacy of this period is the recovery of Sikh religious autonomy: the ending, a generation before the coming of Indian independence, of British control over the Sikh *Gurdwaras*, and so over the means of registering Sikh religious and political opinion.

As independence neared, Sikhs—living in the borderlands between the two emergent states of the subcontinent—did not exactly have to choose between India and Pakistan, because Pakistan, being a Muslim confessional state, did not want the Sikhs, whereas secular India offered them equal citizenship. If the Sikhs had refused the Indian offer and insisted on their own state, Khalistan—meaning the state of the Khalsa, "the pure," the Sikhs—they would have had to fight alone, greatly outnumbered, against Pakistan, which laid claim to the Punjab, where Muslims were the largest community. So the Sikhs elected to join India, and Muslims and Sikhs fought it out in the Punjab, in 1947, through hideous intercommunal massacres, which left more than half a million dead and about two million homeless. The old Punjab was partitioned into West Punjab, part of Pakistan, and East Punjab, part of India.

Sikhs seem to have expected to enjoy some kind of

autonomous status for themselves as a religious national community within a confederal India. Sikh political leaders soon convinced themselves and their followers that they had in fact been promised such a status and then cheated out of it. Sikhs, though the largest community in East Punjab, were a minority of its total population.

The Indian government was concerned about the Sikh discontent but unable to concede what the Sikhs were actually looking for: autonomy for themselves as a religious community. To yield on that would be to accept the principle of communalism, an acceptance that would lead to the dissolution of India. Still, it was hoped that the Sikhs could be placated by arranging majority status for them, not through a religious criterion but through a linguistic one. The old Punjab had already been partitioned, between Pakistan and India. Now India's Punjab—East Punjab—was itself partitioned, on the basis of a linguistic survey. The northern part, speaking Punjabi, retained the name Punjab. In this new Punjab the Sikhs are a majority. The southern part of the old Punjab became Haryana, a state of Hindus, mostly speaking Hindi.

The government of India hoped that the Sikhs, having acquired majority status in their homeland, would be content. But the Sikhs were not content.

In the heyday of the British Raj their appetite for martial glory had been satisfied by a sense of participation, and an illusion of partnership, in the world's greatest empire. Later, glory was to be found in the struggle *against* the British Raj. The Sikhs claim that 90 percent of those who fell in India's struggle for independence were Sikhs; of course, the struggle in question, in the rest of India, was designed to be nonviolent. But to the Sikhs, brought up in the teachings of the tenth guru, the idea of a nonviolent struggle was incomprehensible.

Some commentators suggest that there are more "practical" reasons for Sikh unrest, high unemployment chief among these. But the question of employment—acceptable employment, that is—is inseparable from the question of honor among Sikhs. Working on your own farm is honorable; so is working for the government, especially the defense forces. But working as a factory hand is not honorable, and therefore not acceptable. For the industrialization of the Punjab the factory workers have had to be brought in from the outside, from poor provinces like Orissa and Bihar. In late May these immigrant Hindu workers became the main targets of Sikh "revenge" killings following the reoccupation of the Golden Temple complex.

Central to the present Sikh unrest is the excess in the numbers of young male Sikhs over the amount of honorable employment available. To own even a tiny farm is honorable, but the subdivision of the farmland appears to have reached its limit. Sikhs are conspicuous in the armed forces of India, but the proportion of Sikhs in the forces is significantly lower than it was under the British. There are Indian officials who would like to increase the number of Sikhs in the armed forces of India; others resist, believing that the Sikhs would be an unreliable element in the

armed forces. (There were some mutinies among raw Sikh recruits immediately after Operation Bluestar.) What career is open to a young male Sikh who doesn't have a farm of his own and hasn't been able to get a place in the defense forces or any other branch of government service? That question remains unresolved, and in the meantime there are too many young Sikhs who find no suitable outlet within the law for their abundant energies.

In the present generation a number of Sikhs in this category have decided to take up arms and fight for Khalistan. Those who make that choice don't necessarily have to believe that Khalistan is attainable. Whether it is attainable or not, the fight for it remains a thoroughly honorable pursuit sanctioned by the Sikh religion through the concept of the Khalsa (military brotherhood) and by the general value system of the Sikhs.



Govind Singh

## The Sign at the Edge of the Holy Lake

ON THE DAY AFTER THE POLITICAL RALLY, I WENT on, along India's Grand Trunk Road, to the holy city of Amritsar, to visit the Golden Temple complex, the holiest shrine of the Sikhs. The road from Chandigarh, the state capital, to Amritsar runs through flat, lush country of summer wheat, ripening at the time, broken by stands of poplar and eucalyptus. There were few military or police vehicles, and no signs of unrest or tension, until we reached Amritsar. The Holy City is the center of the troubles, and the killing grounds are the region between Amritsar and India's borders with Pakistan.

In Amritsar the security forces of the Indian government were much in evidence. They maintain a cordon all around the Golden Temple complex, and the faithful are checked, questioned, and sometimes searched as they go in and out. The faithful obviously dislike this. It is said that attendance at the Golden Temple has dropped to no more than a quarter of what it was before the troubles began. Most Sikhs ascribe the decline to the frightening demeanor of the security forces, and that is no doubt a major factor. But it seems probable that there has also been another factor: the frightening character of certain transactions going on within the temple precincts themselves. (These transactions have been interrupted by the intervention of the Indian security forces in the temple com-

plex in May. It may, however, be difficult for the security forces to prevent the reinfiltration of the terrorists, as happened after Bluestar. In what follows, I am describing conditions at the temple complex as they were before the May intervention.)

The precincts of the Golden Temple form a splendid spectacle under the gentle sunshine of the North Indian spring. It is a spacious and soberly harmonious ensemble, nobly planned and executed, and well maintained. The grand feature of the complex is the large artificial Holy Lake (or "tank," as it is called). The Golden Temple itself is an architectural island in the middle of the lake, a fairly small building, as was necessitated by the cost of its precious covering. Around the lake runs an extremely wide marble promenade: the Parikrama. A pier with an ornate gate connects the Parikrama to the Golden Temple. On the other side of the Parikrama, facing the entrance to the Golden Temple, stands the other great temple of the Sikhs: the Akal Takht, the Timeless Throne of *Miri* and *Piri*, the sacred architectural symbol of the fusion of religious and political authority in the holy nation of the Sikhs.

At the time of my visit the Akal Takht was under restoration after its bombardment in 1984. The restoration of the exterior was almost complete; workers were applying gold leaf to the cupola. But the sanctity of the restored edifice is challenged. The money for the restoration was contributed by the government of India, as part of an effort to promote reconciliation with the Sikhs after 1984. But the Sikh militants hold that restoration from such an unhallowed source is not acceptable. The new edifice will have to be torn down and the Akal Takht restored in all its holiness, and this must be accomplished by Sikhs, alone and unaided. Pending that, the idea of the Akal Takht remains—irrespective of the present edifice—the animating concept of the entire complex that includes the Golden Temple.

Apart from the shattering of the Akal Takht, Operation Bluestar did little damage to the temple complex. My guide made the most of what damage there was, pointing out some pockmarks of shrapnel on the gold integument of the temple in the lake, and the track mark of an Indian Army tank on the marble flooring of the Parikrama. The guide also told me that the Indian Army had completely destroyed the temple library, with its ancient sacred manuscripts. "They did it in order to wipe out the culture of the Sikhs," the guide explained.

The religious life of the temple precincts seemed to be going on normally, though with reduced numbers. In the temple kitchens men and women were preparing the *Langar*, the communal meal that the Sikh religion offers to all who wish to partake. A group of women were dipping a baby in the Holy Lake. It was a cool morning, and the baby cried. The women took it out, wrapped it up, and comforted it.

A peaceful scene. But things had not really returned to normal in the temple precincts. In normal times the tem-

ple is a busy place at night, when the main liturgical events of the Sikh religion take place. But people were now afraid to go into the Golden Temple precincts after dark. The hostels of the complex, where all visitors are entitled to stay for three nights free of charge, had become poorly frequented. Visitors had been terrorized by the militants. Women had been abducted, raped, and subsequently blackmailed. Dead bodies had been found outside the temple gates. So it was not a place to linger after dark.

On the first morning of my visit there was just one outward sign of the presence of terrorists in the temple complex. The sign took the form of a makeshift metal screen, with bits of paper pasted on it, standing on the Parikrama, right at the edge of the Holy Lake, on the Akal Takht side. At the top of the screen was a colored picture of the martial tenth guru, Govind Singh. Below the guru were newspaper pictures of Sikhs recently killed by the Indian security forces. The iconographic message was altogether clear: those whom the Indians call terrorists are martyrs of the Sikh religion, and honored in this holy place.

On the following day I went to the temple complex in order to make contact with some of the terrorists, alias militants. I had been tipped off as to how to do this. The first thing was to make contact with the official custodians of the temple complex, the representatives of the statutory elective religious body, the Shiromani Gurdwara Parbandhak Committee. As often in Sikh affairs, there were two representatives, an old man and a young man. The old man had an expression like an American television evangelist, and he had also an abundant snow-white beard. The combination put me in mind of "the King" in *Huckleberry Finn*, as he appears in Kemble's illustrations. The young man looked hard-eyed and street wise, and I knew he was the man for me.

The old man started off by telling me nostalgically about his recent stay on a health farm in New Mexico. Then, with a "back to work" expression, he delivered a monologue on the Sikh religion, stressing the pacific and ecumenical Guru Nanak side, rather than the militarism of Guru Govind Singh. Then I put my prepared question (should you, reader, ever visit the Golden Temple complex at Amritsar, and should you have a mind to visit with the terrorists in residence there—supposing they are there at the time—the way to frame your request is as follows):

"Could you put me in touch, please, with some of those who are engaged in voluntary religious service in the temple precincts?"

*Kar Seva*—translated as "voluntary religious service"—is a technical term of the Sikh religion. It includes such pacific services as preparing the *Langar* and cleaning the Parikrama. But it also includes military service in the holy cause of the Khalsa, the brotherhood of the Sikhs.

My interlocutors knew I was not talking about the *Langar* cooks. The old man looked at the ceiling, as if contemplating the mystical beauties of the concept of *Kar Seva*. The young man said simply, "Come back tomorrow at nine."



IN A BARE OFFICE, ON THE EDGE OF THE PARIKRAMA, TO the side of the Akal Takht, I met representatives of the Panthic Committee. *Panth* means “the Sikh community.” The Panthic Committee is an ad hoc umbrella body, empowered to issue collective statements on behalf of the five major terrorist bodies (Khalistan Liberation Commandos, Bhindranwale Tigers, and so forth) that were then in control of the Golden Temple complex. There was no furniture in the office. On the walls were three pictures: the inevitable Govind Singh, Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, and an unidentified young Sikh with a submachine gun.

When I came into the office, I thought there was only one person there: a tall, soldierly Sikh who didn’t look particularly bright. Then I noticed that the soldierly man seemed to be deferring to someone else, in a corner of the room, below my original line of sight.

The man who was sitting on the floor in the corner was very thin—indeed, emaciated. He wore a heavy blanket over his shoulders, though the room did not feel cold. He had a black turban and a long blue-black beard. His features were classical, patrician, his eyes deep-sunken. He was about as pale as it is possible to be, and far paler than any Indian I had ever seen. He looked like a man who hadn’t got long to live, and who didn’t much care how long anyone else got to live either.

The personage was Narvir Singh, the *Jathedar*—“high priest”—of the Temple at Damdama, the fifth holiest of the temples of the Sikhs. Narvir Singh was in the Golden Temple complex by invitation of the terrorists, who drove out the *Jathedar* of the Akal Takht, who had opposed their plans. Narvir Singh is one of the principal preachers and promoters of the Holy War.

Our conversation didn’t last very long. Narvir Singh is a man of few words, as one could see by looking at him. He spoke in Punjabi, and the soldier translated.

“What are you fighting for?” I asked.

“Khalistan.”

“What exactly is Khalistan?”

At a nod from Narvir Singh, the soldier handed me a map, helpfully headed in English “Map of Khalistan.” I looked at the map in confusion.

“But this is a map of *India*!” I said.

“Not all of the present India,” Narvir Singh said, in scholarly correction. “It does not include Jammu and Kashmir.”

The map of Khalistan, formerly India, minus Jammu and Kashmir, was covered with markings in the Gurmukhi script, the written language of the Sikh scriptures. I had the notations translated for me after I left the Golden Temple complex. There were some important changes in place names. New Delhi was renamed “Tenth Guru City,” after the warrior guru, Govind Singh. And the airport at Delhi, now known as Indira Gandhi International Airport, had become Beant Singh International Airport, after Mrs. Gandhi’s martyred Sikh assassin.

From an Indian point of view, this last change is equiv-

alent to renaming the John F. Kennedy International Airport the Lee Harvey Oswald International Airport.

Narvir Singh could see, apparently, that I was having some difficulty in assimilating the proposition that Khalistan is not so much a secessionist project as a project for the annexation of India by the Sikhs, who number less than two percent of the population of the subcontinent. Narvir Singh said something in a very low voice, charged with emotion. The soldier translated: “It is a little boy walking in a room. Soon it will have the whole house.”

THE PROJECT OF KHALISTAN, AS EXPOUNDED TO ME in the precincts of the Golden Temple by the representatives of the Panthic Committee, appears about as demented as a political project can be. Yet there is some method in the madness. This is reflected in the omission of Jammu and Kashmir. These provinces are claimed by Pakistan, which covertly backs Khalistan. The developing unrest in the northern part of the Punjab, bordering on Jammu and Kashmir, is favorable to Pakistan’s hopes of recovering what it regards as its lost provinces, as well as paying off a number of other old scores.

More than anything else, Khalistan is a project for bringing about the destruction of the Indian state in a welter of communal disturbances, of which the Sikhs see themselves as the spearhead. The Punjab Sikhs Lawyers Council speaks in the name of the “human rights of Sikhs and other oppressed nations.” The Sikhs are looking for allies and have found some. There were Naxalites in the Golden Temple complex before the storming in 1984. At the Sikh rally in Ludhiana there was a sizable Indian-Muslim contingent, marching behind a green flag with a crescent and a star: another symptom of the Pakistan connection.

I am afraid the Khalistan insurgency is likely to prove prolonged and bloody. As far as the Sikhs are concerned, the insurgency is deeply rooted in their religion and tradition. If attacks by Sikhs against Hindus provoke ferocious Hindu backlash—as happened in November of 1984 in Delhi, after Mrs. Gandhi’s murder—the Sikh alienation from the rest of India will undoubtedly become more widespread. But even as it is, the Sikh majority is protective of the Sikh insurgents, and likely to remain so.

In Delhi, political leaders are still trying to find a formula that will reconcile the Sikhs to their place in Indian society. The effort, in itself, is no doubt praiseworthy. But I must say that nothing I encountered in Ludhiana or in Amritsar did anything to encourage a belief that a stable and voluntary political accommodation is possible between the secular and democratic state of India, on the one hand, and the sacral nationalism of the Sikhs, on the other. It is in the interests of all the peoples of India—including the Sikhs, though they don’t know it—that the force that prevails will be that of India; and that the state will be faithful to its own basic anti-communal principles and constitution, repressing both Sikh terrorism and any recurrence of Hindu mob violence against the Sikh population. □

WINGS

BY GUY BILLOUT



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# ARCHITECTURE

## THE MUSEUM AS BAZAAR

*There's even a place for art*

BY ELLEN POSNER

**I**N *THE VOICES OF SILENCE*, André Malraux observed that the art museum is a strange institution. It holds only the art that is portable and available, wrenches it out of context, and sets it up in improbable juxtapositions. If he had lived to see some of our new museums, surely he would also have observed that museums are threatening to trivialize the art they house.

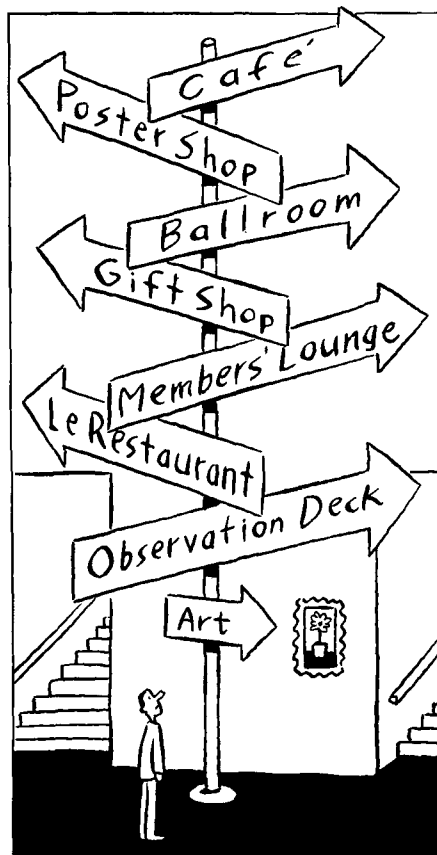
If you need a glamorous space for a corporate event, the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, can arrange to rent you one of theirs—for example, the Temple of Dendur. The tiny 2,000-year-old Egyptian structure, which is mounted on a shallow stone podium over a pool of water meant to represent the Nile, is housed in a huge, glassy new wing designed by Kevin Roche. The museum staff will supervise music, catering, and flowers. And the granite floor that rims the installation is described by staff members as “perfect for dancing.” (One senior staff member of another museum, who had thought that the Met’s Temple of Dendur wing was an extravagant waste of space and money, recently attended his first party there and changed his mind. “The band was playing and people were dancing in front of the temple,” he recalls with enthusiasm. “Cecil B. De Mille just couldn’t have done it any better.”)

If you’re getting married, you can have your wedding in the dramatic atrium of Atlanta’s High Museum of Art, designed by Richard Meier. Since the new museum building opened, in 1983, it has been one of the hottest rental spots in town. The whole museum can be kept open, too, so that guests can stroll around; a staff member describes this higher-priced option as “like renting a hotel ballroom, but nicer and with pictures.”

And at the Art Institute of Chicago just about anything short of a wedding can be accommodated (and something is, nearly every night of the week) in the ornate and meticulously reconstructed

Trading Room from Louis Sullivan’s otherwise demolished Chicago Stock Exchange Building (c. 1893). Rental fees for that room are so high that museum-related events tend to be priced out. They are sufficiently high, in fact, that the cigarette burns, water marks, chips and cracks, and cockroaches that result are deemed by those concerned to be justifiable tradeoffs.

The art museum as social gathering place and cultural department store, although hinted at or imitated elsewhere, is an American invention, and has been subject to fine-tuning for decades. Even at the turn of the century—during this country’s first museum-building boom—the new structures, unlike their European counterparts, often came fitted out with libraries, lecture halls, and prominently placed sales counters, and



their staffs were busy publishing attractive periodicals that were meant to stir up public interest.

There were unenthusiastic observers of the hoopla. Benjamin Ives Gilman, whose study of museums was published in 1918, warned that efforts to publicize and popularize art museums would result in an atmosphere that would work against “real comprehension.” He argued, too, that the pictures would be damaged by crowds of people coming into the buildings for no good reason and kicking up dust. The historian and critic Lewis Mumford, writing a bit later, observed that the new, important-looking museum buildings that were being erected across the country were symbolic primarily of imperialism and the plunder of other civilizations; he dismissed America’s overblown museums as “loot-heaps.”

Nevertheless, the construction of art museums boomed and boomed again over the decades, their numbers growing easily from hundreds to thousands. Expectations continued to evolve as well, and so more activities, more things to eat, and more things to buy were added to the museum-going experience. Museum directors took on with zeal the mission of bringing art (or at least the idea of art) to an ever wider public. By the 1970s full-service restaurants, vast book and gift shops, and jam-packed “blockbuster” exhibitions had become standard. (In the early 1980s the Metropolitan Museum pushed the emporium mode to new heights by establishing its very successful bridal registry—and then into the stratosphere when it began placing scarf- and bauble-strewn sales counters adjacent to nearly every exhibition in the building.) Other museum activities of the 1980s are similarly superheated. In fact, they are threatening to eclipse everything that came before.

**A**N ART MUSEUM is now the single most prestigious and sought-after commission for an architect—frequently one is awarded only after a long, rigorous, expensive international competition or a worldwide search conducted by a ponderously star-studded selection committee. The American Association of Museums doesn’t have up-to-date statistics, but a conservative estimate would be that twenty-eight new art museums and twenty significant additions to existing art museums have been announced, begun, or completed in the

United States in the past five years.

Hardly any of these new structures comes without an elaborate array of ancillary spaces to house all the things that must go on in a contemporary museum. The extension that Michael Graves has designed for the Whitney Museum of American Art, in New York, for example, includes a 250-seat theater with its own lobby, greenroom, and lounge. And if work does proceed (at the moment, the controversial design has been held up by community groups and the Landmarks Preservation Commission), the restaurant and shop in the existing building will be enlarged. A planned expansion of the Brooklyn Museum—designed by Japan's most famous architect, Arata Isozaki, and the former dean of Columbia University's architecture school, James Stewart Polshek—calls for the square footage for shops and res-

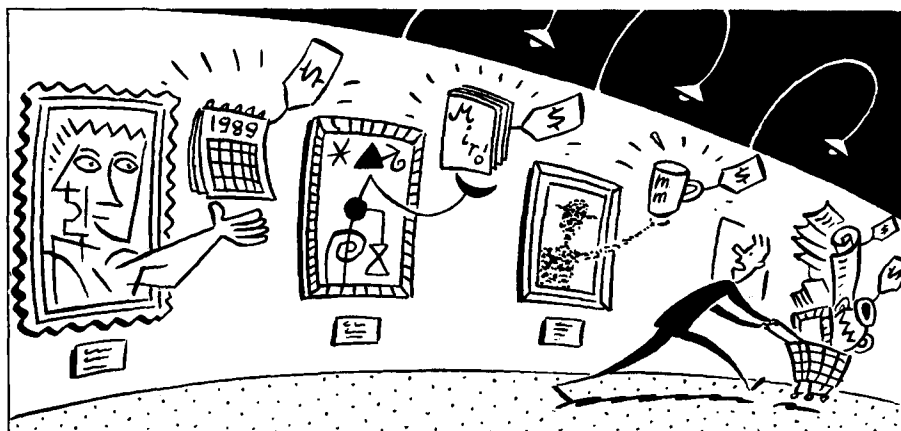
in there someplace, museums stand at the center of social life. And the buildings themselves are expected to attract and seduce the casual passerby, to deliver glamour, panache, and chic, and to promise a good time to be had by all. Neither the slick emptiness and aimless flow of the shopping mall nor the heightened jolt of vividness and style of the latest nightclub is considered to be entirely out of place. In fact, art museums seem to be sliding toward an aesthetic that is about commerce more than anything else. These buildings have an important effect on how people come into contact with and think about works of art.

This is not to say that the art museum has had a particularly long and venerable history to depart from. Just over 200 years ago there was no such thing anywhere as a public art museum. The pic-

ture from the configuration of the Renaissance palace. The series of connected rooms arranged around courtyards happened to work very well for the display of art. The palatial associations were helpful, too, in providing settings of some grandeur, which were expected.

Variations on the palace theme came to prevail in the United States as well (at least until the advent of modernism). The symbolism was appropriate, because the buildings were meant to serve as little palaces of culture and emblems of civilization in cities whose inhabitants wished earnestly to demonstrate that they were not living in cultural wastelands.

If architects are coming up with less convincing and coherent design solutions today (Michael Graves's design for the Whitney extension has been criticized for looking "like a post office," and Arata Isozaki's Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles has been called "a civic center"), the fragmented purposes of the art museum may be at least partly to blame.



taurants to be increased by 100 and 210 percent, respectively.

The phenomenon has become strangely exportable, too. The Tate Gallery, in London, for example, which recently opened a new set of architecturally ambitious galleries (designed by James Stirling) to house its Turner collection, is now widely admired for its wine cellar, and it is said to be quite difficult to get a reservation there for lunch.

When museums were thought of primarily as places for the conservation, study, and display of works of art, new structures were designed both to suggest that opportunities for repose and contemplation were available within and to symbolize what were believed to be the uplifting properties of art: hence the park and suburban settings, the important-looking colonnaded entrances and celestial domes, the exhilarating flights of steps.

Now, however, although the art is still

ture and sculpture collections that had begun to be amassed during the Renaissance—when, scholars generally agree, art came to be valued as a thing in itself, rather than for its success in depicting religious and civic themes—belonged predominantly to princes, noblemen, and the Church.

Collections like the one at the Louvre began to be opened to the public only in the eighteenth century—and even then policies were not exactly egalitarian. Hours were often limited, for example, and requirements for dress were known to exist, with access restricted in some cases to those who could show up in top hats (even a relatively progressive museum might demand "clean shoes").

It was not until the nineteenth century that architects were called upon to design freestanding buildings specifically for the public display of works of art. And when they began, they tended, not surprisingly, to borrow in various ways

ROBERT VENTURI, the design principal of the Philadelphia firm Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown, the author of the watershed document *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, and the person who is credited with almost single-handedly bringing symbolism and historical allusion back to architecture, is now at work on designs for a string of new museum buildings in the United States (in Austin, Seattle, and La Jolla) and for an extension to the National Gallery in London. He has found that the program—the commissioning organization's set of requirements—for an art museum, which used to be among the most straightforward of programs, has turned into "one of the most complicated in existence."

In a talk he gave to London's Royal Society of Arts last year, Venturi explained that while the ratio of space for art to space for other uses in a nineteenth-century museum typically was 9 to 1, the ratio now is likely to be about 1 to 2. He listed some of the spaces that the architect of a museum may now be called upon to design, including spaces for films, lectures, concerts, and other sorts of performances; one or more restaurants and their kitchens; a shop; studios; laboratories; computer facilities; conference rooms; sufficient offices, bathrooms, and locker rooms for the staff required to run all the programs;

and, of course, a large, important, festive space in which to hold special dinners and gala celebrations.

Venturi reminded his audience that the architect is expected to bring all these spaces together in some logical, clear, and convenient way—and still manage to find somewhere to put the art. A long, complicated trek past commercial and culinary displays, alluring in themselves, does not usually help to establish the kind of relaxation conducive to contemplation. In fact, it sets up a kind of motion that keeps one's feet moving past the pictures.

As Venturi sees it, when you finally make it to the art, you may be "either worn down by the banality of the maze you have traversed, or jaded by the drama of the spatial, symbolic, or chromatic fantasies the architect has ejaculated you through." And the price you pay is that "the art when you reach it has become a kind of anticlimax—in fact, dull, as you perceive it with your by then constricted pupils, jaded sensibilities, and loss of orientation."

It's not as though the art hasn't had a little souping up of its own, though. According to Paul Marantz, a lighting designer who specializes in museums, our visual expectations have been so heightened by "the general pictorial world of films, television, restaurants, boutiques, and so on" that paintings displayed in any subtle way, such as in natural light, tend to look uninteresting.

So even though natural light has been making a comeback after years of completely artificially lit galleries in which paintings have been displayed like shoes in department-store windows, and even though natural light is the only full-spectrum light—the light by which the human eye has evolved and the light by which all pre-twentieth-century works were created—track lights are almost always installed in galleries, with spots beamed at the paintings to help them along.

Galleries have been getting some help too. In fact, the palace look has been making its way back in, after the interruption of large, flexible, white-walled spaces that were a requisite of modernism. Rooms of fixed dimension, for example, opening one to another, have been showing up again in museum after museum, as have colorfully painted and fabric-covered walls and decorative moldings galore. (A really strange retrofit can be seen at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, where Mies van der

Rohe's large, single-space, elegantly detailed, high-modernist glass-and-steel addition to the original building has been subdivided into a maze of little roomlike spaces with pastel-colored walls and carpeting.) These galleries seldom have real windows or authentic architectural detail, though. And there can be a nagging feeling that, like the department-store displays they resemble, they have been designed to sell you something.

Richard Meier had not been asked specifically to liven up the social scene in Atlanta. But social expectations were clearly in the air when he was awarded the commission to design the new building for the High Museum of Art. And when the abstract, formidably high-style, brilliantly white, light-filled new museum opened, its tremendous impact on the city had little to do with the art it housed but rather was a result of the visual excitement of the building itself, particularly its entry sequence and thrilling introductory atrium (the galleries had been pushed to the periphery). Like a fashionable club, it simply "caught on."

Meier says that even he was surprised to see how "things began to coalesce around" the new building. "It filled a void in the life of the city that no one had even identified," he says. "It became the place to be." Apparently unaware of the full range of exotic activities for which the museum is now being rented out, Meier volunteers, a little shyly, that he thinks they might be holding fashion shows there.

At the Louvre visitors may like to have their photographs taken in front of the *Mona Lisa*. But in Washington, D.C., at the National Gallery's East Building, which was designed by I. M. Pei, was completed in 1978, and is a forerunner of the current type, visitors may be hard-pressed even to find the galleries. These spaces have been wedged into the corners around the immense, lofty, glass-roofed central space through which run bridges, balconies, an escalator, and a mesmerizing parade of people (but rarely any art). Photograph-taking at that museum tends to occur at the underground shop-and-restaurant juncture between the old and new buildings, where through a glass wall a waterfall can be seen streaming down underneath the glassy tetrahedrons that Pei has strewn across the road at ground level.

(Pei has been busy in Paris, too. At this writing his enormous seventy-one-foot-high steel-and-glass pyramid is be-

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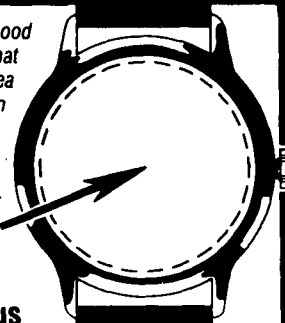
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ing completed in the Louvre's Cour Napoléon. A maquette on display there last fall showed that the huge open mall-like space beneath the pyramid, which will serve as the introduction to the new Grand Louvre, will have ribbons of escalators and a fancy hydraulic lift.)

THE COMMERCIAL TILT in design shouldn't be all that surprising, since, as the American Association of Museums (which represents every type of collection, including botanical gardens and zoos) likes to point out, "Museums are big business." Indeed, the art museum in particular has come in recent years to be especially valued for its usefulness as an economic tool. And its power as an element in real-estate development, neighborhood revitalization, and tourism has been informing the strategies of planners and elected officials from California to New England.

In Los Angeles, for example, about eight years ago the Community Redevelopment Agency set out to enliven a grungy part of that city's downtown by finding a developer for an 11.2-acre site in what is known as the Bunker Hill area. The developers who were awarded the contract got started on plans for a \$1.2 billion mixed-use project they called California Plaza.

The CRA's policy was that at least one percent of the budget for any downtown development project had to be used to buy works of art to be displayed in and around the buildings. In the case of California Plaza, that was going to buy a lot of sculpture. But Edward Helfeld, who at the time was the director of the CRA (he now holds an equivalent position in San Francisco), learned that a mayor's advisory group was looking around for a site on which to build a museum for contemporary art, which, they had come to believe, no major city should be without. Helfeld and his colleagues were quick to realize that planting an art museum amid the offices and shops of California Plaza would be a way of bringing some real luster to the project. And with Mayor Tom Bradley's help and the acquiescence of the advisory group—who weren't getting their first choice for a site but were getting a free building—the set-aside for art for California Plaza was translated into a set-aside for a building to house art.

No one seemed to be daunted by the fact that there was no art: no collection, no promise of a collection. After some discussion the museum's trustees

were permitted to select their own architect. They decided on Arata Isozaki. The design guidelines imposed by the developers were stringent, however, and the tortuousness of Isozaki's path to an approved design has become legendary.

The building had to be split into two parts, so that access (not merely logistic but visual) to the shops would not be obstructed from any point. It had to be kept low so that the views from (as yet unbuilt) residential towers would not be obstructed. The configuration had to conform, along with everything else in the development, to the structural grid of the concrete parking garage that sits underneath it all. Thus an art museum designed by a world-famous architect in a city known for the extraordinary quality of its light turned out to resemble, in one architect's words, "a subway station" and to have many of its galleries in underground darkness.

Isozaki appears to have done the best he could with MOCA (which did finally get some art), and parts of it are very strong—vivid, elegantly crafted materials (red Indian sandstone, brushed aluminum, white crystallized glass, onyx, copper) and powerful geometric forms (the pyramid, the vault). But the place of apparent importance, to which visitors naturally ascend after buying their tickets, has been given to the book and gift shop, which is located at the mall level. In order to reach the galleries, visitors must descend into a courtyard that serves as the outdoor seating area for the restaurant (the menu of which was the subject of a recent lengthy press release from MOCA) and walk from there, past the food, into a small, low-ceilinged lobby. Once inside, a visitor is drawn toward the light from the first, beautifully skylit gallery, and the space is not a disappointment. Nor are the sunny galleries that follow. Further along in the sequence, though, are galleries that had to be kept under street (or plaza) level—without even a skylight poking up—and they turn out to be artificially lit rectangular spaces that could be absolutely anywhere at all.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art is being encouraged to build its new quarters in a proposed downtown real-estate development project called Yerba Buena Center. The \$2 billion project is a big deal for San Francisco, where development has pretty much been strangled—but it has been stalled for some time. A

1987 editorial in the *San Francisco Examiner* urged everyone to get going on securing the participation of the SFMMA, which "could move the whole project forward." (Edward Helfeld says that although he did not suggest this strategy, he wouldn't be surprised if it had been adapted from California Plaza.)

In the town of North Adams, Massachusetts, a complex of nineteenth-century mills that had been adapted to serve as factories (now closed) is being eyed for conversion into what would be the "largest museum of contemporary art and architecture in the world"—MASS MOCA. Appropriate to the scale of this endeavor, not one but two of the most prominent and interesting architects now practicing—Frank Gehry and Robert Venturi—have been approached about collaborating on a renovation. The Massachusetts legislature has come up with \$35 million worth of funding—about two thirds of the proposed budget—in the hope that the museum will be able to bring the whole town back from the economic brink it began to edge toward when the factories closed down. It seems clear, though, that a great deal more than a display of sculpture and architectural models will be needed if the museum is going to fulfill these extravagant hopes.

In recent memory museums that have been built primarily in the service of the art they house have been, for the most part, privately paid for and privately endowed: for example, Louis Kahn's Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, the Yale Center for British Art, in New Haven, and Renzo Piano's Menil Collection, in Houston.

The North Adams experiment reminds us that the growing alliance between art museums and commerce is a paradoxical development. For if the commercial activities attached to museums can distort their purposes, they can also help to make their existence possible. That uneasy balance, however, is in danger of shifting.

Philippe de Montebello, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, points out that whether or not it makes the connoisseur comfortable, an exciting building designed by a famous architect is one of the best fund-raising tools a museum can have. He also describes the selling of scarves and the renting of halls as "public services." "Without those activities we couldn't even pay the guards," he says. "We would have to close the doors of the museum." □

# MUSIC

## STRINGS IN JAZZ

*From classy window dressing to integral component*

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

JAZZ IS A PROTEAN music with a sense of manifest destiny. Having appropriated its harmonic system from European classical music, jazz ought to be able to annex classical instrumentation with little difficulty. But string sections are regarded with suspicion in jazz, even though soloists from Charlie Parker to Wynton Marsalis have recorded with strings, and composers from Duke Ellington to Ornette Coleman have written for them. For decades the problem was a lack of classically trained string players capable of phrasing with genuine jazz feeling. But now a good number of well-rounded string players are proficient in jazz—or at least familiar enough with it, from interpreting a half century's worth of jazz-influenced classical scores, not to embarrass themselves. The fault lies with jazz composers and arrangers, who have displayed little sophistication in writing for strings. It is said that Igor Stravinsky, before beginning work on *Ebony Concerto*, for the Woody Herman Orchestra, hired a professional jazz musician to show him saxophone fingerings. Aaron Copland supposedly once turned down a commission because he had no idea how to write for the guitar. In writing for stringed instruments with which they have little firsthand experience, few jazz composers have shown Stravinsky's practicality or Copland's modesty. For many of them, the actual sound of violins has been less of an incentive than the leap in class that violins are presumed to represent. Thus the combination of jazz and strings has generally resulted in fusty romanticism or amateurish experimentation.

Of course, every jazz critic has his own brief list of exceptions. Mine includes *The Symphonic Ellington* (Trend TR-529), Parker's transcendent version of "Just Friends" (from *Charlie Parker With Strings*, Verve 817-442-1), and the gossamer settings that Eddie Sauter provided for Stan Getz on the 1961 album *Focus* (Verve UMV-2071). I also include two recent albums that renew hope for

the future of the genre by carefully avoiding the mistakes of the past.

The first of these is *Three Windows* (Atlantic 81761-1), by the premier jazz chamber group, the Modern Jazz Quartet. This record marks the MJQ's return to Atlantic Records and its reunion with Nesuhi Ertegun, who produced most of the classic albums that the group recorded for Atlantic from 1956 to 1974. For the occasion John Lewis—the group's pianist and music director, and a member of the pantheon of jazz composers—has opened up several of his compositions to accommodate the nineteen-piece New York Chamber Symphony.

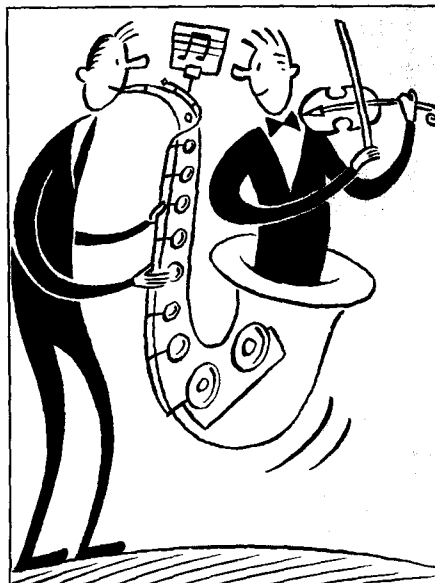
The vintage works to which Lewis has appended strings include the 1954 "Django," his best-known composition, and the album's title track, a triple fugue introduced as part of Lewis's score to Roger Vadim's 1957 film *No Sun in Venice*. "Kansas City Breaks" and "A Day in Dubrovnik" are newer works that Lewis has recorded in various settings, although never before with the MJQ. Even "Encounter in Cagnes," the album's one premiere and the final cut with strings, sounds vaguely familiar, because it disguises a strain from "Two

Degrees East, Three Degrees West," an insinuating 1950s Lewis blues.

Lewis's most attractive characteristic as a composer has always been his sense of proportion. But in decorating the works on *Three Windows* with strings, he has deflected attention from the intricate detail that made these works so appealing in the first place. The exception is "A Day in Dubrovnik," an evocative three-part suite that gives the illusion of having been conceived as a discourse between the MJQ and the chamber orchestra. The stately second movement, with its tensile, Vivaldi-like violin strokes, represents the most fruitful of Lewis's many efforts in writing for strings, and the most successful of his attempts to make a larger ensemble privy to the intimate dialogues that are the MJQ's trademark. The opening and closing movements also deliver their share of felicities—call-and-response with the strings; tension-generating stop-times and rubatos; dovetailing, indigo thematic improvisations by Lewis and the vibraphonist Milt Jackson; and the usual selfless teamwork from the bassist Percy Heath and the drummer Connie Kay. "A Day in Dubrovnik" is a masterpiece of its kind, as blissful a marriage of jazz and strings as one might wish for. The strings never seem an afterthought. In fact, when the MJQ performed the piece without strings on the American Public Radio program *St. Paul Sunday Morning* last August, the element of grandeur was missing.

THE DRUMMER Max Roach, still a pacesetter some forty years after sparking several of Charlie Parker's best recordings, is responsible for the other recent album that successfully integrates strings. *Bright Moments* (Soul Note SN-1159 and 121-159, distributed by PolyGram Jazz) is the second album by Roach's Double Quartet, which is made up of his long-standing regular group (the trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater, the tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, and the bassist Tyrone Brown) and the Uptown String Quartet (the first and second violins Diane Monroe and Lesa Terry, the violist Maxine Roach, and the cellist Zela Terry).

At face value *Bright Moments* is less ambitious than its predecessor, the 1985 release *Easy Winners* (Soul Note SN-1109 and 121-109, also distributed by PolyGram Jazz), which boasted two sweepingly elegiac works—Pope's "Sis" and Roach's "A Little Booker." But on *Easy*



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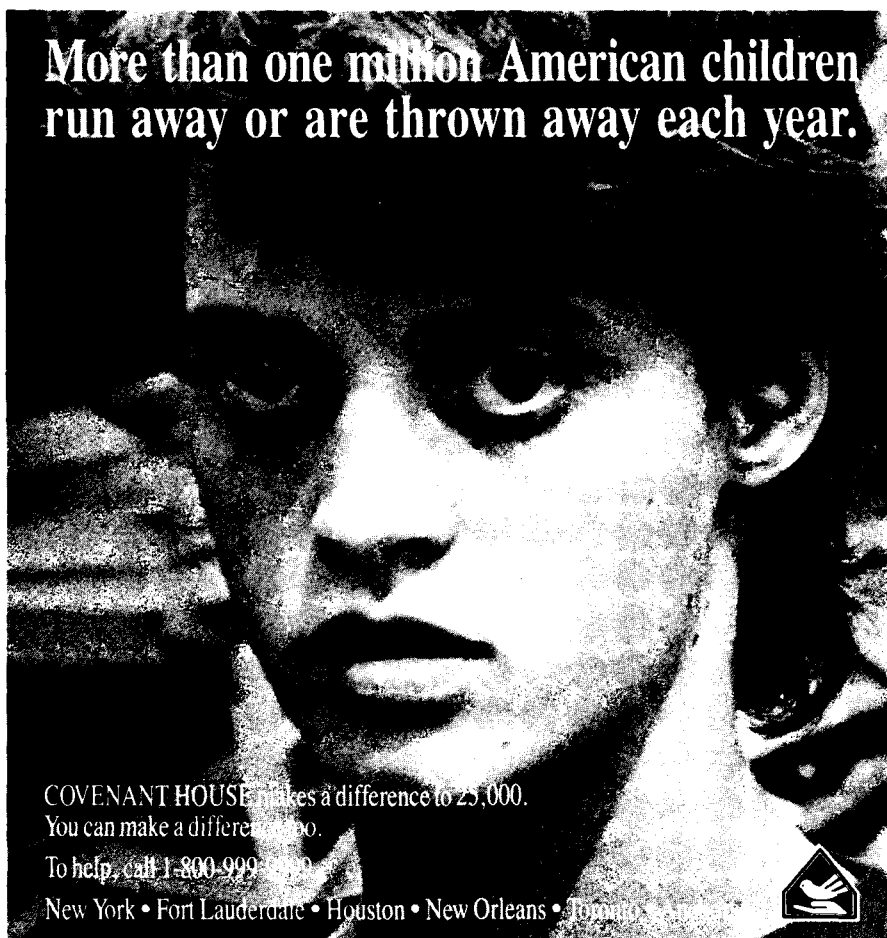
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*Winners* the strings were subordinate to horns and percussion. This second album strives for, and generally achieves, a greater instrumental parity, and its low-key affability is not the least of its virtues, given the genre's potential for bloodless abstraction. Instead of merely underlining solos, as on much of *Easy Winners*, the strings trade choruses on Bridgewater's arrangement of Randy Weston's "Hi Fly," join in the collective improvisation on Pope's "Elixir Suite," and achieve an especially provocative consonance with Pope's tenor saxophone on both Steve Turre's "Double Delight" and Brown's "Tribute to Ellington and Mingus" (it's a matter of like attracting like, because Pope's lower register is cello-like in its astringency). But the album's *pièce de résistance* is the title track: a festive interpretation of Rahsaan Roland Kirk's "Bright Moments," with the strings punching out the theme staccato, like a big-band brass section. Not surprisingly, the arrangement is by Frank Foster, now the director of the posthumous Count Basie Orchestra and long one of the wittiest and most inventive of big-band arrangers.

*Bright Moments* turns coy in spots, with unison string passages that sound overly genteel. But the members of the Uptown String Quartet, all of whom are classically trained, display a genuine affinity for jazz, and no wonder: Maxine Roach is Max Roach's daughter, and the Terry sisters are the trumpeter Clark Terry's nieces. The strings are integral to Roach's conception, not just a bid to cushion his music's hard blow to win middlebrow acceptance—this is modern jazz at its most unfettered and direct. Best of all, the setting encourages circumspection on the part of Bridgewater and Pope, both of whom have been guilty of prolixity in their past efforts with Roach's band. By doubling the size of his group Roach has made it sound smaller and more intimate. The strings pull in the slack.

Both *Bright Moments* and "A Day in Dubrovnik" do more than strike a satisfying but temporary bargain between jazz and chamber music. "A Day in Dubrovnik" serves as a reminder that jazz has a flexible chamber tradition of its own to call on, going back to the John Kirby sextet and Benny Goodman's small groups and today epitomized by the Modern Jazz Quartet. *Bright Moments* reminds us that jazz also has a delightful habit of absorbing whatever strikes its fancy. □



# HEALTH

## BABES IN DAY CARE

*The controversy over whether nonmaternal care harms infants*

BY ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

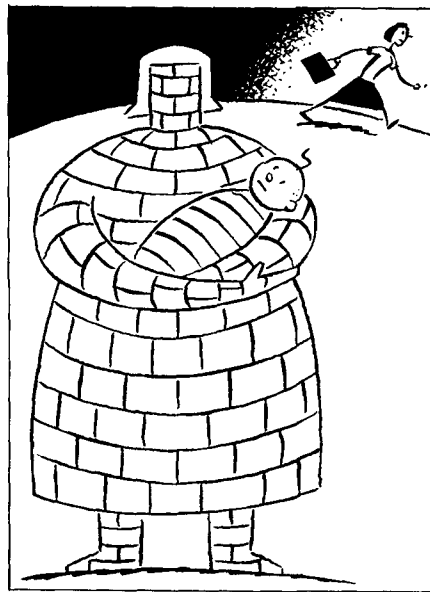
FOR MANY OF US, the very notion of infant day care conjures up unpleasant, Dickensian images. Subjecting a baby to daily care by a surrogate so that its mother can work seems to go against the American grain. This may in part explain the explosive public reaction to reports of a review paper, "The 'Effects' of Infant Day Care Reconsidered," written by Jay Belsky, a developmental psychologist at Pennsylvania State University, for *Early Childhood Research Quarterly*. The paper reported that Belsky's research group, that of the psychiatrist Dr. Peter Barglow, of the University of Chicago Medical School, and others had shown that infants of twelve to thirteen months who have been subjected to more than twenty hours a week of nonmaternal care are at risk for future psychological and behavioral difficulties. Nonmaternal care includes day-care centers, family day care, and care in the infant's home by a babysitter or a relative.

Newspaper reports about this finding sent shudders of guilt through millions of parents. The headlines have long since subsided, but what remains is the misguided impression that Belsky scientifically established what many of us secretly fear to be true: that mothers of infants who do not devote at least most of their time to child-rearing risk compromising their children.

The impression given by the report is quietly echoed by a handful of child-development experts. Dr. Eleanor Galenson, a prominent New York City child psychiatrist, told me that she has long considered full-time child care to be bad for infants and that Belsky's report simply confirmed what she saw in her practice every day—children whose psyches are seriously damaged in part because of a dearth of maternal attention. "Putting infants into full-time day care is a dangerous practice," she says. "Psychiatrists have been afraid to come out and tell the public this, but many of us certainly know it to be true." Another extremely influential authority on child care told

me privately that despite public pronouncements to the contrary, he feels "in my guts" that infants are better off at home with their mothers.

Many psychologists and psychiatrists who specialize in the study of child-care issues, however, respond quite differently to Belsky's review. Many are outraged not only that Belsky would publish such a report but also that he would tout it on talk shows even before it was published. The announcement was particularly surprising coming from Belsky, who was well known for another review



paper he wrote on infant care in a university-based day-care center in the late 1970s which concluded that "the total body of evidence . . . offers little support for the claim that day care disrupts the child's tie to his mother." Some accused Belsky of harboring a personal bias (his wife quit a professional position to raise their children) and of being publicity-hungry. Belsky dismisses such attacks as vulgar and inappropriate, but they illustrate the deeply felt nature of the debate. Probably no adult and surely no parent can claim to be completely unbiased when it comes to the question of

how and with whom infants should spend their days. However, while it is not possible to settle the question, given the relative paucity of data on the effects of infant care, a closer examination of Belsky's arguments and the base on which he builds them does shed some light.

BELSKY AND OTHERS who study the effects of child care on children rely for their infant data mainly on the Strange Situation Test, which is simpler to perform than it is to interpret. The test was designed in 1964 by the child psychologist Mary Ainsworth, then at Johns Hopkins University, to measure a one-year-old's attachment to its mother. It involves seven three-minute episodes in which the child is left alone with its mother, then left with its mother and a stranger, and then left successively with the stranger, with the mother, alone, and with the stranger, until, finally, the mother returns for good. Observers judge how readily the baby can be calmed by its mother when stressed, and whether it avoids or resists her. Insecurely attached babies either avoid or actually push away their mothers, while securely attached babies seek their mothers out. Research that relied on the results of this test has demonstrated that infants raised at home who are insecurely attached to their mothers are at higher risk for future psychological problems than are securely attached infants.

In his review paper Belsky reported that his research group's study and three others all demonstrate that infants subjected routinely to more than twenty hours a week of nonmaternal care are more likely to show insecure attachment when tested. This insecure attachment is associated with "heightened aggressiveness, noncompliance, and withdrawal in the preschool and early school years." He concluded from this that extensive day care in the first year of life is itself a psychological risk factor. (Day care after a child's first year is not in contention here, and little is known about its effects.)

As Belsky himself concedes, however, the Strange Situation Test may well not be the best method for comparing children who experience day care with those who do not. The test was designed to measure infant attachment at a time when most children were raised at home. Belsky's critics point out that children in day care are subjected to what is in some respects a strange situation every day, when their mother or fa-

ther leaves them in the care of someone else. Over weeks or months these children may very well get used to spending time with people other than their parents. Several psychologists have argued that infants in day care might simply have a precocious independence from their mothers—an independence that most normal children acquire over the next several years—and would not show stress if given the test. Belsky is troubled by this argument.

"I don't want to suggest that the Strange Situation Test is definitive—far from it," he says. "I have no qualms with the argument that we need new measures. But early research showed that day-care kids show the same level of stress due to separation as non-day-care kids [hence they are equally suitable to be tested for insecure attachment], and my critics completely ignore this data." Belsky's critics counter that such data as exist to support the notion that day-care and non-day-care infants experience equal stress in the Strange Situation Test is at best inconclusive. Moreover, most of the research done in early-infant day care does not control for the quality of care an infant receives. And other than making an attempt at defining the economic class of an infant's parents, researchers barely consider its home environment. Yet parents who regularly use child care may differ in any number of ways from parents who keep their children at home, and these differences might be crucial to the interpretation of test results.

"The decision to place children in day care is correlated with many other variables, and this is absolutely the issue," says John Richters, a developmental psychologist and staff fellow at the National Institute of Mental Health, who wrote, with Carolyn Zahn-Waxler, a developmental psychologist at the NIMH, a rebuttal for *Early Childhood Research Quarterly* of Belsky's report. For example, parents who use full-time infant care may, on average, be under more financial strain than other parents; they may put more emphasis on their careers, or be less interested in domestic activities. "We have no idea what's involved here," Richters says. "Parents who use more than twenty hours of child care each week might share one or more other traits that would cause their infants to show a less secure attachment to Mother." Belsky acknowledges that studies have not yet taken these other variables into consideration, and says that doing

so is "the current research agenda."

This methodological problem aside, the difference in maternal attachment Belsky reported between infants in day care and in home care, while significant, is not overwhelming. In the four studies Belsky reviewed, a total of 464 infants were tested. Of these, 41.5 percent of the infants in day care and 25.7 percent of infants cared for at home were insecurely attached. Alison Clarke-Stewart, a psychologist at the University of California at Irvine, who wrote a review of sixteen studies of infant care, found the differences to be somewhat smaller, with about 36 percent of infants in day care and 29 percent of infants cared for at home insecurely attached. (Studies in Europe, Israel, and Asia using the Strange Situation Test find about 35 percent of all infants in home care to be insecurely attached.) In all studies the majority of infants remained securely attached to their mothers regardless of their exposure to day care. There is no ignoring the question of why so many children in both groups test insecurely attached; so far there are no answers.

At any rate, Clarke-Stewart points out, even infants in day care who appear from test results to be insecurely attached are not necessarily at high risk of suffering from future psychological problems. "Belsky contends that child-care infants doubt Mom's availability and responsiveness, and that they develop a coping style to mask their anger," she says. "But this is an interpretation for which we have no empirical support. Children in infant day care have been observed to be normal. They are not emotionally disturbed." As for the implication of longitudinal studies showing later psychological problems for children raised at home who were categorized as insecurely attached on the Strange Situation Test, Clarke-Stewart and others say that day-care infants are by definition brought up differently from home-care infants, and that this difference in upbringing might well make it inappropriate to compare them directly.

"Comparing infants in child care with infants raised exclusively at home may not be very useful," says Kathleen McCartney, a psychologist at the University of New Hampshire who specializes in day-care issues. "We have no idea whether their differences, if any, are related to their day-care experience, their home experience, or other factors. Is child care a risk factor for infants? Well, it depends. What kind of child care are

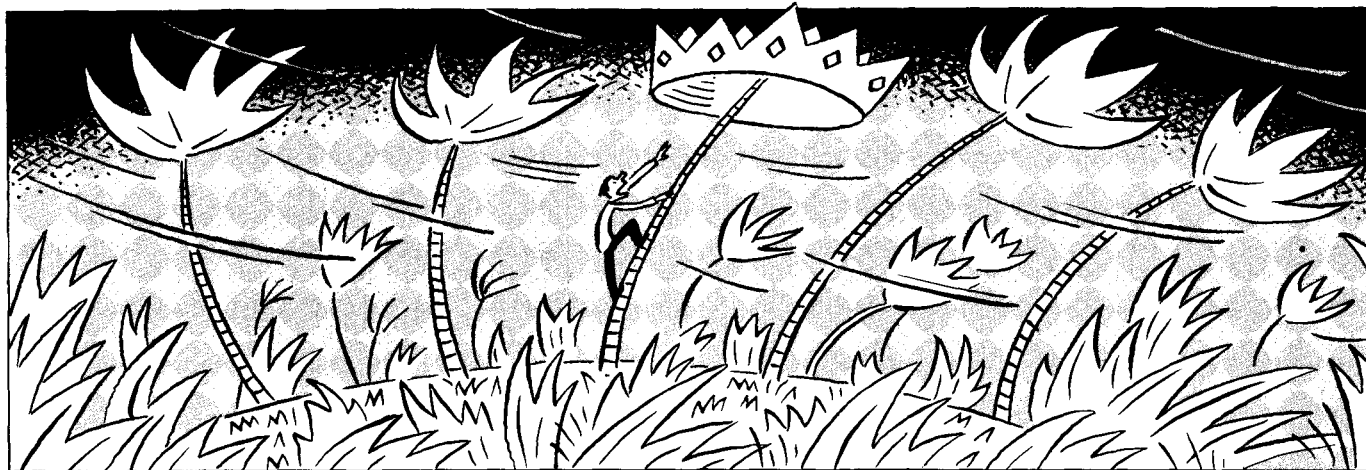
we talking about? What are the parents' motivations for using child care? What is the infant's personality? We do know that children in high-quality day-care centers do better than those in low-quality centers. We know that young children do better in small groups than in large ones. We know that children do better if their caretakers don't change frequently and are available, empathetic, and sensitive to the child's needs. But beyond that, there's not much that we can say that's backed by research."

**B**ELSKY IS DISMAYED by what he considers to be the misconstruction of his findings by political conservatives in anti-child-care arguments. "All I've said is that it's a risk factor," he says. "My purpose was not to castigate the very institution—just the institution as it exists today in this country."

In an as yet unpublished book chapter titled "Motherhood and Child Care," Kathleen McCartney and Deborah Phillips, who is a psychologist at the University of Virginia, discuss the evolution of American child care in this country. They point out that our notion of motherhood is a romanticized social construct peculiar to contemporary Western culture, and they argue that American society's almost obsessive ambivalence about who should care for young children "reflects concerns that child care poses a threat to motherhood and the sanctity of the family." Child-care services, they write, "are rarely portrayed as supportive and complementary to the family, unless accompanied by paternalistic motives to rectify the effects of deprivation." It follows that the debate over whether children are slightly more or less attached to their mothers owing to early exposure to child care overlooks a much more fundamental conflict: the underlying uneasiness we as a nation feel with the very idea of infant care.

Legislators and educators, who continue to question the role of infant care too, seem to put aside the reality that half of all infants today are regularly cared for by someone other than their parents, three quarters of them for more than twenty hours a week, and that that proportion is growing steadily. Research into the effects of infant day care clearly must proceed, and its implications may be great for parents and employers. But that research should not distract us from the undisputed fact that bad care is never good for any child and good day care is all too hard to find. □

## BOOKS



### THE MOUNTEBANK KING

BY CULLEN MURPHY

KINGDOM IN THE MORNING MIST  
by Gerald Cannon Hickey.  
University of Pennsylvania, \$22.95.

GERALD HICKEY is an ethnologist who spent many of the twenty years between the French and American retreats from Vietnam among the Montagnards, the tribal people of Vietnam's central highlands, and it was there, in the wild green fastnesses of Indochina, that he first heard the name of Charles David, "le Baron de Mayréna," a nineteenth-century hustler and adventurer and briefly a king. Hickey opened a casual dossier on Mayréna. On trips to libraries and archives in Saigon and Phnom Penh he studied yellowing old newspapers and government documents. The used-book stalls along the broad boulevards of both capitals yielded an occasional worn, dusty surprise. After completing an ethnohistory of the central highlands, now the standard work in its field, Hickey began researching Mayréna's life systematically. "With each day the traces of the past were disappearing as the war swept everything in its path," Hickey writes. "In the face of this coming chaos and the need to divert attention from the ever-increasing ugliness, I found myself drawn more and more to the Mayréna story and to the Saigon and central highlands of his time." It is a re-

markable story and one that echoes down the years, for the Baron de Mayréna was not the last to seek his fortune in the highlands, achieve momentary success and fame, and then lose everything. In a curious way, moreover, Mayréna's actions—his creation of a short-lived Montagnard kingdom—affected the policies of both France and the United States in Indochina.

AUGUSTE-JEAN-BAPTISTE-Charles David was born in 1842 in Toulon, France, the son of a naval officer who affected the surname Mayréna to celebrate some vague claim to ancestral distinction. It was as David-Mayréna that young Charles enlisted in the French Army, seeing action of some sort in the Far East as France gained a toehold in Cochinchina, or what is now southern Vietnam. Napoleon III's Asian ambitions were eventually pared back—the Maximilian business in Mexico claimed his full attention—and Mayréna sailed home, entered into an unhappy marriage, and gratefully raised the cry "To Berlin!" when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, in 1870. He distinguished himself in this conflict by an arrogant and boasting manner and by deserting his regiment, somehow rising to the rank of captain nonetheless and being named a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur. Accounts left behind by those who knew him at this time reveal that Mayréna was regarded as a fraud of surpassing accomplishment.

France, of course, lost the war, and Mayréna was mustered out. He wrote a short, incredible memoir of his experiences in Cochinchina, went to work for a bank in Paris until evaporating funds

congealed in a cloud of embezzlement, took refuge among the Dutch in Java for a spell, was deported as an undesirable, and returned to the cafés of Montparnasse with apocryphal tales of his access to sultans and his firsthand knowledge of the whereabouts of gold and gutta-percha. Gutta-percha is a milky juice obtained from the *Dichopsis gutta* tree, and it was highly prized as an insulator for wires, as a dental filling, and as a finish for canes. It opened a lot of doors for the man who now styled himself Baron de Mayréna. In 1884 he won a commission from Baron Sellière, a French financier, to lead an expedition to the sultanate of Atjeh, in Indonesia, where rebels fighting the Dutch seemed disposed to trade gutta-percha for guns. Sellière gave Mayréna 30,000 francs and a rather open-ended letter of endorsement from the Ministry of the Navy and Colonies. Mayréna promptly took a boat not to Indonesia but to Cochinchina, installing himself with several cronies and an exotic mistress in a mansion in Saigon.

Mayréna was not an evil man. He was a busybody and a rascal with a yearning for foreign adventure, sensual gratification, financial comfort, and glory for himself and for France. Indochina was ideal for a man of such ambitions. Four empires—the French, British, Prussian, and Dutch—were vying for supremacy throughout Southeast Asia, establishing settlements along the coasts and sending probes into the interior. It was a time when an intrepid European could, with the help of quinine and a few stout porters, venture deep into the uncharted jungles and emerge a month or two later claiming vast new territories for his monarch and his God. But the European



hold was tenuous. Mayréna, to his delight, arrived in Saigon at the height of the so-called Revolt of the Literati, an unsuccessful attempt by the kingdoms of Annam and Tonkin, which lay to the north of Cochinchina, to throw off French suzerainty. The King of Siam, meanwhile, was aiding the Vietnamese insurgents and, with British connivance, seeking to extend his sway westward into the highlands of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. The "Siamese question" preoccupied French officials and inspired Mayréna.

Feigning a "scientific interest in gutta-percha," Mayréna had several times been permitted to mount brief expeditions into areas beyond formal French control. Now he proposed to travel up to the central highlands and win the allegiance of the independent tribes, planting the tricolor in a French-controlled buffer state and halting the Siamese advance. The lieutenant governor of the Indochinese Union was appalled; a mission of this kind, he wrote to his superior, should only be undertaken by "a man of even character, very gentle, very conciliatory, and of irreproachable ways and of perfect honesty." The governor-general mistakenly interpreted the warning as an endorsement. In April of 1888 Mayréna departed for the highlands on an Arabian steed, followed by two mistresses, three interpreters, four Chinese merchants, eighteen Vietnamese soldiers, and eighty porters. He returned to civilization four months later, astride an elephant, having proclaimed himself Marie I, King of the Sedangs.

MAYRÉNA, AS IT happens, truly was a king. His own self-serving accounts of the expedition are unreliable, but those who accompanied Mayréna agree that his extraordinary displays of marksmanship and an apparent resemblance to Set, son of the Thunder God, impressed the highland chieftains, who one after another swore fealty to him. In a matter of weeks Mayréna ruled a vast domain.

Marie I assumed his duties in the wilderness with a seriousness and dedication that suggests a certain remoteness from the reality of his circumstances. He at once designed a national flag (a white cross in a red star on a blue background) and a national seal (with the motto *Jamais Céder*—"Never Yield"), and promulgated a constitution in which the authority of the monarch was decreed to be

absolute and hereditary, freedom of religion was guaranteed, and human sacrifice forbidden. Mayréna took the occasion to grant himself a divorce from his French wife and name his son the "prince royal"; he divided his kingdom into five provinces, appointed tribal chiefs as governors and deputy governors, created a Royal Order of the Sedang ("for those who have rendered service to the Sedang kingdom"), decreed the existence of a postal service, created an Order of Sedang Merit (for distinction in the "arts, letters, science, and industry"), ordered that the uniforms of his army should consist of red vests and white pants, created a Royal Order of Saint Marguerite (for those who displayed "military valor in the service of the Kingdom of the Sedang"), and specified that the army should enter battle crying "God! France! Sedang!"

When Mayréna emerged from the jungle in September of 1888, he was hailed at first as an exotic hero, "the king of the Sedangs." An official banquet was held in his honor. It soon became clear, however, that Mayréna represented big trouble. The original idea had been for him to establish French authority in the highlands and then get out. Now he wanted to rule—and to have his royal status recognized by Paris. A French official relayed this message: "If he is not recognized as king of the Sedang, he would have no scruples in declaring that he will accept the propositions that he would receive from the Germans, the Siamese, the English, and the Chinese." Legal scholars in Saigon warned that the threat was not an idle one: the documents supporting Mayréna's position—his treaties with tribal headmen—were, in their view, "incontestable." As diplomats exchanged angry, worried telegrams, Mayréna busied himself with the duties of government. In Haiphong he had certificates printed for the Order of Saint Marguerite and arranged with a Chinese tailor for the manufacture of several thousand red vests and pairs of white pants. He borrowed money liberally from the gullible, bestowing decorations and granting concessions in return. He wrote to the Vatican requesting the appointment of a bishop. Frustrated by French antagonism, he eventually sailed to Hong Kong to treat with the British. There Mayréna created a new class of earls and dukes, commissioned medals from a local goldsmith for the Order of Sedang Merit, and renounced all allegiance to

the land of his birth. Sir Hugh Clifford, a Hong Kong resident, wrote in his diary,

Solemnly and publicly, in the name of himself and his people, with that complete lack of all sense of proportion and of the ridiculous that made him so delightful, he repudiated France!

In the end France settled "*l'affaire Mayréna*" by forcibly annexing the central highlands, citing as justification the alleged tributary status of the highland tribes to the kingdom of Annam, which was a French dependency. Sedang, according to this argument, had been French all along. The incorporation of this remote, alien, ethnically distinct region into French Indochina was to have unfortunate consequences. The *mission civilisatrice* never quite took hold in the mountains, where the tribesmen remained fiercely independent and suspicious of lowlanders (who for their part regarded the Montagnards as savages). Indeed, the integration of the highlands into the rest of what would become Vietnam was attempted only fitfully. And yet the highlands were strategically sensitive. Mayréna's kingdom was a key battleground during both the first Indochina War, in the late 1940s and early 1950s, and the second one, in the 1960s and early 1970s, and it proved virtually indefensible against infiltration. It is no coincidence that one major access route to the Ho Chi Minh Trail ran through the middle of it. The South Vietnamese were always reluctant to fight in the highlands—they didn't feel the territory was really theirs—and at the same time, fearing revolt, were unwilling to give the Montagnards the means to defend the highlands themselves. It was in the highlands, not surprisingly, that the North Vietnamese forces mounted the final, crippling offensive that precipitated the collapse of South Vietnam, in April of 1975. Mayréna's recognition of the unique character of the highlands and the people who lived there seems, in retrospect, at once prescient and enlightened.

Marie I ruled Sedang for less than a year. Deprived of his throne by France and finally penniless, Mayréna returned to Europe, where he somehow persuaded a Belgian industrialist to finance an expedition to reclaim the kingdom. He sailed around the East Indies for several months, finding his path to Sedang barred by the French, the English, and the Siamese. He died mysteriously—a victim of suicide, a duel, or a snake

bite—in 1890 on the island of Tioman, off the coast of Malaya, a place that seven decades later would represent Bali Hai in the movie *South Pacific*.

*Kingdom in the Morning Mist* is not fully any one kind of book—not fully biography or narrative history or cultural anthropology—and that is its strength. It draws on many dry and important and forgotten studies of Southeast Asia but also achieves the flavor, variously, of Malraux's *Anti-Memoirs*, Trevor-Roper's *Hermit of Peking*, even Waugh's *Black Mischief*. It offers a painless introduction to the origins and evolution of imperialism in Indochina, a story not widely recited these days but one whose consequences persist. It provides a window onto the highland world of the Montagnard peoples—a world now largely destroyed—with whom the author lived for the better part of two decades. And, thanks to the character of Mayréna himself, it is a Gallic romp of the first water. □

## WHY WE CAN'T GIVE UP THE BOMB

BY PAUL KENNEDY

### FATEFUL VISIONS:

Avoiding Nuclear Catastrophe  
edited by Joseph S. Nye, Jr., Graham T.  
Allison, and Albert Carnesale.  
Ballinger, \$19.95.

EVER SINCE 1945 the planet Earth has existed in the shadow cast by the mushroom cloud of Hiroshima. The nuclear genie, having escaped, cannot be imprisoned in its bottle again; on the contrary, its destructive capacity has grown and grown, so that the American and Soviet arsenals alone contain more than 50,000 nuclear weapons. Never in the history of human conflict, to paraphrase Churchill, has so much excessive and largely superfluous military force been concentrated within weapons systems with so little prospect of being used.

The more people ponder nightmare scenarios—ranging from the chances of a limited (but still catastrophic) exchange, triggered by a technical malfunction or other accident, to the doomsday prophecies of a nuclear winter—the more they yearn to get rid of

nuclear weapons. But that is easier said than done.

In the first place, how practically can one ensure the total abolition of American and Soviet systems, let alone those that have proliferated elsewhere on the globe? Second, would their abolition make the world a more secure place? As Professors Nye, Allison, and Carnesale point out in the introduction to *Fateful Visions: Avoiding Nuclear Catastrophe*, "The central irony of nuclear weapons is that their very destructiveness has reduced the probability of both nuclear and conventional war." Living under the shadow of Hiroshima has engendered caution, which in turn has made for Great Power stability and peace. Do we really want to upset the applecart?

And yet, and yet . . . Even as human beings accept the numbing logic that the threat of mutual annihilation may have made for peace, they instinctively struggle to escape from the Kafka-esque world that has been created. Some have turned to the exploration of modest, practical forms of controlling nuclear escalation—from "no first use" strategies to making the weapons more accurate and thus less destructive generally, to improving Soviet-American relations in order to reduce the political reasons for antagonism. Others have sought to retreat into defense-dominated technology, such as the systems envisioned by the Strategic Defense Initiative. Still others have been driven to propose larger and much more radical solutions. Accepting Arnold Toynbee's 1948 contention that the traditional nation-state and the split atom cannot co-exist on this planet, they have proposed the abolition of one or the other—either the complete destruction of nuclear weapons and technology or the creation of some form of world government that would render obsolete the traditional recourse to war.

Some of these proposed "solutions" are, then, altogether more far-reaching in their implications than others. But what they all have in common is the belief that the present situation, in which the two superpowers are poised for a nuclear interchange under certain circumstances, is simply too risky. By one means or another, therefore, it requires modification. This is the meeting ground of all the contributions to this volume, which is itself the result of a Harvard-based series of conferences devoted to searching for a way out of the present situation.

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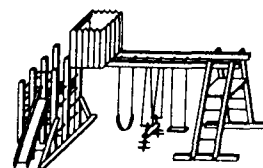
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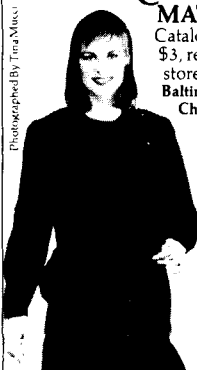
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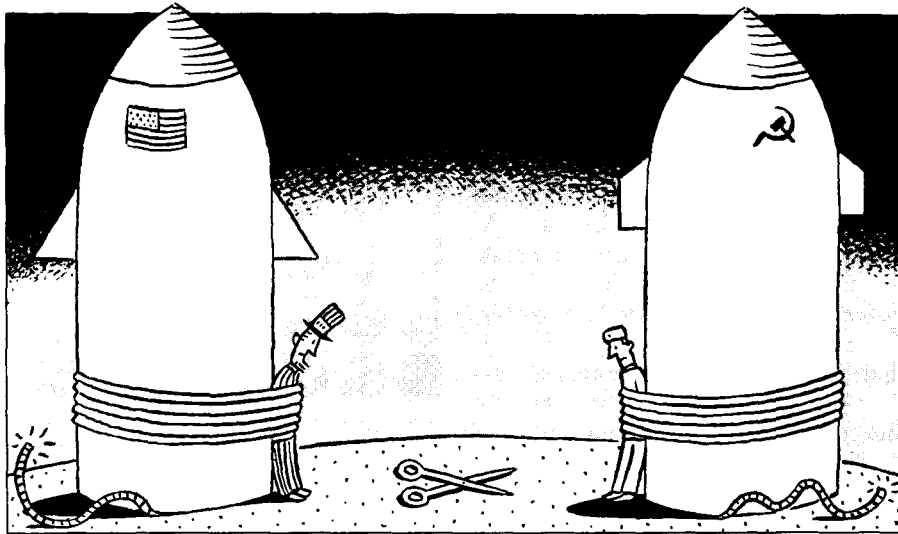
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Photographed By Tina Miller, N.Y.





SINCE SUCH A collection is eclectic by nature, it makes little sense to point out the differences and occasional contradictions that are bound to occur. What is being offered here is a sort of *à la carte* menu of options that a future U.S. Administration might care to pursue; no one imagines that the entire array of dishes can be swallowed at once.

By far the most experimental dish is "World Government," whose subject is nicely analyzed by Lee Neuman. As he points out, the initial attractiveness of the concept disguises an array of practical difficulties so formidable, indeed, as to leave the reader wondering whether this essay should have ended on the reasoned note that it does. Could all national governments be trusted? Would they all obey a central world body? What about terrorists—or a civil war? James Miller argues in his chapter, "Zero and Minimal Nuclear Weapons," that the same appalling difficulties make it close to impractical to consider the total abolition of nuclear weapons at present. Even a reduction to (say) 500 strategic warheads on each side would involve problems that would be extremely difficult to surmount.

At root, human nature—or mankind's propensity toward accident, misperception, deceit, prejudice, narrow-mindedness—is probably going to hold us back from the "leap of faith" necessary to create a world government or to abolish all nuclear weapons. For that reason, therefore, the majority of essays in *Fateful Visions* concentrate on shorter-term and more modest forms of improvement. The first cluster deals with changes in military doctrine and practice designed to bring both sides away from the brink of nuclear conflagration. Admittedly,

the authors grapple with radically different proposals for moving away from that brink. Stephen Flanagan examines the plethora of "nonprovocative and civilian-based defenses" that have been proposed of late, chiefly by West German writers who want to obstruct a possible Warsaw Pact conventional attack but don't want their nation to possess any weapons that would appear threatening or offensive. In contrast, Albert Carnesale investigates the proposals to develop highly accurate "smart" weapons—carrying either conventional or low-yield nuclear warheads—in order to allow an armed service to hit very specific targets instead of devastating entire cities. Yet each of those schemes, as the authors show, has its own inherent difficulties, of credibility, verification, or implementation.

But if that is true, and if "defense-dominant" technologies like SDI have their own array of problems, as Charles Glaser shows they have, then perhaps the only realistic solutions lie in the direction of "lengthening the fuse"—abandoning the early use or first use of nuclear weapons, and correspondingly beefing up the West's conventional forces, so that a Warsaw Pact offensive could be contained for a time sufficient to permit the possibility of a negotiated cease-fire. This certainly makes sense to members of the public and, increasingly, to elite opinion, although many conservatives fear that the West might adopt a "no first use" policy without any corresponding (and expensive) buildup of conventional forces.

Since none of these alternatives (even the lengthening-the-fuse schemes) is free of problems, certain other writers have turned away from military and

technological solutions and argued instead for escaping from our present quandary by political means—by changing the atmosphere and the assumptions that have brought nations so frequently to blows. At the most general level this is usually taken to involve the fostering of international contacts, trade, and institutional arrangements, based on the Cobdenite belief that the more peoples know and trade with one another, the better they will understand one another. Apart from the many historical examples of the emanation of jealousy, rather than friendship, from increased contacts and commerce, there is the difficulty that, as David Welch puts it, "internationalist approaches tend to require as a precondition for success some degree of precisely what they seek to establish: a climate of international cooperation." While they ought not to be scorned, therefore, they are certainly no guarantee of improved relations.

It has been proposed that the United States ought to consider measures to improve Soviet-American relations and to encourage a long-term moderation in Soviet policy. Sean Lynn-Jones and Stephen Rock's broad-ranging "From Confrontation to Cooperation" explores the various reasons (economic, internal, external) why Moscow and Washington might wish to move closer together. Perhaps the only thing missing from their survey, in this cynical reviewer's opinion, is the fact that for twenty years now the Russians have been sending signals that they would like to combine with us—in order to check China!

The overall prospect of nuclear war would be vastly reduced, of course, if the "other side" moderated or, indeed, abandoned its claims. Whether a moderation of Soviet policy can best be effected by the stick of containment or by the carrot of cooperation has always been the key issue from the American point of view. Almost as important has been the question of the cost to the United States of containing the Soviet expansion everywhere—a debate initiated, as Robert Beschel details it, by George Kennan and Walter Lippmann in 1947, and still going on today between such experts on the USSR as Richard Pipes and Marshall Shulman. Beschel's preference for the early Kennanite position of overall containment reads like an intelligent hawk's grasping for reassurance as the Reagan era fades and Gorbachev shows ever less inclination to interfere in the world outside. Suppose Soviet expansionism is



fully "contained." It remains an open question whether the ultimate nuclear threat (by, say, a desperate post-Gorbachev regime) would be eliminated, or even reduced.

Suppose, however, that the Soviet economic and political decline—a decline that explains why Gorbachev is driving so hard for *perestroika*—goes even further. No doubt a gentle, graceful Soviet decline would be welcomed in Washington, but what if that very trend tempted the Russian leaders into desperate actions? It is not altogether clear, as Kurt Campbell points out, that a drastic weakening of Soviet power (as is fervently espoused by superhawks in this country) would add to the chances for peace. As with the Hapsburg Empire in 1914, decision-makers may be driven into acts of desperation that bring down the entire edifice.

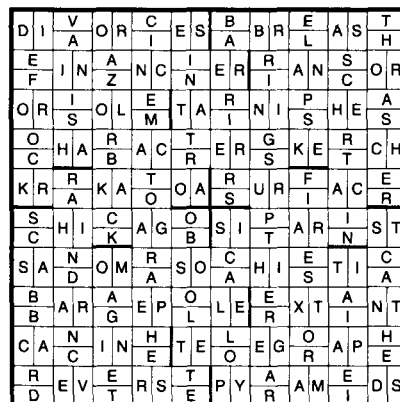
**F**ATEFUL VISIONS is of considerable significance. Its editors, and some of its authors, may have a leading role in formulating the foreign and defense policies of any future Democratic Administration. And the topic it addresses—how to escape from our present nuclear quandary—is of transcendent importance whichever presidential candidate gains power. Compared with this, every other political issue (protectionism, education, drugs) must be secondary. Yet for all the earnestness, intelligence, and significance of *Fateful Visions*, the reader is likely to come away depressed rather than cheered. A world free of the threat of nuclear weapons is indeed desirable, always provided we don't return to our pre-Hiroshima habit of indulging in bloody conventional wars. But how do we achieve the first aim and ensure against the proviso?

Many readers will know the old joke about the two energetic walkers who get lost one day down the side roads of central Ireland. Close to despair, they at last encounter a local peasant and ask him how they can best return to Dublin. After much pondering, the local observes, "If I were you, sirs, I wouldn't start from here." Our problem, like that of the walkers in the story, is that we must start from here. Before going anywhere, however, we ought to think about the obstacles we are likely to encounter along the way; and we ought, therefore, to take a guidebook. *Fateful Visions* does not have a very attractive title, but it may at least serve as a guidebook to possible ways out of our present quagmire. □

## Answers to the July Puzzles

### "SPLIT DECISION"

Across. 1. DIVORCES (anag.) 6. A-B(R)EAST  
11. F(I-N)ANCIER 12. RAN-C-OR 13. O-RI(O)LE  
14. TARNISHES (anag.) 15. CHAR(A-CY)TER SKETCH  
16. KRA-K-A-TO-A (*a+k+ark* rev.)  
18. SURF-ACE 20. CHIC-A-GO 22. S(I)TARIST  
(*I+anag.*) 24. SAD-O-MA'S-O-CHI'S-TIC  
27. BARG-E POLE (rev.) 28. (S)EXTANT 29. C-A-NINE  
30. TELEGRAPH (anag.) 31. REVER(S)E  
32. PY(R-AMID)S (*spy* anag.) Down. 1. DEF-ROCK  
(*fed* rev.) 2. VANISH (pun) 3. RA(ZOR-BA)CK  
4. C(I)NEMA-TOGRA)PHER (*argot+amen* rev.)  
5. SINATRA (hidden) 6. B(A-R)RIERS  
7. B(RING-S UP THE RE)AR 8. E(LAPS)-E 9. A-SCERTAIN  
(*a+anag.*) 10. TH(c)-RASHER  
17. RAIN DANCE (anag.) 19. FI(RESTO)RM  
(*store* anag.) 20. S-CAB-BARD 21. OB(SOLE)TE  
(*to be* anag.) 22. S(C-ALL)OP 23. S(CAT)HED  
25. MA(G)NET 26. TAIPEI (homoph. of *type A*)

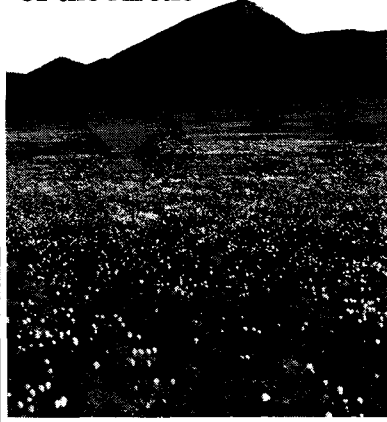


### ACROSTIC NO. 36

"[Ancient] Athens . . . was more crime-ridden than New York. . . . First-floor rooms were windowless, and burglars were called 'wallbreakers'. . . . The Athenian police were barbarian mercenaries, employed because they were more difficult to corrupt than Greeks."

—Gene Wolfe, *Soldier of the Mist*

### The Grand Canyon of the Arctic



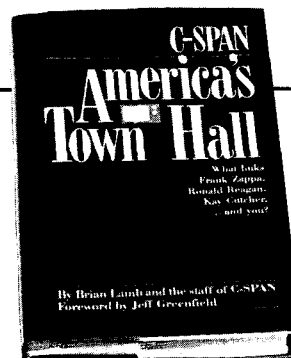
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## BRIEF REVIEWS

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**A FAR CRY FROM KENSINGTON** by *Muriel Spark*. *Houghton Mifflin*, \$17.95. The narrator of Ms. Spark's fine new novel is sixtyish, elegant, prosperous, and happily married, but the story she tells is a reminiscence of the 1950s, when, as a war widow, she worked at book editing and lived in a rooming house in Kensington. Thanks to her general efficiency, her habit of offering advice (sound or otherwise) on any problem, and her extravagantly Junoesque proportions, both colleagues and fellow tenants credited her with a motherly character and frequently confided their troubles to her. Her maternal instincts were in fact rudimentary but her curiosity was highly developed and so was her ability to see a pattern in scattered facts. When a seemingly teapot-sized tempest embroiled the rooming house, Mrs. Hawkins became an interested observer and eventually a participant in a most peculiar, tragicomic affair. The plot that Ms. Spark gradually unravels is intriguing enough in itself to hold a reader's interest, while the peripheral trimmings include splendid quick character sketches and a wicked send-up of eccentric publishers, arrogant authors, and crackpot literary parasites. Highly polished and slyly witty, this book is delightful reading.

**JOHN CHEEVER: A BIOGRAPHY** by *Scott Donaldson*. *Random House*, \$22.50. Tackling back and forth between the events of Cheever's life and the material of his fiction, Mr. Donaldson manages to connect almost all of the author's writing to the practicalities of his youth—an unsuccessful father, a managerial mother, and the family's declining social status in a small New England town. Mr. Donaldson's evidence is impressive, his reasoning is plausible, and his sympathy and admiration for his subject are attractive, but none of these merits accounts for Cheever's ability to transmute a few basic preoccupations into the wide variety of characters and situations that he actually created. A biographer cannot be ex-

pected to explain an artist's imagination. What a biographer can do, Mr. Donaldson has done well.

**THE TWO DEATHS OF SEÑORA PUCCINI** by *Stephen Dobyns*. *Viking*, \$17.95. In a nameless Latin American country with an attempted coup d'état crashing through the streets, four old friends actually gather for a reunion dinner party. They spend the evening on outrageously elaborate food while the grotesque sexual confessions of the host provoke similarly scabrous admissions from the guests. There may be political criticism underlying this novel, implied by the contrast between the self-absorption of the upper-class diners and the public uproar outside the house, but if so, it is too oblique to seriously distract attention from the gruesome erotica that Mr. Dobyns has devised.

**CHARLOTTE MEW AND HER FRIENDS** by *Penelope Fitzgerald*. *Addison-Wesley*, \$17.95. A quick check of anthologies reveals that Mew (1869–1928) is not a totally forgotten poet, but certainly Ms. Fitzgerald is correct in considering her subject generally neglected. The condition is basically the poet's own doing. Mew's output of work was small and her subject matter was narrow—confined to loss, frustration, and bewilderment in an uncongenial world. These themes were presented, moreover, largely through fictional personae quite remote from the author herself, for as a hard-up genteel Edwardian she could not—or would not—admit her own position. Her family had a disastrous history of insanity and early death, while Mew was a lesbian with an unfortunate habit of falling in love with women who had no interest at all in homosexual adventures. Poor, proud, impractical, and secretive, she eventually had only her sister as a real tie to life, and when the sister died, Mew committed suicide by, predictably, about the least desirable of methods. Ms. Fitzgerald reconstructs her sad story with grace and intelligence, while the selection of poems appended to the biography makes it clear that Mew at her best was, if not a great poet, decidedly a good one.

**A THIEF OF TIME** by *Tony Hillerman*. *Harper & Row*, \$15.95. Lieutenant Joe Leaphorn and Officer Jim Chee, of the Navajo Tribal Police, once again sort out mystery and murder by their own intuitive and unorthodox methods. Mr. Hil-

lerman is an expert puzzle-maker with a remarkable ability to describe the sprawling, tough terrain over which his detectives pursue hunches and rumors.

**EXPLORING THE WEST** by *Herman J. Viola*. *Smithsonian/Abrams*, \$35.00. A truly thorough history of nineteenth-century explorations of the American West would probably fill several bookshelves, so perhaps one should not complain that Mr. Viola's single volume produces an impression of great haste and savage compression. The illustrations are generous and effective. There is no list of sources to assist readers who wish to pursue the subject on their own.

**KOURION** by *David Soren and Jamie James*. *Doubleday*, \$21.95. Professor Soren is a pioneer in seismic archaeology and happily practiced his specialty at Kourion, on Cyprus, where a bad earthquake destroyed an early Christian community so thoroughly that most of the wreckage remained where it fell until modern times. This account of findings at Kourion is enlivened by explanations of what seismic archaeology involves, by candid and amusing reflections on the amount of guesswork required in any type of archaeology, by apologies for professional necrophilia, and by a capsule history of Cyprus, which has been melodramatically mauled by everybody east of Gibraltar.

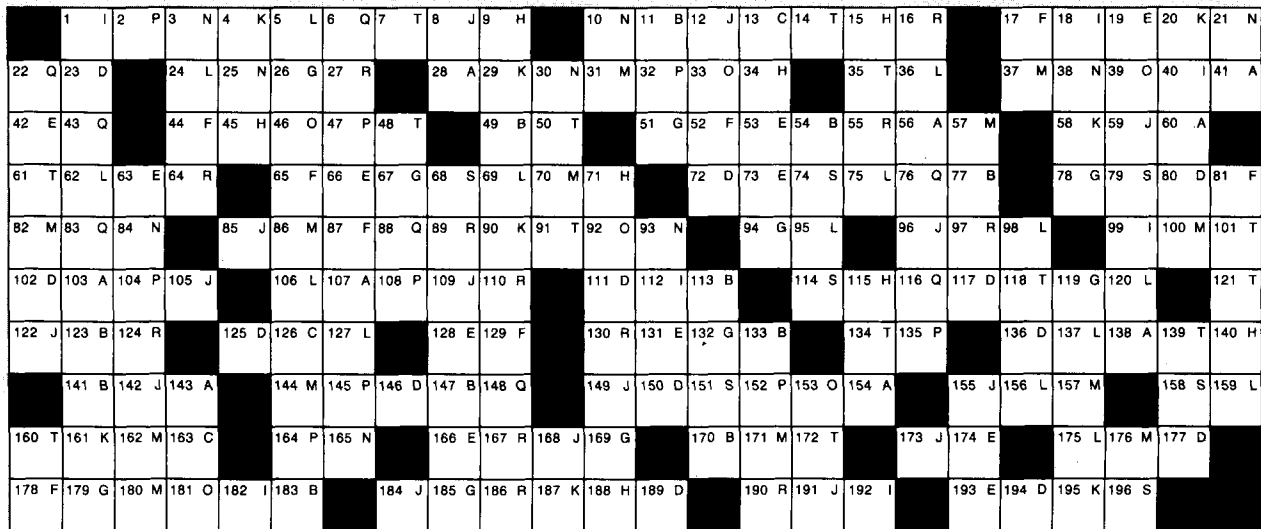
**FRAGONARD** by *Dore Ashton*. *Smithsonian*, \$39.95. Ms. Ashton, who admits to a long-standing distaste for eighteenth-century painting, has nevertheless found Fragonard (1732–1806) provocative for reasons unconnected with his reputation as an expert in Rococo eroticism. She sees him as an independent and original painter. Her study expands from what is definitely known of Fragonard into the history of the period, linking certain of the painter's recurring motifs to the contemporary ferment of political ideas and inferring, always plausibly, his underlying opinion. The book is a fascinating work of scholarly reconstruction and speculation. The illustrations are well chosen, as one would expect. If they do not always quite serve their intended purpose, it is because the area of paintings or the condition of drawings makes effective reproduction, at book size, impossible.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

# ACROSTIC No. 37

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 36 appears on page 79.

- A. Wingding (hyph.) 56 107 138 41 28 154 60 143 103
- B. 1963 Shirley MacLaine role (3 wds.) 123 133 77 141 54 170 183 49 11 147 113
- C. Gunpowder, e.g. 13 163 126
- D. Unreliable lore (3 wds.) 194 102 189 125 146 72 177 136 111 150 117 80 23
- E. Founder of structural anthropology (hyph.) 53 131 19 66 174 128 193 73 42 166 63
- F. Pessimistic; gloomy 17 129 178 87 65 52 81 44
- G. Sharp, narrow ridges 185 132 67 94 26 51 179 78 169 119
- H. Equivocal answer (3 wds.) 45 71 140 115 9 34 188 15
- I. Paradigm of busyness 99 182 192 112 40 1 18
- J. Taking advantage of any opportunity (hyph.) 12 122 155 149 191 184 105 168 8 96 85 59 109 173 142
- K. Flashy dress of the 1940s (2 wds.) 161 29 195 58 90 187 20 4
- L. Variety series of the 1950s (4 wds.) 36 159 75 69 127 156 62 106 5 95 120 137 98 24 175
- M. Dead-end situation 82 86 144 176 100 70 157 57 37 171 180 162 31
- N. Something above censure (2 wds.) 10 38 21 84 25 93 3 165 30
- O. Play for a quarterback 181 153 33 46 92 39
- P. Meat and vegetable dish (2 wds.) 108 32 2 135 145 152 164 47 104
- Q. Evening star 148 83 43 116 22 6 76 88
- R. Suddenly and totally lost (3 wds.) 186 167 190 64 110 27 130 89 16 124 55 97
- S. Author of *Verbi-Voco-Visual Explorations* 196 74 79 151 114 68 158
- T. Violinist with an actor son (2 wds.) 118 50 172 139 121 160 7 61 35 134 101 14 48 91



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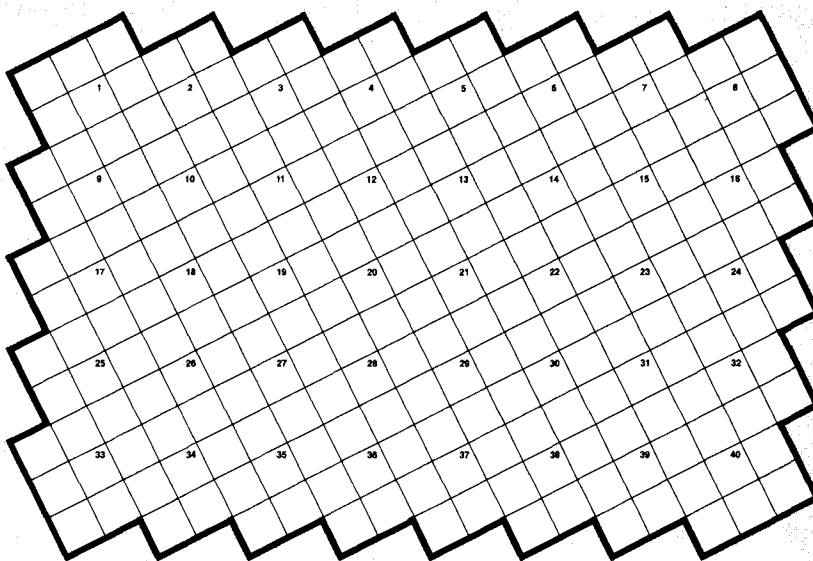
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# THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

## FORTY-NINERS

Each of this puzzle's 40 clues has a nine-letter answer. Every answer should be entered with its first letter in the correspondingly numbered square and the remaining eight letters rotating around that square sequentially. Neighboring answers should help in determining where the eight-letter sequences begin and whether they go clockwise or counterclockwise. In addition, the twelve letters at the diagram's corners, reading clockwise from one of those corners, will provide an appropriate setting. Answers include a variant spelling at 24 and one proper noun.



*The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 79.*

### CLUES

1. Mysterious piece of gold found in reworked mine (Act I)
2. Worn-out patent let go
3. Announce failing as dieter, gaining five
4. Lid with knot covering barrel in entrance
5. French general's infantile outfit taking on Air Force
6. Prosecutor slipped away, returning with flowers
7. Revenuers collecting on mid-month date must be brave men
8. Unfortunately, chose poor forecast
9. Puck winding up in the air
10. Mastery of piano in use is excellent
11. Appreciate receiving one honker's explanations
12. Prove a sun exploded in astronomical event
13. Shame about getting into argument
14. Removes ducks around island
15. Unions upset about termination hints
16. Timely pop or punk song
17. Required fellow to run in 24 hours
18. Artist's appeal garnering scrap
19. Animals in Noah's ark go wild, ditching Noah finally
20. One Swiss city in enmity with rest during the winter
21. After 51, Roberta changed, becoming freer
22. Business operating amid strike mania
23. Canteen is breaking lease terms
24. Tops back road around one high school (*two words*)
25. Watch out for the contents of meat hash
26. Worms carry off prospector's supplies
27. Two-base hit goes over head of the shortstop, for sure
28. Walk with nutty poetess in march (*hyphenated*)
29. Chew or burp in highest-altitude aircraft
30. Plump up large bird rejected some time before Easter
31. Prohibition put the heartless Republican in charge
32. Send riper bananas, washed beforehand
33. Priest stowing brother's telescope
34. Take a breather with oxygen during unyielding conflagration
35. Sea gull trapped by a delayed switch
36. Comments from enemies about a TV Indian from the east
37. Then lump of charcoal has nickname
38. Rock quarry containing Yale alumnus shrine
39. Ill-tempered lament about the cot being bumpy
40. Cattlemen conducted church with love

**Note:** The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

## BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV





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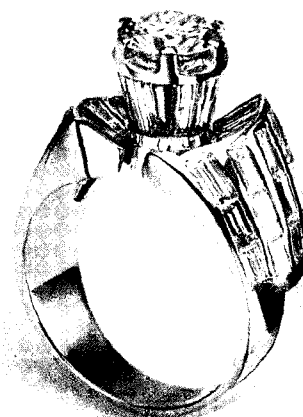
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